Here you may See an Honest FACE,
Arm'd against ENVY and DISGRACE;
Who Lives Respected still in SPITE
Of THOSE that Punish them y^e WRITE.

Hudibras Redivivus:

OR A

Burleſque POEM

ON THE

TIMES.

In Twenty four Parts.

WITH

An APOLOGY, and ſome other Improvements throughout the Whole.

The Fourth Edition.

To which is now added.

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; Or a *Tavern* Strugle for a Kiſs.

By E. WARD, *Gent. Author of the* London Spy.

LONDON: Printed for *John Wilford*, at the *Three Flower-de-Luces* in *Little-Britain*.

Price Bound Ten Shillings.

A Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets, sold by J. WILFORD, *at the Three* Flower-de-Luces, *in* Little Britain.

I. THE Riddle; or a paradoxical Character of a Hairy Monster, often found in *Holland:* To which is added, A merry Musical Entertainment to be perform'd at *Cuckolds-Point*, before a Grave Assembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.* Price 6 *d.*

II. Hypocrisy unvail'd; or the Character of a Self-edifying Non-Conformist. Price 6 *d.*

III. The Dissenter, a Poem. Price 1 *s.*

IV. A fair Shell, but a rotten Kernel; or a bitter Nut for a Factious *Monkey.* Price 1 *s.*

V. The Wigs Feast; or a Protestant Entertainment for a Popish General. Price 3 *d.*

VI. The Vanity of Upstarts; or an honest Inquiry into ignoble Greatness; to which is prefix'd, An Epistle to a Noble Lord, not in the former Edition. Price 6 *d.*

These by the Author of the *London Spy*, and not inserted in the five Volumes of his Writings.

VII. The Compleat Gamester; or full and easie Instructions for playing at all manner of usual and most Genteel Games, after the best Method, *Viz.* Ombre, Picquet, Whist, and a great variety of other Games upon the Cards. 2. The famous Game of Verquere, Tick-tack, Irish, Back-Gammon. 3. Inn and Inn, Passage, Hazard, the Royal Game at Chess, and Billiards. To which is added, The Gentleman's Diversion in Riding, Racing, Archery, Cock-fighting, and Bowling. All regulated by the most Experienc'd Masters. Price Bound 2 *s.*

PREFACE.

THO' I have made bold to borrow a Title from one of the beſt Poems that ever was publiſh'd in the Engliſh Tongue, yet I would not have the World expect me ſuch a Wizard, as to be able to conjure up the Spirit of the inimitable Butler, who has left behind him too noble an Original for the greateſt Hand now living to exactly copy. Therefore, I hope, after an humble Acknowledgment of his unparalell'd Performances, and my own weak Endeavours to remind the World of them, no Body will condemn me barely for couching a Deſign in the like Nature under the ſame Title, ſince the Inveteracy of over-zealous Partizans, and the preſent Violence of a Head-ſtrong Faction, give the like Opportunity for the like Chaſtiſement. Beſides, it has ever been thought allowable in the moſt critical Ages, for the moſt deficient Painters to improve their Hands by copying the beſt Originals of the greateſt Maſters.

Sober Methods by wiſe Men, have been already put in Practice, to ſcourge the Follies of the Age, but to little Purpoſe: For the Genius of the Nation is ſo far corrupted by the licentious Off-ſprings of over-heated Brains, that nothing will go down, but a Parcel of ſcandalous Invectives and calumniating Libels, only ſcatter'd thro' the Kingdom

with a malicious Design of widening our Breaches, and blowing up the Heart-burnings of a miſ-judging People, poyſon'd already in their Principles to a Pitch of open Rebellion. So that grave Advice, or Paſtoral Correction, is of no more Benefit to our Modern Furioſo's, than good Phyſick to an obſtinate Patient, that's reſolv'd never to take it. Therefore, tho' I am too ſenſible of my Want of Butler's *Pen, yet I have preſum'd to borrow ſomething of his Method; and ſince ſerious Reproof is of no Efficacy, have taken upon me to ſhew the Heat and Madneſs of our pious Incendiaries after a jeſting Manner. So that if any Body is angry at any one Paſſage, I hope they may be pleaſed with another; for I have always found ſuch Satyr to be moſt acceptable, that tickles as it hurts; and that if People muſt be cut for the Simples, they will chuſe to fall under the Edge of ſuch an Inſtrument as carries Balſom at the Back of it, that in Caſe the Inciſion be made deep, there may be ſomething ready to heal the Wound, that it may not gangrene.*

I ſhall not ſay any thing as to the Particulars of the Deſign, which I queſtion not but will be intelligible enough without a Clavis, *only that I intend (with Submiſſion to* Robbin Hog, *and the two* Guild-Hall *Giants) to publiſh it Monthly, if I am not diſappointed.*

So Farewel.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 30 63 AUG

An

AN

APOLOGY

Added to the Second Edition.

IF the Fanaticks, Diſſenters, Moderators, Whigs, Low-Church-men, Saints, Reformers, or whatſoever new Denomination they are pleas'd to rank themſelves under, the better to diſguiſe their old baſe Principles, as well as Practices; ſhould, thro' their great Zeal to the Intereſt of their Party, think it a Hardſhip upon the ſeveral Tribes, to have ſome of their obliterated Villanies trump'd up a-freſh, in ſuch a pious Age too, when the wonderful Effects of their pretended Reformation, has made it ſo very difficult for an honeſt Man to diſtinguiſh a howling Wolf, from a true Shepherd, or a modern Saint, from a Knaviſh Hypocrite; I deſire they would accept of the following Reaſons, as a ſhort Apology why I have taken upon me to expoſe ſome of their old Madneſs, Folly, Perfidy, and Cruelty, as well as their preſent Craft.

The firſt Reaſon that induc'd me at this Time of Day to ſuch a hazardous Undertaking, was, their evident Endeavours to impoſe great Hardſhips upon all good Men, who, out of a Principle of Conſcience, ſtood boldly up to invalidate thoſe groundleſs and malicious Calumnies, which a Parcel of hireling Scribes, by the Diſ-

ſenters

ſenters Inſtigation, made it their daily Buſineſs to fix upon the Church, of which I own my ſelf a Member.

Secondly, Their holy Cheats and pious Subtilties, which from Time to Time they have ſo apparently us'd to accompliſh thoſe baſe Ends, that ſo evidently tend to the Injury of the Publick, and the Scandal of the Chriſtian Religion, of which, too many of 'em were never more than Phariſaical Profeſſors.

Thirdly, That the World in due Seaſon might be put in Mind what a Generation of Vipers the Generality of theſe over-zealous Puritans, both are, and have been, that unwary Perſons, under the Tenderneſs of Moderation, might not be deluded by the pretended Sanctity of thoſe Hypocrites, who always make it a Rule in their unchriſtian Politicks, to paliate their greateſt Villanies with external Holineſs.

Laſtly, That their holy Flatteries, falſe Calumnies, religious Frauds, and rebellious Inſinuations, might not paſs current without ſome Detection, leaſt we ſhould be ſurpriz'd too early with the ill Conſequences thereof, which ought to be every honeſt Man's Care to endeavour to prevent, leaſt, if their ſubtile Deſigns ſhould take Effect, a Remedy ſhould be found difficult.

Theſe are the chief Motives that firſt put me upon the following Taſk; and if I am blameable therein, I hope it will ſtill prove an Error on the right Side.

So Farewel.

Hudibras.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part I. Vol. I.

CANTO I.

IN Pious Times, when Soul-Physicians
Were zealous to promote Divisions,
And warm Disputes Ecclesiastick
Bred foreign Wars and Jars Domestick;
That Conscience, under no Restriction,
Became a perfect Contradiction,
And only serv'd to make Men squabble,
When maudlin round a Tavern-Table.
'Twas then our restless, hot-brain'd Nation,
Inflam'd by too much Toleration,

Was

Was grown, (as knowing Heads conceive her)
So mad with a malignant Fever,
That few Men had a ſafe Protection
Againſt the prevalent Infection,
Which ſpar'd no State, but from the Noble,
Deſcended to the Lords the Rabble;
Who, of the two, are much the greater,
As 'tis affirm'd by *Obſervator*.
For ſurely thoſe that can at Pleaſure
Make Kings, and give them Pow'r and Treaſure,
By Nature's Law much higher ſtand,
Than thoſe made Great at ſecond Hand.
However, all, both big and little,
Down from the Palace to the Spittle,
As well the Merry as the Serious,
Touch'd with this Plague, grew ſo delirious,
That e'en the maddeſt of Mankind
Believ'd he had the ſoundeſt Mind.
'Tis often found, that Men diſtracted,
With their own Whims are ſo affected,

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 AUG 63

That

That though they rave, and hoop, and hollow,
In Thought they're wiſer than *Apollo*,
Conceiting all *Non compos Mentis*,
That will not think them in their Senſes.
Juſt ſo it proves, when Common-Weal
Is ſcorch'd and craz'd with fiery Zeal;
Which ſeldom ſhines, but does appear
Like Comet, Whale, or Blazing Star,
Only to let us underſtand,
That ſome great Evil is at hand.

When this ill Omen ſhew'd its Face
Thro' all the Land in e'ery Place,
And, by its powerful Influences,
Had captivated moſt Mens Senſes,
So that they ſtagger'd in their Faith,
And reel'd beſide the common Path;
Steering their Courſe to Heav'n at Random,
For Want of Fences to withſtand 'em:
The ſhallow Quickſets of the Law,
No Zealot valu'd of a Straw,

But mounted o'er them at no Rate,
Like Hunters o'er a five-barr'd Gate.
For if we rightly underſtand,
No Man can be by Law reſtrain'd
From perpetrating any Ill,
That he is mov'd to by his Will.
For Laws, alas, can do no more,
Than puniſh, when the Miſchief's o'er;
And that's but almoſt like my Hoſt,
Who Stable ſhuts when Steed is loſt.
And if the Saints their Force can ſtay,
Or turn their Edge another Way,
Much better they had ne'er been made,
Than ſo perverted or delay'd.
Tho' Laws are good, we needs muſt own;
Yet miſapply'd, they're worſe than none.
The Pariſh-Clock that guides the People,
Tho' juſt as e'er was put in Steeple;
Yet if the Sexton condeſcends
To ſet it wrong for his own Ends,

The Knave, by his deceitful Crime,
Cheats the whole Pariſh in their Time.
So Laws may be well inſtituted,
Yet if not truly executed,
Juſtice muſt be prevaricated,
And Innocence be wrack'd and baited.
For if we ſee by Reaſon's Eye
The Hand of Juſtice point awry,
We're in a Wood when Knaves grow crafty,
And know not how to ſteer with Safety.
Thus Laws, for want of Execution,
Spoil every Nation's Conſtitution,
Let looſe the Frape to ſhew their Folly,
And ſpurn at all that's good and holy.
When Men thus ſtrangely loſt their Wits,
And roar'd and rav'd like *Bedlamites*,
Each Zealot's Purity conſiſting
In bitter Words, and ſometimes fiſting,
As if they thought ill Language glorious,
And hot-brain'd Quarrels meritorious:

Or that they ſhew'd their ſaving Grace,
By giving the firſt Slap o'th' Face;
And witneſs'd their Divine Perfections,
By handy-Cuffs and Maledictions.
When theſe, the Sons of *Knipperdoling*,
Let all their Senſes run a woolling,
I found my *Genius* much inclin'd
T' obſerve the Humours of Mankind.
With that I ſtopp'd, look'd round about,
And gaz'd upon the hair-brain'd Rout,
Who govern'd by no Laws or Tenets,
Mov'd Retrograde like Crabs or Planets.
Some to the Coffee-houſe would be running,
In order to improve their Cunning,
And from contending Zealot's Paſſions,
To learn Religious Diſputations.
Others devoutly bent, would chuſe
To go to Church to hear the News:
For you muſt know ſtrange Things in Pulpits
Are told, to pleaſe the liſt'ning dull Pates,

I do not mean about their Faith,
Or Guidance into Heaven's Path:
For now 'tis every Blockhead's Pride
To grope the Way without his Guide,
Becauſe 'tis wiſely underſtood
There may be many Ways to th' Wood;
Or elſe the Folks behind the Curtain
Would ne'er allow but one, that's certain.

The Good Old Cauſe went rarely on,
When Men brim-full of Zeal thus run
To hear a ſanctify'd Curmudgeon
In Pulpit talk of Great Prince *Eugene*,
And give to him the Honour due
To one much braver of the two.

Thus when our pious *Engliſh* Nation
Are in Poſt-haſte for Reformation,
They always by ſome new-found Way
Put their wild Projects into Play;
That is, from good old Rules to vary,
And act by Methods quite contrary.

Their

Their Guides, thoſe ſanctify'd Projectors,
Turn Sermons into *Gazette*-Lectures;
Which makes ſome Saints Low-Teachers chuſe
Not for their Doctrine, but their News.
But when they're in a Fit of Zeal,
Their wounded Conſciences they heal
With Ninny-Broth, o'er which they ſeek
Some new Religion ev'ry Week:
For he that will oblige the Throng,
Muſt ne'er hold one Opinion long,
But turn his Doctrine and his Creed
As often as the Cauſe has need:
Or he that leaves them in the Lurch,
And will not change to ſave his Church,
Muſt never on that Church rely,
Or hope to ſave himſelf thereby:
Their Prieſts damn all that are not hearty
To th' Int'reſt of themſelves and Party.

The Paths which ſome good Saints purſue,
Seem ſtrange, altho' they may be true,

And are ſo crooked and ſo dirty,
A Man would think not one in thirty
That thro' ſo dark a Road do travel,
Should find St. *Peter*, but the Devil.

Some ſteer their Courſe with much Content
Tow'rds Heav'n, by Act of Parliament;
And chuſe ſome Way unknown, becauſe
Encourag'd to't by wholſome Laws:
For ſure, ſay they, no Chriſtian Patr'ots
Would ever make ſuch wicked Statutes,
That Conſcience ſhould have Toleration
To run full Tilt upon Damnation.
And ſince there is a Law in Play
That gives us leave to chuſe our Way,
They've granted what Heav'ns Laws deny,
Or elſe we cannot tread awry;
Therefore all Worſhip right muſt be,
Or elſe a purblind Fool may ſee
They're wrong to yield ſuch Liberty.

Some, of a Self-will'd, thwarting Nature,
Seek Heav'n by Way of *Obſervator*,

And will no other Way be bleſt,
Than that which he approves on beſt:
His Doctrine they devoutly read,
Thence from their Conſcience and their Creed;
And if theſe Saints can run aſtray,
The Dev'l himſelf muſt lead the Way.
If theſe poor Souls are left i'th' Lurch,
What muſt thoſe do that go to Church?
Others with zealous Labour ſcan
The pious Works of Prophet *Dan*,
In Hopes, that thro' his Merits, they
May ſteal to Heav'n the *ſhorteſt Way*.
If Perſecution be a Sign,
The Cauſe is e'er the more Divine,
And open Puniſhment can be
A Mark of Chriſtian Purity;
Then *Dan* may eaſily ſet forth
His pious Excellence and Worth,
And prove his Sufferings and Expence
By Hierogliphick Evidence.

What though his Witneſs, by Relation,
Is but of odious Reputation?
However, ſhould the Court think fit,
Like him, we're bound to ſtand by it.
But no Man can a Truth gain-ſay,
That is as obvious as the Day.
'Tis plain, the mildeſt of our Laws
Made him a Suff'rer for the Cauſe;
Yet all, we ſee, can't ſtop his Mouth,
He'll ſtand and fall, and lie by Truth;
And ſhews, by daily Perſeverance,
He ſcorns to flinch from his Adherents.
What thin-jaw'd Fury can be blam'd,
Or Trumpeter of News aſham'd,
To pin their Int'reſt and Belief
On ſuch a hardy Prophet's Sleeve,
Who boldly, Martyr-like, diſdains
Fines, rotten Eggs, or Brewers Grains,
And, by his Suff'rings and his Buſtles,
Gains Credit, like ſuch ſham Apoſtles?

I jogg'd along the crowding *Sodom*;
When joſtl'd, wiſh'd the Devil had 'em.
At laſt I popp'd upon a Place,
Where Saints had been receiving Grace;
And tho' their Paſtor long had ſtood
To feed his Lambs with Heav'nly Food,
I vow (whate'er could be the Matter)
The ſcabby Flock look ne'er the fatter,
But ſtood in Swarms before the Hive,
Like Winter-Bees, that could not thrive;
Yet buzz'd and humm'd, as if the Crew
Were all conſulting what to do.
At laſt, as tho' the Fools were frighted,
With Voices hideouſly united,
They made a fearful Acclamation,
And loudly cry'd up Moderation.
The Sound ſoon eccho'd through the City,
Who added to their mournful Ditty,
No wicked Popiſh Reſtitution
Of *Dagon*'s dreadful Perſecution.

Beware,

Beware; we ſay, beware, good People,
The threat'ning Dragon of *Bow*-Steeple;
Behold his proud aſpiring Wings,
His griping Talons, and his Stings,
That iſſue from his Arſe and Mouth,
To perſecute the Lambs of Truth.
Come one and all, let's ſtand the Teſt,
And pull down the *Epheſian* Beaſt,
Who cocks his Tail, and bids Defiance,
And never yet would ſhew Compliance,
Or bow his Head from his high Turret,
To liſten to the Holy Spirit.
Down with the *Babylonian* Figure,
That Emblem of the Church's Rigour.
Now, now's the Time; ſtand to't, my Boys,
Ne'er fear the drowſy Cob-web Laws,
But lend a Shoulder to the Cauſe:
For if we now ſhould loſe our Aim,
'Twould prove our everlaſting Shame;
We never more muſt hope to ſee
So fair an Opportunity.

With that, they cry'd out all and one,
And ſo away the Rebels run,
With twenty ragged Hawkers a'ter,
Bawling th' *Review* and *Obſervator*.

Bleſs me, thought I, has Hell and Fury
A Back-door into our *Old Jury*?
Now *Satan*'s wild Geeſe fly at Random,
What Laws are able to withſtand 'em?
Or who, except by Force, are able
To tame a frantick head-ſtrong Rabble?
So Blood-hounds, when the Scent lies warm,
With threat'ning Yelps the Stag alarm,
Whoſe Horns cannot his Life defend,
Leſt the kind Huntſ-man ſtands his Friend:
Therefore when once you Church-men ſee,
The Game they hunt in Jeopardy,
Make ſpeedy Haſte to ſhew good Nature,
Call off the Dogs, and ſave the Creature.

'Tis ſtrange, this fiery Frape, thought I,
Should thus for Moderation cry,

When

When ev'ry thin-jaw'd Fury ſeems
A Compoſition of Extreams,
And looks as if his Skin was full
Of Malice, from the Toe to th' Skull;
And had no more an Inclination
To uſe that Vertue, Moderation,
Than a true *Scotch*-man has to chew
Fat Bacon, or a Toad to Rue.
As I was liſt'ning almoſt ſcar'd,
At this unuſual Noiſe I heard,
A grave old Don ſtepp'd croſs a Puddle,
And paſſing by me, ſhook his Noddle.
Thought I, thou ha'ſt a cunning Pate
Beneath that broad Umbrella-Hat,
And do'ſt diſcern with Eagles Eyes,
The Plot this Clamour's to diſguiſe:
With that, I tugg'd him by the Sleeve;
Then crying, Father, by your leave.
I bluntly aſk'd him the Occaſion
Of all this Cry of Moderation.

At firſt old Surly look'd as urgent,
As if he took me for a Serjeant;
But ſoon perceiving his Miſtake,
He cough'd, and then began to ſpeak:
Young Man, ſays he, you'll quickly find,
That all this Noiſe is but a Blind:
Mind me, and I'll relate a Fable
Alluding to the hair-brain'd Rabble.

A ſubtle Fox purſu'd a Hare,
And all the while, he cry'd, Forbear;
Pray fear not him that means no Harm,
I only run to keep me warm.
The ſilly Hare not much afraid,
Believing what the Fox had ſaid,
Having good Law, ſat down to reſt her;
But ſoon ſhe ſaw the Fox run faſter:
With that, ſhe ſtarting from her Place,
Betook her ſelf to her old Pace.
Hold, hold, crys Reynard, *why ſo faſt?*
You'll ſurfeit, if you make ſuch Haſte:

A mod'rate Pace is beſt indeed;
The greater Hurry, the worſt Speed.
No, no, crys Puſs, for all your Cunning,
I ſee 'tis time to mend my Running;
I find you only want to reach me,
You'd ſerve me finely, ſhou'd you catch me;
But ſatisfy your greedy Paunch,
Your Mouth ſhall never kiſs my Haunch.
So he that is an Enemy,
And does for Moderation cry,
Hopes that you'll exerciſe the Virtue,
And give him better room to hurt you.
Is that, ſaid I, the cunning End on't?
Aye, aye, ſays he, you may depend on't;
For pious Cheats ne'er want Invention
To palliate any vile Intention.
Your humble Servant, worthy Grandſire,
Thank you, ſaid I, for this kind Anſwer,
Wherein you've been thus open-hearted.
Farewel, ſaid he; and ſo we parted.

I trudg'd along as faſt, Cotzooks,
As Porter with a *Billet Deux*,
Or Penny-Poſt-Man with his Letters,
To overtake theſe Moderators:
But all the Grumbletonian Throng
Did with ſuch Violence ruſh along,
That by their Hurry, one might ſee
Their Deeds and Words did not agree.
For me they poſted on too faſt,
I was not in ſuch wond'rous Haſte;
But left them in their Heat and Paſſion,
Furiouſly crying up Moderation.
So expert Divers call aloud,
Pray mind your Pockets, to the Crowd;
And by ſuch ſubtile glav'ring Means,
Prevent Diſtruſt of their Deſigns:
But if your Eyes a'n't quick of Motion,
They'll play the Rogue, that gave the Caution.

CANTO II.

B'ing greatly troubl'd and amuz'd
To ſee old *London* thus confus'd,
In Hopes to eaſe my Melancholy,
I ſtrol'd among the *Bibliopolæ*,
Where Pamphlets lay in Shops and Stalls,
Pil'd up as thick as Stones in *Paul's*;
Columns of Scandal reach'd the Ceiling,
Contriv'd by Knaves for Fools to deal in.
Well may the World, thought I, be mad,
Since Scribling's ſuch a thriving Trade,
That twenty thouſand Cut-throat Libels
Shall ſell, before a Score of Bibles;
And Low-Church Satyrs move much faſter,
Than Sermons by a High-Church-Paſtor.
The Policy, I muſt confeſs,
Is far beyond my Reaſon's Gueſs,
That ſuch Preſs-Freedom is allow'd
To cozen and corrupt the Crowd,

Leſt they deſign the reſtleſs Elves
Full Rope enough to hang themſelves;
Or elſe, like Toads, (as ſome have ſeen 'em)
Swell 'till they burſt with their own Venom.
I muſing ſtood a while, at laſt,
Turn'd o'er the Wild-fire, as I paſt,
Found ſome with ſanctify'd Intent
T' unhinge and ruffle Government;
Others, to draw unwary People
To the Low-Church that wears no Steeple,
Inſinuating, that the High
Beyond all Moderation fly,
And, that her Members were no more
Than Sons o'th' *Babylonian* Whore:
But 'twas to me no great Surprize,
That Whiggiſh Saints ſhould prove ſo wiſe
To print, as well as preach their Lies.
The Reaſon's plain, to all Appearance,
Why Dwarfs and Giants live at Variance.
Low Things, by Nature, can't compleatly
Agree with what is high and ſtately:

The little Mouſe does Malice vent,
When it beholds the Elephant:
Each crooked Dumplin ſhews her Hate
To the fair Laſs more tall and ſtraight:
Dowdy to Beauty, thus compar'd,
Will think her own Misfortune's hard,
And, with a deep Reſentment, ſee
More plain her own Deformity.
Why then ſhould any Mortal wonder,
Why thoſe are angry, that are under,
Since all Things in a grov'ling State,
Will envy what is high and great?
Next, I beheld Lampoons and Satyrs,
To vilify our Legiſlators,
And make thoſe ſlighted and neglected,
By whom we chiefly are protected.
This Practice ſure, thought I, is naught,
That thin-ſkull'd Peaſants ſhould be taught
To hold that Power in Diſdain,
That only can our Rights maintain.
'Tis ſtrange we ſhould withdraw Reſpect
From thoſe our very ſelves elect;
We muſt be Blockheads firſt to chuſe 'em,
Or very Raſcals to abuſe 'em:
For he that thinks with Scandal's Dart,
To wound a Magiſtrate a-part
From his Authority, declares
By th' groſs Affront, he little cares
For th' Pow'r or Dignity he bears.

No Sance-box, ſure, by way of Farce,
Will bid his Paſtor kiſs his A——ſe,
That thinks he's under an Injunction
To ſhew much Rev'rence to his Function:
Therefore, whoever vents his Froth
Againſt the one, deſpiſes both.
'Tis true, in cruel Times, long ſince,
When Rebels quarrell'd with their Prince,
And Truth was quite diſcountenanc'd,
A nice Diſtinction was advanc'd
Betwixt thoſe two united Things,
The Perſon, and the Pow'r of Kings:
But when they were at Diſtance ſet,
Behold the ſad ſucceeding Fate;
A nicer Diff'rence then they made
Betwixt the Body and the Head.
Thus could not prop their firſt Poſition,
Until they'd made their laſt Diviſion,
And prov'd too plainly what they meant,
By Dint of Ax, not Argument.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Second.

I Thumb'd o'er many factious Reams
Of canting Lies, and Poets Dreams,
All ſtuff'd as full of Low-Church Manners,
As e'er was *Salters-Hall* with Sinners.
Amongſt the reſt, the Mob's Prophet-a;
I found oft chang'd to a Poet-a.
No Shame to verſifying Brother,
Since one's deriv'd of Old from t'other.
Therefore all Scriblers ought to know it's
No Crime for Prophets to be Poets;

Eſpecially when Want of Senſe
Muſt be ſupply'd with Impudence,
And Malice, Scandal, and ill Nature,
Paſs with dull Fools for Wit and Satyr.
For he whoſe Brains are not defective,
May find in ev'ry tag'd Invective,
Hard Words are ſoften'd by their Chiming,
And Railing beſt agrees with Riming:
For bare-fac'd Scandal writ in Proſe,
Too much of th' Author's Malice ſhows,
When the moſt fulſome of Abuſes
Shall be thought witty from the Muſes.
The Name of Poem, or of Satyr,
Gives Umbrage to a Man's ill Nature;
And makes moſt Readers think he writ
Not to his Envy ſhew, but Wit.

When I had almoſt ſpent my Vitals
In chiefly turning over Titles,

In which might eaſily be ſeen
The Drift of all contain'd within;
Bs *Moor-fields* Conjurers can ſee,
By th' Art of Phiſiognomy,
Whether we're Wiſe-men, Fools, or Aſſes,
Ay th' Lines and Features of our Faces.
At laſt I pitch'd, as Chance would have it,
Upon a High-Church Book, God ſave it,
And that undaunted Hand that gave it!
For ſure it cannot be a Crime
To pray (altho' it be in Rime)
For thoſe that lay before our Eyes
The Treach'ry of our Enemies.
If Praying be a Fault, alas!
We Authors of the Riming Claſs
(As moſt believe) ſo rarely uſe it,
That when we do, they may excuſe it:
For Pray'rs, we know, agree much better
With thriving Proſe, than ſtarving Metre:

That

That makes Low Saints, who hate all Riming,
As bad as High-Church Bells, when Chiming;
Deſpiſe the Heliconian Jargon,
And think it Popiſh, like the Organ;
Except ſome Brother-Saint, in Spite
Of God *Apollo*, dares to write,
And, breaking thro' his ſacred Laws,
Jingle in Favour of their Cauſe:
Yet, tho' it is their hum drum Faſhion
To hate all Muſical Precation,
They love an elevated Voice,
That's exquiſite at Tone and Noiſe,
And do their Pray'rs much louder hollow,
Than we ſing Ballads to *Apollo*,
That others may become moſt ample
Hypocrites from their loud Example:
Yet, tho' in Praying they ſurpaſs us,
Sometimes with Satyr, when they croſs us,
We make 'em curſe old Mount *Parnaſſus*.

I, eager to behold the Book
That made the Whigs ſo crabbed look,
Sate down to view the Nation's Caſe,
Stated, as ſome think, by his Grace.
I mean not him by th' River's Side,
Who learns from thence, (if not bely'd)
To turn according to the Tide;
But one deſerving our Eſteem,
Who dares to ſtrive againſt the Stream,
And to inform a miſled Nation,
Speak Truth, altho' it's out of Faſhion.

At firſt I mus'd upon the Title,
Then ſate me down, and read a little;
Where Mighty Perſons did I ſee
Drawn into ſtrange bad Company;
And gallant Ladies, and fine Lords,
Japann'd with black and ſhining Words.
Some, who had true old Faith declin'd,
And with new factious Upſtarts join'd,

Eſpouſing

Eſpouſing Church of low Degree,
Were made full low as low could be:
I do not mean in Purſe or Station,
But Honour, Juſtice, Reputation.
Thoſe three maintain'd by very few,
To th' Hazard of the other two.
No Wonder, ſince that Men of State,
Without ſuch Gugaws can be Great;
And Sycophants, that ſcorn ſuch Baubles,
Can riſe from Nothing to be N——s.

Blind *Fortune*'s Wheel, we muſt allow,
Runs ſtrangely round, we know not how;
For ſecret Pleaſures done the Donor,
Of thoſe kind Favours, Wealth and Honour,
In Royal Eyes ſeem meritorious,
And often raiſe Men to be Glorious:
For Services there are ſometimes,
That once diſclos'd, are conſtru'd Crimes;

Such

Such that oblige us whilſt conceal'd,
But loſe their Merit when reveal'd.
Therefore, when 'tis a Prince's Pleaſure
That Flatt'rers ſhall purloin their Treaſure,
'Till they have ſcrap'd huge Sums together,
And climb'd aloft, the Lord knows whither;
How ſhould the Crowd expect to know
Why this Man's High, or t'other Low?
Why publick Merit's priz'd ſo little,
And private P——s ſwell big with Title?

How occult Service Favour draws,
Is difficult to learn, becauſe
The Grace by G—d's Vicegerent's ſhown,
Proves very often like his own:
It paſſes Human Underſtanding;
Who 'njoys it, need not fear offending.
For Earthly Kings, like Gods protect,
With ſaving Grace, their own Elect;

Set them upright, whene'er they ſtumble,
In Spite of thoſe that grin and grumble.

I read, was pleas'd, found little Harm in't;
For Truth has got a ſecret Charm in't.
What, tho' 'twas mix'd with ſome ill Nature;
Without, it would have prov'd no Satyr;
Nor could the one have made ſuch Pother,
Had it not larded been with t'other:
For he that writes in ſuch an Age,
When Parties do for Pow'r engage,
Ought to chuſe one Side for the Right,
And then, with all his Wit and Spite,
Blacken and vex the Oppoſite.
If his Muſe breathes no Gall or Hate,
The Fools won't nibble at the Bait:
For one Side's never truly pleas'd,
But when the other's vex'd and teaz'd.
Therefore, whoever handles Quill,
Muſt rail, or he'd as good ſit ſtill;

No Matter whether falſe or true,
Take Pattern by *D— F——'s Review*;
Let it be Scandal, and 'twill do;
For the Low-Church, by that alone,
Gains twenty Owles, to t'other's one.
Scurrility's a uſeful Trick,
Approv'd by the moſt Politick.
Fling Dirt enough, and ſome will ſtick.

Scandal's the only Cut-throat Talent
To arm a ſcribbling Aſſailant,
And when us'd ſkilfully and ſlighly,
Prevails againſt a Party highly;
And is a ſure infernal Knack
To make the brighteſt Cauſe look black.
No bridge-fall'n Noſe upon a Face,
Can be more plain than is the Caſe;
For Fools that make the greateſt Number,
And are of Human Race, the Lumber,

Are taught to ſwallow hurtful Lies,
To keep their Faith in Exerciſe,
That they the better may give Credit,
When Stratagems of State ſhall need it:
For could the People grow ſo wiſe,
As to reject all Falſities,
And credit no Man's Pen or Mouth,
But what ſhould ſpeak or write the Truth,
T—ſg—g-Days, within this N——n,
Would not be half ſo much in Faſhion;
For all thoſe Deeds that make a Bluſter,
Set off with ſo much artful Luſtre,
Would in a little Time become
Dull as the Fables of *Tom Thumb*.

The Low-Church, that diſdains a Steple,
Muſt preach new Doctrine to their People:
Yet, ſhould there be allow'd no Teaching,
But Truth, I doubt 'twould ſpoil their Preaching.

Should

Should ſuch good Times befal this Land,
That Truth ſhould get the upper Hand;
What would thoſe Low-Church Champions do,
The *Obſervator* and *Review*?
For could their Talent be forſaken,
And they write Truth to ſave their Bacon;
The wiſer Sort would ſtill deceive 'em,
And none but Blockheads, ſure, believe 'em:
Becauſe a common Lyar's Mouth
Is even ſcandalous to Truth;
And Malice, when it's once detected,
Always makes Evidence ſuſpected.

Now to the Bugbear Book again,
That puts the Whigs in ſo much Pain:
I conn'd o'er all this famous Piece,
That ſo diſturb'd old *Calvin*'s Geeſe;
And all the Fault they can inſiſt on,
Is, it's too true to make a Jeſt on.

As for my part, I muſt confeſs,
It is, if I may've Leave to gueſs,
An honeſt High-Church Book of Merit,
Tho' written with a Low-Church Spirit:
That here and there a ſharp Reflexion
May ſeem to ſome, ill-natur'd Fiction,
Tho' true beyond all Contradiction.
So that to me this Tell-troth Book
Does like a High-Church Biſhop look,
Diſguis'd in a *Geneva*-Cloak:
For who, that knew not *Truſty*'s Face,
Would judge him honeſt by his Dreſs,
Since the worſt K——ves that Earth can bear,
The very ſame Apparel wear?
However, 'tis no Shame to uſe
A Weapon which our Foes firſt chuſe,
Or to return, when once aſſaulted,
That Dirt with which we firſt were paulted.
Therefore our Champion's in the Right on't,
To make ſo bold a *Hompuſh* Fight on't;

And

And to our reſtleſs Foes chaſtiſe,
With their own Cudgels, all but Lies:
Such Ammunition, 'tis agreed on,
An honeſt Cauſe has ſeldom Need on;
But can with Truth it ſelf defend,
Which always conquers in the End;
That makes our L——n, as they call it,
Knock down our Foes, like any Mallet:
For always, when the Truth appears,
The lying Faction hang their Ears,
And cannot for their Lives, we ſee,
Withſtand the Force of Verity;
But like to Snails, draw in their Horns,
When naked Truth but grins and turns.
So whiſt'ling Curs, that hate a bigger,
At Maſtiff's Heels will ſhew their Vigor;
But when he turns, they dread his Pow'r,
And, frighted at his Aſpect, ſcow'r;
Or elſe wag Tail, ſubmit, and fawn,
And tarry to be piſs'd upon.

Thus

Thus W——gs, in Time of Toleration,
Bark at the Juſtice of the Nation:
But when th' unbridl'd Laws, with Scorn,
One perſecuting Look return,
Curbing their Tongues, they ceaſe to grumble,
And all ſubſcribe, *Your very Humble.*

Having ſpent ſo much precious Time
In High-Church Proſe, and Low-Church Rime,
'Till my Brains almoſt were confounded
Betwixt the Cavalier and Roundhead;
My Fancy ſpurr'd me to be jogging
To th' Flaſk, the Flaggon, or the Noggin:
So I rais'd Bum from *Turky*-Leather,
To ſtrole I did not well know whither;
Leaving whole Piles of Whiggiſh Nonſenſe,
To be directed by my own Senſe.

CANTO III.

I Had not long, on City Stones,
Beſtirr'd my Stumps and Marrow-bones,
But *Robin H*——g came grunting by me
As faſt, as if he ſtrove to fly me.
Thought I, here's ſome high Wind Abroad,
That blows, I fear, but little Good.
The grizly Boar is hunting round,
To ſee what Windfals may be found.
He looks as if he ran in hope
This Storm would make the Acorns drop.
At laſt I ſaw him very plain
Follow his Noſe up *Fetter-Lane*.
Obſerving that, thinks I, for certain
There's ſome Intrigue behind the Curtain,
Manag'd aloft for ſome by Ends,
To perſecute the Church's Friends:
For tho' our factious Foes firſt draw,
Yet, when we puſh, they take the Law.

So bully'ng Cowards oft, we ſee,
Provoke a generous Enemy,
Who, when he takes juſt Satisfaction,
The ill-tongu'd Scoundrel brings his Action.

I ſhook my Head. Thought I, 'tis hard
The Church can't ſtand upon her Guard;
But thoſe who always meant to harm her,
Shall thus be ſuffer'd to diſarm her.
Patience, ſaid I; now *R——d* is Knighted,
Sure ſome Folks will be clearer ſighted:
Ne'er fear but we ſhall change our Station,
For *Semper Idem*'s out of Faſhion.
I've heard a good old Proverb ſay,
That e'ery Dog has got his Day:
Therefore, be cheerful, do not mourn,
The low'rmoſt Spoke muſt upwards turn;
And when it does the only Skill
Will be to make the Wheel ſtand ſtill,

Or

Or elſe to human Senſe 'tis plain,
In Turn, it muſt go down again:
For Wheels, like Women, change their Ground,
T' obey the Pow'r that works them round,
Only they move by diff'rent Forces;
One's turn'd by Men, the other Horſes.

Being much concern'd to ſee Things go thus,
I ſtept into a Ninny-Broth Houſe,
In Hopes to better underſtand
What Low-Church Project was in Hand
To bring that Party to Confuſion,
That reſcu'd them from Perſecution.
Ent'ring, I ſaw quite round a Table,
An ill-look'd thin-jaw'd, Calves-head, Rabble,
All ſtigmatiz'd with Looks like *Jews*,
Each arm'd with half a Sheet of News:
Some ſucking Smoak from *Indian* Fuel,
And others ſipping *Turky* Gruel;

Still ſearching after ſomething new
In *Nob*, the *Gazette*, or *Review*.
Sometimes they ſmil'd, as if well pleas'd,
Then by and by look'd vex'd and teaz'd,
Alt'ring their ſublunary Looks
According as they lik'd their Books.

At the low'r End o' th' Table, ſate
Some High-Church Brethren, in a Chat,
Concern'd, as I ſuppoſe, to ſpy
The High-Church low, and Low-Church high.
Before them, in great Order, lay
The News authentick for the Day,
Mix'd with ſome High-Church Vindications
Againſt falſe Whiggiſh Defamations;
The *Mercury*, ſo much abhorr'd
By lofty Whigs, that rule the Board;
And the *Rehearſal*, whoſe keen Satyr
So cloſely ſhav'd the *Obſervator*;

And

And when he'd ſhewn how bald and bare
He was of Senſe, inſtead of Hair,
He left him to his Cuckow Tone,
Laugh'd at by all, and lik'd by none.

'Twixt both the Parties I ſate down;
Did neither dare to ſmile or frown,
Leſt one ſhould, by my Looks, diſcover
I was a better Friend to th' other:
For if a Man foreſees a Squabble
'Twixt adverſe Parties at a Table,
Tho' he's determin'd of one Side,
True Policy will bid him hide
His Conſcience, 'till the Battel's try'd;
And when it's over, he that's crafty
Will chuſe the ſtrongeſt Side for Safety:
Before, a Man may be miſtaken,
And 'ſtead of ſaving, loſe his Bacon:
For when vain Hopes and jealous Fears
Set Fools together by the Ears,

And

And Juſtice muſt be ſcann'd by Fight,
The Cauſe that conquers is the Right.
Then who would ſhew he was a Lover
Of either, 'till the Danger's over?
Since he who takes the other Way,
Comes ſafely in at beſt o' th' Lay.

I ſcarce had fill'd a Pipe of Sot-weed,
And by the Candle made it Hot-weed,
But one of the Diſſenting Crew
Began aloud with the *Review*,
And read it with a Grace becoming
A Low-Church Teacher, when he's drumming
Upon his Cuſheon to his Humming,
To cuff his blundering Oration
Into the Ears of 's Congregation:
For if their Fiſt a'n't reconcil'd
To their dull Tone, the Sermon's ſpoil'd;
For Geſture is the Life and Glory
Of Nonſenſe preach'd for Oratory:

Like

Like Fidlers, they muſt keep their Time,
As ſure as Poets do their Rime.
Tone, Words, and Actions muſt agree,
Or elſe they ſpoil their Harmony.

All was obſerv'd with wond'rous Care
By our Whig Libel Lecturer:
For when he came to th' Author's Letters,
From Tackers ſent, or their Abettors,
As he pretends, wherein they threaten,
He ſhall (as he deſerves) be beaten
For being ſawcy in's *Review*,
To thoſe he never ſaw or knew.
When this forg'd Tale the Zealot read,
He foam'd at Mouth, and ſhook his Head,
And did a Tone more frightful uſe,
Than thoſe that cry ſad bloody News.

Bleſs me, thought I, ſure he that's wiſe,
Can ſee thro' theſe tranſparent Lies.

Theſe poor thin tiffany Projections,
Contriv'd to heighten our Diſtractions,
And gull the Crowd at their Elections:
For who, thought he, will give their Votes
For Men that threaten to cut Throats,
And uſe ſuch ruffainly Correction
To me, the Prop of all their Faction,
That dares, in Spigte of Truth or Laws,
Defend with Lies the good old Cauſe,
In Hopes the Magazine of Pow'r
May Church and Monarchy devour,
That Rebels may ſurmount the Throne,
And pull the Church eſtabliſh'd down;
And ſacred Rogues in Judgment ſit,
To tread all Order under Feet.
Could we but thus inflame the Mob,
To bring about this happy Jobb,
Then hey for me and Brother *Nob*.

But

But this will ſpoil the forg'd Device
Of his Epiſtolary Lies.
How will he prove theſe fright'ning Letters,
From Tackers came, or their Abettors?
And not from ſome dear zealous Friends,
To ſerve their painful Prophet's Ends?
Or that the ſame Hand did not give 'em
To th' Penny Poſt, that did receive 'em?
I doubt, ſhould we inſpect the Matter,
The Author of the true-born Satyr
Would prove the Scribe, or the Dictator.
So the Jilt, courted by a Cully,
Imploys her ſelf, or elſe her Bully,
To, with Love Letters, daily woo her
In Great Mens Names directed to her;
Which to her Spark the Doxy ſhows,
At which he raves, and jealous grows;
And that he may alone ſecure
The Prize, he proves the kinder to her.

Such Stratagems are often us'd,
That eaſy Fools may be abus'd.

So, if the Truth was to be known,
And theſe ſtrange tacking Letters ſhown,
They'd ſurely prove the Prophet's own;
Or elſe a Pack of Low-Church Lies,
Sent from his Friends by his Advice,
To falſely blacken thoſe with Crimes,
That dare be juſt i' th' worſt of Times,
When ſubtle Knaves, in Conſultation,
And Fools, thro' falſe Inſinuation,
Unite, to ſacrifice the Nation.

No ſooner was this Libel read,
And gently down before 'em laid,
To ſhew how courteous and reſpective
They were to a Low-Church Invective;
But a High-Church-man, in Deriſion,
Faces them, and in Oppoſition

To

To *F*——'s Aſperſions, that were ſpurious,
Reads out *Politicus Mercurius.*
Excuſe me, that the Muſes force
The Cart to ſtand before the Horſe,
Becauſe it will be ſo ſometimes
With us that fumble for our Rimes;
Nay, Reaſon muſt in Verſe give Ground,
Upon a Pinch, to empty Sound,
Or elſe thoſe Points we ſhew our Art in,
Muſt often go untag'd for certain.

This Member of the High-Church Body
At Loyal News being very ready,
Run o'er the *Merc'ry* ſo compleatly,
Read it ſ' emphatically neatly,
That all the Saints within the Hearing,
Some liſtening, and others leering,
Seem'd as much vex'd and diſcontented,
As if the Church had circumvented

Thoſe

Thoſe pious Frauds we daily ſee
Manag'd thro' that Hypocriſy;
Occaſional Conformity.
At laſt, with Malice in their Faces,
They frowning ſtarted from their Places,
All moving Brother next to Brother,
Like Wild Geeſe, after one another.
Thus do they fly where e'er they find
Bright Truth with ſolid Reaſon join'd.

So Owls and Bats abhor the Light
Superior to their feeble Sight;
And for ſome dim Reflexion, ſhun
The perfect Glories of the Sun.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 AUG

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Third.

CANTO IV.

I Quitted now my ſmoaky Station,
Where Knaves and Fools preach Moderation,
And with that modiſh Cant, diſguiſe
Their Spite, their Venom, and their Lies;
From whence, each Man of Senſe may find
The Cobweb-Vertue is deſign'd
Only for Faction, to betray
The Crowd into a ſinful Way,
And make them tamely, in the End,
Give up that Church they ſhould defend.
So he that would a Man beguile,
Will talk devoutly all the while,

In Hopes the Bubble may believe him
Too good a Chriſtian to deceive him;
By which fair Means he gains the Pow'r,
To wrong the eaſy Fool the more.

I had not long in open Street,
Been puniſhing my Corny Feet,
But creeping by the Side of *Paul's*,
Where Sinners flock to ſave their Souls,
I met a Pillar of the Church,
Juſt ſtepping out of Holy Porch,
Wrapp'd up in Rev'rend Gown and Caſſock,
Looking as grave as Father *Iſaac*.
Long painful Study, Age, and Cares,
Adorn'd his Head with Silver Hairs;
Kept warm within a Cap of Sattin,
With Wiſdom lin'd, as well as *Latin*;
Whoſe humble Mein, and awful Face,
Were to his ſacred Robes a Grace;
And when he ſpoke, his Language ſhew'd
He was not only Grave, but Good.

A faithful and a vertuous Guide,
Whoſe Conſcience had for Years been try'd:
One who abhor'd Prevarication,
And all the Cant of Moderation;
But was a Chriſtian Shepherd fully,
Who exercis'd his Vertues duly,
Not mod'rate Whiggiſhly, but truly.

With equal Gladneſs did we meet,
And kindly one another greet,
When we had ended that old Strain
Of *How d'ye do, and do again?*
Into Saint *Paul*'s we took a Walk,
T' enjoy a little farther Talk:
For what on Earth can be more ſweet,
Than for two loving Friends to meet,
Who, e'er they did the Truth diſcover,
Thought themſelves Miles from one another?

After we'd talk'd about the Craft
That rais'd the canting Tribe aloft,

And equally expreſs'd our Wonder,
To ſee the Church turn'd ſtrangely under,
At ſuch a Time, when her Defender,
Altho' ſhe's of the F——le Gender,
Does Tooth and Nail ſo nobly ſtand
By th' ancient Glories of the Land,
And with the Church walk Hand in Hand;
That Church, for which ſhe ſpoke ſo warmly,
And ever ſince ſtood by ſo firmly.

My Friend in Sorrow ſhook his Head,
Then ſtrok'd his Rev'rend Beard, and ſaid,
Fair Speeches are a Prince's Talent;
But then, crys he, *Quid Verba valent?*
'Tis hard ſometimes by Words to find
The true Intention of the Mind;
Actions alone interpret beſt
The Meanings of a R——l Breaſt;
And when at any Time we ſee
Their Words and Actions diſagree,

The latter we believe their Choice,
The former but an airy Voice.
Beſides, he only is indeed
My Friend, that ſerves me in my Need;
But if he then ſhall ſuffer me
To want, and aid my Enemy,
A bare Acquaintance ſo unkind,
A Man had better loſe, than find.
I muſt confeſs I would not truſt
My Father, was he ſo unjuſt;
Nor can I credit ſuch a Brother,
That ſays one Thing, and does another.
But, Rev'rend Doctor, pray, ſaid I,
May not a mod'rate Man comply
With the eſtabliſh'd Church o' th' Nation,
And thither go to ſeek Salvation,
Yet be allow'd to vote and ſtickle
For thoſe that run to Conventicle?
Cannot he ſhew, without Evaſion,
That modiſh Vertue, Moderation,

And keep in Charity with thoſe,
He knows to be the Church's Foes?
Our Charity, the Guide replies,
We ought to ſhew to Enemies;
Without which Manly Chriſtian Grace,
Mercy it ſelf could have no Place:
But 'tis not Charity, or Vertue,
To ſtrengthen thoſe that mean to hurt you,
Or to advance the Reputation
Of ſuch a vip'rous Congregation,
Who aim, thro' Envy, Pride, and Hate,
To overthrow both Church and State,
And bring that Faith into Diſdain,
By which we hope to riſe again;
And conſonant to ſacred Story,
Aſcend to everlaſting Glory.
No, no; ſuch canting Moderation
Is wicked, baſe Prevarication:
All upright Chriſtians muſt accuſe it,
No Church-man can with Safety uſe it,

But

But he muſt lend a helping Hand
To ſacrifice his native Land,
And bring that Church to Deſolation,
On which depends his own Salvation.

Pray, Sir, ſaid I, what think you then
Of ſuch a mod'rate Race of Men,
Who entertain the Low-Church Notion,
Yet uſe the Church with great Devotion;
But ſhew in Words, and ev'ry Action,
They ſide with the diſſenting Faction?

Says he, ſuch Men of whom you ſpeak,
Are very Knaves, or very weak:
The former uſe the Church, like thoſe
Who do their wicked Minds diſpoſe
To rob a Houſe, and that they may
The Fam'ly with more Eaſe betray,
One takes therein a Room or two,
As the Low-Church-man does his Pew;
And when he finds a proper Time
To perpetrate his wicked Crime,

Made by's Confederates Aſſiſtance,
Too ſtrong and pow'rful for Reſiſtance,
They Beat, Gag, Bind, or Murder thoſe
That durſt their Villanies oppoſe;
Then run away with all that's good,
And leave the Family in Blood;
Or if not murder'd, at the beſt,
Much injur'd, plunder'd, and diſtreſt.

No better Uſage ſhould we find
From ſuch Low-Church men once conjoin'd,
With factious Numbers to their Mind:
For tho' they come to Church to Pray'r,
They'd be the firſt that would betray her,
And will be found, when Danger's nigh,
The Snakes that in her Boſom lie.

But the weak Wretch, that is miſled,
To nurſe wild Notions in his Head,
And fancies, thro' the Want of Senſe,
Religion's chiefeſt Excellence
Conſiſts in dull Indifference;

And

And thinks it cannot be a Fault
To between two Opinions halt;
Or that it is no ſinful Crime,
When Int'reſt calls at any Time,
To run wi' th' Hare, or hold wi' th' Hound,
Since he keeps ſtill on Holy Ground:
He underſtands not, peradventure,
The Peak 'twixt Church-man and Diſſenter:
He knows no Diff'rence in the People,
But what he thinks is caus'd by th' Steeple.
One ſide he fancies does approve it,
And that the other cannot love it;
His narrow ſquinting Reaſon ſees
No Feuds, but what his Mind agrees,
Ariſe from Trifles, ſuch as theſe.
Therefore he thinks it beſt, in Troth,
To be indifferent 'twixt both;
And is a Friend ſo much to either,
That in his Heart he's truly neither:

He ſpeaks the Church-man very fair,
Of Surplice, and of *Common-Prayer* ;
But when amongſt the Whigs he enters,
He's partial for the good Diſſenters.
Thouſands there are juſt ſuch as theſe,
Who're neither, both, or which you pleaſe,
That by the Want of Senſe and Thought,
Shew they've been better fed than taught.
Theſe join in that prepoſt'rous Cry,
O let the Church, the Church comply,
They care not how, and know not why.

Suppoſe a Knave ſo baſe be grown,
At Law to ſue me for my own,
Muſt I comply with his Demands,
That we in Friendſhip may ſhake Hands?
No ; I'd not part with Straw or Stone,
The Raſcal ſhould have all or none :
For he that will his Right decline,
And with ſuch Knaves in Friendſhip join,
Abets their villanous Deſign,

And

And makes the World, by his Submiſſion,
Believe their wicked Impoſition
No other, than a fair Condition.
But, worthy Sir, ſaid I, ſuppoſe
Your canting, half-fac'd Chriſtian-Foes
Should tell you, they'd comply and join,
If you'd ſome friv'lous Things reſign;
And they declare what 'tis they want;
Would not the Church thoſe Trifles grant?
Says he, thoſe Trifles which you ſpake on,
No Mortal can tell what to make on:
How ſhould they, ſince we plainly ſee
Themſelves about 'em can't agree?
They only quarrel out of Seaſon,
Then ſtudy after for a Reaſon.
Like one that's frantick in his Cups,
Who hits his Friend a Slap o'th' Chops,
That offer'd nothing to provoke him,
Nor can he tell for what he ſtruck him:

The ſame may of the Whigs be ſaid,
With Pow'r and Wealth they're drunk and mad,
And in their Frenzy, huff and threaten
With what ſad Stripes we ſhall be beaten,
In hopes, now Faction is ſo froward,
The peaceful Church, like feeble Coward,
Will ſuch a tame Compliance ſhew,
As give their Cloaks, and Tunicks too:
But they ſhall find, that, Quaker like,
At ſecond Blow we dare to ſtrike,
And ſhall not to vile Hands deliver
That Church, of which Great God's the Giver.

Pray, Sir, ſaid I, your Heat abate,
And tell me what they would be at?
What 'tis you think would ſatisfy 'em,
That in my Thoughts I mayn't belie 'em?
A Man of Senſe, with half an Eye,
(Says he) may eaſily deſcry,
Thro' all their conſciencious Cant,
What in Reality they want;

Which

Which is, believe me, in a Word,
All that the Kingdom can afford:
Therefore they are aſham'd to own
Thoſe Terms their Pride inſiſts upon;
Tho', like true Sots, they'll ſeem at firſt
With a ſmall Draught to quench their Thirſt;
But were they't Barrel-head, you'd find
The Dev'l a Drop they'd leave behind.

At firſt for Trifles they'll be crying,
Which they will blame us for denying;
But if we think to ſtop their Raving,
By giving, they'll be always craving.
So Miſs, when firſt ſhe's kept by Cully,
Begs modeſtly, to try his Folly;
But if ſhe finds he'll not deny her,
His whole Eſtate ſhan't ſatisfy her;
But into Debt ſhe'll even run him,
And glory when ſhe's thus undone him.

The leaſt of Things, at which they offer,
Were they ſupream, they would not ſuffer:

They

They only want ſo high to ſoar,
That nothing can controul their Pow'r :
So that the Saints might rule at length,
Not by the Scriptures, but by Strength,
That Cruelty their Foes might awe,
And their own Wills become their Law.
The Church and Crown, in that ſad Day,
Muſt to the Club and Cloak give way :
Our Lands and Goods be torn aſunder,
And made their own by Right of Plunder.
Therefore I muſt, with Sorrow, ſay
Our Pilates ſteer a dang'rous Way.
To hold a Candle to the Devil,
Is not the Means to ſtop this Evil ;
For Whigs in Pow'r, are of that Nature,
They'll ſwell like Spunges thrown in Water.
Therefore we ſtrength'n 'em, whilſt we pleaſe 'em:
The Way to leſſ'n 'em, is to ſqueeze 'em.
But how, ſaid I, can we foreſee
They'd thus unreaſonable be ?

Methinks

Methinks the Church-men firſt ſhould try 'em,
Or elſe, who knows but they belie 'em?
Crys he, your Folly makes me ſtare;
Such Talk would make a Parſon ſwear.
Forbear to blunder out ſuch Stuff;
I think we've try'd 'em oft enough.
Did not King *Charles* the Firſt, to pleaſe 'em,
Do all that they could aſk, to eaſe 'em,
Yet you find nothing would appeaſe 'em?
The more he gave, the worſe they us'd him;
When moſt kind he, they moſt abus'd him.
Thus all along, his mild Conceſſions
Made them but heighten their Oppreſſions.
He ſacrific'd his Friends, we ſee,
To ſtop their Rage and Tyranny;
Did more than well became his Station,
To ſhew his peaceful Inclination:
Yet when they had obtain'd the moſt
That ever Rebels had to boaſt,

And had the Power, Lives, and Lands
Of all the Nation in their Hands;
The whole three Kingdoms were too ſmall,
They'd not enough, when they had all;
But, like the *Gracian*, made wry Faces,
That they'd no more to pull to Pieces.
So finding there was nothing left,
To gratify their farther Theft,
Rather than be thus diſappointed,
They ſtole the Blood of God's Anointed,
That their rebellious wicked Pride
And Av'rice, might be ſatisfy'd.
And would you have thoſe Saints once more
Be try'd, who've done theſe Things before?
No, that would be like chuſing thoſe
For Friends, who were my Father's Foes.
A wiſe Man, ſure, will ne'er agree
To truſt to their Fidelity;
By whoſe repeated treach'rous Crime,
His Family, from Time to Time,

Have

Have been moleſted and betray'd,
And more than twice unhappy made.
No, never truſt the Villain more,
That has deceiv'd you once before.
Look round this ſacred Place, St. *Paul's*;
View its large Iles, and ſtately Walls!
That lofty Dome, that ſeems to riſe,
And join its Marble to the Skies!
See what vaſt Strength, and Beauty too,
Thoſe bold *Corinthian* Pillars ſhow!
With Wonder gaze on ev'ry Part,
Adorn'd with ſo much graceful Art,
Whoſe Order and Magnificence,
Does not alone delight the Senſe,
But moves us to a Reverence!
Would you not tremble, ſhould you ſee
All this deſpis'd for Popery?
And that a wild Fanatick Rabble,
Led by their ſpiteful Teachers Babble,
Should make this ſacred Pile a Stable?

Sure all good Men muſt go diſtracted,
To ſee ſuch Villany tranſacted.
Yet ſhould the Tribe their Pow'r improve
Much farther under R——I Love,
Their Pride may ſoar ſo high, that we,
With weeping Eyes, once more may ſee
The ſad Effects of Whiggiſh Rage,
Perform'd upon this ſacred Stage.
Said I, I'd rather that the Murrain
Should turn my Grannum's Cows to Carion;
Or that the Dev'l once more would venture
Some other Herd of Swine to enter,
And not poſſeſs a factious Breed,
Or to ſuch Freaks their Rabble lead;
For that would prove the Dev'l indeed.
But, Rev'rend Sir, before we part,
'Twould not a little pleaſe my Heart,
If you'd a true High-Church-man ſhow,
Impartially, that I might know
The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low;

And make it to my Reaſon plain,
How that Diſtinction firſt began.
Says he, the proud diſſenting Faction,
Malicious even to Diſtraction,
Viewing with Spite, ſuch Love and Union
Eſtabliſh'd in the Church-Communion;
That put them paſt the Hopes of riſing,
To their old Pitch of Tyrannizing;
Unleſs they could by wicked Arts,
Divide the Body into Parts,
That ſome weak Sons might be enſnar'd
To have compaſſionate Regard
For all Fanaticks, that pretended
Church-Worſhip, (wanting to be mended)
Their tender Conſciences offended.
T' accompliſh this ill-boding Evil,
Hatch'd by th' Aſſiſtance of the Devil,
They cry'd aloud for Moderation,
To work their Ends by Inſinuation.

This;

This ſweet'ning Term ſoon took Effect,
And rais'd i'th' Church a middle Sect,
That trim 'twixt both, and will be ſafe,
Let who as will command the Staff:
Averſe to neither any longer,
Than juſt to ſee which Side's the ſtronger.
So Cowards to no Cauſe are hearty,
But join the moſt prevailing Party.
This makes the Whigs do all they're able
To ſhew themſelves moſt formidable,
Becauſe they've Craft enough to know
Thoſe mod'rate Church-men, ſtil'd the Low,
Are not ſo fix'd in one Opinion,
But they can ſlide into an Union
With any Side that gets Dominion;
Judging their Principles the beſt,
Who with the greateſt Pow'r are bleſt;
And ſo, inſtead of Fear and Trembling,
Work their Salvation by Diſſembling.

Theſe Meaſures did the Faction take,
To this abſurd Diſtinction make:
And now, to widen the Diviſion,
They feed the Mod'rate with Sedition,
And to ſet Brother againſt Brother,
Reproach one Side, and ſooth the other;
Flatter the Low-Church to the Skies,
Blaſpheme the High with odious Lies:
Thus win the Fools, and wound the Wiſe.

He that ſtands firm to ſave the Church,
And ſcorns to leave her in the Lurch,
Muſt be a *Jacobite*, at leaſt
A monſt'rous, ſtrange, *Epheſian* Beaſt;
A Popiſh *Perkenite*, a Traytor;
A *Foe* to th' Crown, a *French* Abettor;
Nay, worſe by half than I can ſpeak him,
Were he as bad as they would make him.

But the Low-Church-man, whoſe Compaſſion
Is ſtretch'd ſo far by Moderation,

That

That he would rather Church and Crown
Should be depreſs'd, and trampl'd down,
Than his kind tender Heart ſhould ſee
The Nation's Senate diſagree
T' Occaſional Conformity.
Such a Low Chriſtian is befriended,
And for Mod'ration much commended:
His Whiggiſh Neighbours cry, Alas!
For all he goes to High-Church Maſs,
Were you to hear him talk, you'd find
The Man has got a Chriſtian Mind.
This in the Neighbourhood's ſpoke aloud,
The Fool of their Applauſe is proud:
Thus hears by ſome, what others ſay,
So grows more mod'rate ev'ry Day.
The Leacher, who the Fair purſues,
Does the ſame ſubtle Meaſures uſe;
Much Praiſe behind her Back he ſcatters,
With whom he would accompliſh Matters.

This

This makes her proud, and kind to th' Sinner,
The first that found such Graces in her;
When his gross Flatt'ries seek her Ruin,
And only tend to her Undoing.

But since thou do'st desire to know
The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low,
I'll tell thee with impartial Care,
What distinct Characters they bear;
That whilst you can in Mem'ry keep
Their Marks, you'll know the Wolves from Sheep;
The High-Church first shall take their Places,
Because they wear most honest Faces.

The Church above the World they honour,
And fix their Happiness upon her;
The Artick and Ant'artick Poles
Are not more steddy than their Souls;
Int'rest nor Fear will make them waver,
Or from the Truth their Conscience sever;
No base Rewards, tho' ne'er so great,
Or Threats of a corrupted State,

Will make their Lips their Faith deny,
Or their Tongues give their Hearts the Lie.
They love Mod'ration with their Souls,
But not the mod'rate Cant of Fools.
They live in Love and Charity
With all, at leſt thoſe that do agree
T' Occaſional Conformity.
Their Hearts are Loyal to the Throne;
They love the Queen that ſits thereon,
And dare do all that Men can do,
To ſhew they're to her Int'reſt true.
They honour Biſhops as they ſhou'd,
For being pious, learn'd, and good;
And are not for a canting Crew
To model God's old Church anew.
In ſhort, they're more devout and juſt,
More faithful, and more fit for Truſt,
Than thoſe looſe Saints, whom now we ſee
Poſſeſs'd of all, but Honeſty.

The Low-Church are Prevaricators,
Proud of the Name of Moderators:
By ſubtle Arts made factious Tools.
In ſhort, they're the Diſſenters Fools,
Deſign'd in ſome more wicked Times
To bear the Slander of their Crimes,
That when they find proper a Seaſon
T' attempt ſome Maſſacre or Treaſon,
The cunning Saints may ſhift the Shame,
And caſt upon the Church the Blame;
Becauſe the Low-Church Moderators
Were all along their kind Abettors.
Like Moths, that round a Candle fly,
They either can't, or won't eſpy
The Danger that's before their Eye;
But court thoſe Flames they ſhould avoid,
And ſooth their Ruin, 'till deſtroy'd.
Tell 'em, the Church declines in Glory,
They cry, they hope 'tis all a Story.
Thus make you think they would not have her
Hurt, yet will nothing do to ſave her.
They muſt comply with Toleration,
Their Hearts quite melt with Moderation;
Yet have not Patience to be taught
The ſad Calamities they've brought
Upon the Land, or to be ſhewn
What Miſchief to the Church they've done.
'Tis true, they uſe Church-Worſhip duly,
Yet think a Meeting full as Holy:

Lawn

Lawn Sleeves and Surplice they approve,
The *Common-Pray'r* they like and love;
Yet will not ſee the Hurt they do,
By ſiding with a factious Crew.
In ſhort, theſe Men of Moderation;
Theſe Low-Church Whigs, ſo much in Faſhion,
Are true to nothing, in my Senſe,
Except to dull Indifference;
But like a Lump of Wax or Clay,
Can take Impreſſion any Way.
Lord clear their muddy Intellects,
Recal them from pernicious Sects;
Make them more Holy, and more Steady,
More Wiſe, more Willing, and more Ready,
To guard the eſtabliſh'd Church o'th' Nation,
In whom they ſeek their own Salvation;
That when the Tempeſt ſhall ariſe,
She may not fall a Sacrifice
To Wolves crept into Sheeps Diſguiſe.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Fourth.

CANTO V.

WHen thus my Friend had let me know
The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low,
By which a Man might eas'ly see
True Zeal from canting Knavery,
And learn moſt rightly to diſtinguiſh
The Mod'rate, from the Church that's *Engliſh*.
His Bus'neſs calling him aſide,
I parted with my Rev'rend Guide,
Who left me now to walk, and ponder
On many Things that rais'd my Wonder;
When (after I was thus forſaken)
A thoughtful Turn or two I'd taken,

Lawn Sleeves and Surplice they approve,
The *Common-Pray'r* they like and love,
Yet will not ſee the Hurt they do,
By ſiding with a factious Crew.
In ſhort, theſe Men of Moderation,
Theſe Low-Church Whigs, ſo much in Faſhion,
Are true to nothing, in my Senſe,
Except to dull Indifference;
But like a Lump of Wax or Clay,
Can take Impreſſion any Way.
Lord clear their muddy Intellects,
Recal them from pernicious Sects;
Make them more Holy, and more Steady,
More Wiſe, more Willing, and more Ready,
To guard the eſtabliſh'd Church o'th' Nation,
In whom they ſeek their own Salvation;
That when the Tempeſt ſhall ariſe,
She may not fall a Sacrifice
To Wolves crept into Sheeps Diſguiſe.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Fourth.

CANTO V.

WHen thus my Friend had let me know
The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low,
By which a Man might eas'ly see
True Zeal from canting Knavery,
And learn moſt rightly to diſtinguiſh
The Mod'rate, from the Church that's *Engliſh*.
His Bus'neſs calling him aſide,
I parted with my Rev'rend Guide,
Who left me now to walk, and ponder
On many Things that rais'd my Wonder;
When (after I was thus forſaken)
A thoughtful Turn or two I'd taken,

For th' Benefit of Rumination
On Matters worth Conſideration;
I bid adieu to th' Holy Ile,
And wander'd from the awful Pile;
Down *Ludgate-Street* I gently ſtrol'd,
Where Helps for blinking Age are ſold;
And where Quack, Surgeon, or Phyſician,
That doubts of *Harvey*'s Propoſition,
May alſo ſee, for Confirmation,
The Blood of Fiſh in Circulation.
Thus ſcated I with Care along
The ſlip'ry Stones, amidſt the Throng,
Kept level for old Cuckolds Corns,
Whoſe Feet, as well as Heads, wear Horns:
Nor is't but Juſtice that each Toe
Should the ſame Pennance undergo,
Becauſe they treach'rouſly together
Conſpire to carr' us God knows whither,
Whilſt Cuckold-makers, who are crafty,
Graft on our Antlers with more Safety.

I ſhot the Porch that bears the Name
Of good King *Lud*, of ancient Fame;
Within whoſe Monument lies bury'd
A living Tribe, by *Fortune* worry'd,
Firſt ſqueez'd, then thither haul'd and hurry'd:
A greater Number, let me tell ye,
Than dwelt in *Trojan* Horſe's Belly:
Beſides the Legions that they wear,
In matted Locks of uncomb'd Hair,
And liſted Troops of eight-legg'd Strolers,
That march from Wriſt-bands to their Collars.
What Pity 'tis, thought I, that Men
Should live, like Sheep, within a Pen!
Or elſe, like Owls, that hate the Light,
Lie hidden in perpetual Night!
There forc'd to ſpend their Time in Louſing,
Debauching, Gaming, and Carouſing,
To th' Shame and Scandal of a Nation,
When Fighting is ſo much in Faſhion!
Theſe Stony Traps the Laws have ſet
To catch the poor Unfortunate,

Thought I, moſt ſtrangely diſagree
With boaſted Chriſtian Charity.
If Men, for Poverty alone,
Muſt wear ſuch Dublets made of Stone,
We wrong the Faith that we pretend to,
And puniſh thoſe we ſhould be kind to;
For Heav'n commands us o'er and o'er
To be aſſiſting to the Poor,
And not take Liberty from thoſe,
Who've nothing elſe to give or loſe;
And make their Mis'ry more compleat,
Which is already much too great.
Thus perſecute our Fellow-Creature,
Ruin'd perhaps by meer good Nature.

The King of Chriſtians gave his Boſom
To *Laz'rus*, when poor and loathſome;
But modern Chriſtians would inſtead,
Heap more Afflictions on his Head,
And give him Stones, inſtead of Bread.

From thence, along that tipling Street,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of *Fleet*,

Where

Where Tavern-Signs hang thicker far,
Than Trophies down at *Weſtminſter*;
And ev'ry *Bacchanalian* Landlord
Diſplays his Enſign, or his Standard,
Bidding Defiance to each Brother,
As if at Wars with one another;
Their only Quarrel being, who
Can with moſt Art and Int'reſt brew;
That is, in ſhort, about who is't
That can the moſt deceive his Gueſt:
Draw the worſt Wine, and thrive the beſt.
I paſs'd the Bridge, whoſe Sides were loade
With *Holland* Socks, and hot bak'd Pudding,
And where nice Epicures may fee
Knit Night-caps, and rare Furmity;
Plaiſters for Corns, and Well-fleet Oyſters,
Standing in Rows, and ſome in Cluſters;
All girt with Chaps, Men, Boys, and Women
Traps, Divers, Punks, and Serjeants, Yeomen

Some

Some chaff'ring for their Feet or Toes,
Some judging Oyſters by the Noſe,
And others buying Balls for Cloths.

So have I ſeen on Board of Ship,
Some gnawing Beef, ſome ſpewing Flip;
Another ſmoaking *Indian* Fuel,
A ſick Man ſipping Water-Gruel;
Some Gluttons chewing Biſket-Bread
Round one that's louſing Shirt or Head;
Some making of a Sea-man's Pye,
And others picking Toes juſt by:
A curious Mixture to excite
A ſqueamiſh Lady's Appetite.

Thro' *Fleet-Street* now I paſs'd along,
Where num'rous Hieroglyphicks hung;
Such Whims that would, I dare engage ye,
Have puzzl'd an *Egyptian Magi*:
A *Swan*, a *Mortar*, and a *Peſtle*,
And in the Air a ſwinging *Caſtle*;
A Shop-full of *Mundungus* Ware,
A *Grey-hound* mouthing of a *Hare*,

Who

Who wins the Courſe from all the reſt,
Becauſe his Maſter draws the beſt:
Three-Tuns, that very lately ſtarted,
A huge *White Horſe* that never farted:
A *Flemiſh Boar* in a blue Jerkin,
One Tun no bigger than a Firking:
A *Leg*, that as ſome People ſay,
Inſtead of running, hopp'd away:
A *Biſhop's Mitre*, and a *Horn*,
Both which may at one Time be worn;
For ſince, like us, our Prelates marry,
Why not their Wives, like ours, miſcarry?
A *Black Bull's Head*, a *Dragon Green*,
A *King*, *two Devils*, and a *Queen*:
A Brace of *Logg'r-Heads* o'er the Porch,
To guard the Clock, and grace the Church;
Which ſerve to ſhew each Lady bright,
That ſtroles that Way by Day or Night,
That Wooden Men, like Brazen Whore,
By Clock-work's Art obtain the Pow'r,
To knock four times within the Hour;

That

That is, can thump about the Quarters,
As roundly as two living Porters:
Who then can blame the Maids, that under
Stand gaping at ſo ſtrange a Wonder,
To ſee two Block-heads made of Wood,
Perform like any Fleſh and Blood?

As I was taking this my View,
Like Country *Hodge* at *Barthol'mew*,
Obſerving here a *Temple* Fop,
And there a Cuckold in his Shop;
A Cutler fixing up Sword-Hilts,
Informers dogging Punks and Jilts;
A Goldſmith telling o'er his Caſh,
A Pippin-monger ſelling Traſh;
One Sempſtreſs in her Hut a ſtitching,
Another juſt ſtrol'd out a B——ing;
A Country ruddy-fac'd Attorney
Juſt lighted from his dirty Journey,
In ſtubborn Coat of Drab-de-berry,
And wrinkl'd Boots all over Miry;

A huge long Sword, with which he vapours,
In's Hand a Wallet ſtuff'd with Papers,
To ſome old Inn of *Chanc'ry* trudging,
In which he keeps a duſty Lodging,
Lock'd cloſely up from Term to Term,
Where Fleas, inſtead of Clients, ſwarm,
And Cobweb-Emblems of his Trade,
Hang full of Prs'ners o'er his Head.
As I was thus amus'd to ſee
This Mixture of Humanity,
Who ſhould ſtep by, but Dr. *Trotter*,
That Aſtrological Promoter,
Reeling from *Elms*'s Diapente,
Advanc'd at leaſt to nine and twenty,
With a long Cole-black Fury's Wig on,
And flaming Noſe, like fiery *Trigon* :
He ſometimes run a-head ſtraight forward,
Then tack'd from *Southward* to the *Northward* ;
And ſometimes like a wand'ring Star,
Mov'd Retrograde, then Circular :

Finding himſelf in Dangers toſt,
At laſt, for fear he ſhould be loſt,
He anchor'd ſafely at a Poſt:
With that, ſaid I, old Friend, how chear ye,
I'm glad to ſee you here ſo merry:
Come, let's go drink ſome *Turky* Puddle;
'Tis Cordial for a ſwimming Noddle:
Thou'lt grow, with one half-Pint of Coffee,
As ſober as a *Perſian* Sophy.
With that, I took him by the Arm,
And led the Wizard out of Harm,
Who, for my Kindneſs, was as Civil
As Doctor *Fauſtus* to the Devil.
So Cheek by Jole away we went,
Like old *Nick* and the Earl of *Kent*,
'Till to a Coffee-Houſe we came,
To quench the Doctor's drunken Flame,
Where at a Table down we ſat,
And gravely talk'd of this and that;
Drank Coffee, 'till the Doctor found
The World that turn'd ſo lately round,

Had

Had of a ſudden ſtopp'd its Motion,
In ſpight of the *Copernian* Notion.
When the reviving Fumes that roſe
From ſcalding Ninny-broth to's Noſe,
Had ſoberiz'd his Brains a little,
And made him fit for Tattle Tittle.
(Pray let not this my Tranſpoſition,
Incur your Cenſure or Deriſion:
Poets ſometimes muſt change a Letter,
Or Word, to make their Rhime the better:
For when we *Pegaſus* beſtride,
And after Wit a Hunting ride,
Our meaſur'd Lines would all run ſingle,
Were they not coupel'd by their Jingle.)
I ſay, when Coffee piping hot,
Had rais'd the Man, and cur'd the Sot,
And by its Cruſt-burnt Excellencies,
Reſtor'd the Conj'rer to his Senſes;
Doctor, ſaid I, then bowing low,
You, I, and all the Kingdom, know

You're famous in your Generation,
And learn'd in ev'ry Conſtellation;
I therefore beg you'll anſwer me
One Queſtion in *Aſtrology*,
Becauſe I'm ſure, were *Albumazer*,
Or *Ptolomey*, the Plannet-gazer,
Tom Saffold, *Lilly*, or old *Coley*,
Now living, none could tell more truly;
Therefore I beg, that you'll impart
One Spec'men of your noble Art.
With that, the Doctor rubb'd his Eyes,
Then looking at me twice or thrice,
At laſt Majeſtically cry'd;
In what would you be ſatisfy'd?
Pray ſtate your Queſtion, and be free, Sir,
If Art can ſolve it, I am he, Sir,
That knows as much, and am as wiſe,
As all the Planets in the Skies:
Long have I travell'd, Night and Day,
That heav'nly Path, the Milky Way;

Counted

Counted the Stars on ev'ry ſide,
Shook Hands with *Time*, ſurvey'd the Tide,
And have as often, by my Soul,
Drove *Charles*'s Wain about the *Pole* :
Nay, ſtood a Tip-toe on the Horn
Of *Aries*, and of *Capricorn* ;
View'd all the Heavens, where I found
The Stars like Whirligigs go round ;
Viſited all the bleſs'd Abodes,
And drank rich Nectar with the Gods :
But by my Life, a merry Bowl
Of *Elms*'s Punch, is worth 'em all.
Sky-Rambles are with me as common,
As Scolding to a Baſket-Woman.
I'd have you think I'm not the Aſs
That deals in Fern-Seed, and a Glaſs,
And to deceive the World, does brag on
His green, his yellow, and black Dragon ;
That dwells in Alleys, God knows where,
Down ſeven Steps, and up one Stair :

I'm no poor, ignorant, dull Liar;
No *Mene Tekel* Propheſier;
No Doctor *Caſe*, no riming Noddy,
But one who knows, thro' painful Study,
What's what, as well as any Body.
Therefore pray ſtate your Queſtion right,
With all the neceſſary Light
That you can give, or I require,
And you ſhall find, as you deſire,
I'll tell you Truth, or I'm a Liar.

Doctor, *ſaid I*, I muſt agree
You've made the Heav'ns your *A*, *B*, *C*,
And underſtand th' *Egyptian* Knowledge
Beyond all *Greſham*'s learned College:
Therefore I'm ſure you cannot miſs
Anſw'ring my Queſtion, which is this:
Full two Months ſince I did invite
Three Friends to Sup with me one Night,
And when we'd plentifully eat,
A Bowl of Punch was next my Treat,

Made

Made of right *French*, upon my Word ;
(Good, ſays the Doctor, *by the Lord* ; *)*
And ſo, ſaid I, we ſipp'd our Fuddle,
As Women in the Straw do Caudle,
'Till ev'ry Man had drown'd his Noddle ;
And when they found their Heads grew light,
They thank'd their Hoſt, and bid good Night ;
But the next Morn, ſoon after Riſing,
I found my Punch-Bowl Ladle miſſing.
Now, if the Planets can inform ye
Who 'twas that ſtole the Ladle from me,
I'll own *Aſtrology*'s amazing,
And that the Stars are worth your gazing.
But, Sir, replies the Doctor, then
Of what Religion were theſe Men ?
For Planets, like to ſov'reign Princes,
Have very diff'rent Influences,
And make a ſtrong or weak Impreſſion,
As Mortals differ in Perſwaſion.
One, ſaid, I was a Church-Man, true
As ever ſat in Church-War'n's Pew,

And went twice ev'ry Sabbath-Day
To hear the Parſon Preach and Pray:
One that has long paid Scot and Lot,
And deals each Year for G---d knows what.
Poh, crys the Doctor, never think
A Church-Man Knaviſh in his Drink;
He's a true Trout that ſcorns, Ads-fiſh,
To Porridge beg, and ſteal the Diſh.
Go on, I'm ſure he's juſt and true,
The Ladle lies 'twixt t' other two.
The next, ſaid I, was a Diſſenter,
No Saint, but one that dares to venture
At Night to take off his Decanter,
Yet ſhuns both Common-Pray'r, and Lawn,
To hear a Hide-bound Block-head yawn,
And ev'ry *Sunday* thinks 'tis fitting
To croud in at a hum-drum Meeting,
Where he in Holy Exerciſe,
Strains hard to ſhew diſtorted Eyes,
Which ev'ry now and then, by Fits,
Are ſtrangely troubl'd with the Whites;

Yet all his Neighbours do declare
His Dealings are extreamly fair,
And that he ſcorns, tho' ne'er ſo little,
To wrong the Rich, or rob the Spittle,
But's nicely honeſt to a Tittle.

The Doctor, turning up his Eyes,
And grimly looking, thus replies:
I know not what to think of him;
'Tis rare to find a Mill-ſtone ſwim:
However, I'll ſuſpend my Cenſure,
To hear what t' other is, and then, Sir,
I'll freely give my final Anſwer.

Said I, the third Man was, in Troth,
A trimming Chriſtian 'twixt 'em both;
A modern, ſtrange, bifarious Creature,
By Knaves and Fools call'd Moderator.

Nouns, crys the Doctor, in a Fury,
That was the Rogue, I can aſſure ye:
You need not ſpeak another Word, Sir,
He ſtole the Ladle, by the Lord, Sir;

The Planets punct'ally declare it,
The Stars are ready all to ſwear it:
I'm ſure, as right as Man can gueſs;
Tax him but home, and he'll confeſs;
He's a rare Meſs-mate for the Devil,
And makes a long Spoon of your Ladle.
But now you know how Matters lie,
Pray take this Counſel by the by.
Be ſure you never truſt herea'ter,
In any Caſe, by Land or Water,
The Value of a Rope of Onions
With him that halts 'twixt two Opinions,
For if you do, you'll find (my Friend)
Your ſelf the Looſer in the End.
Pleas'd with the Doctor's lucky Notion,
I thank'd him kindly for his Caution;
And well contented with his Anſwer,
Took formal Leave o'th' Nigromancer.

CANTO VI.

NO sooner had I cross'd the Ground-sel,
Thus fortify'd with good old Counsel,
But a long Train of hawking Varlets,
Together mix'd with screaming Harlots,
Came flying by me in a Heat,
With their Hair tagg'd with Pearls of Sweat,
Running 'gainst all that did not mind 'em,
As if the Dev'l had been behind 'em;
Bawling a Speech with hideous Voice,
That made, like them, a wond'rous Noise;
Which, tho' 'twas spoken by a Noble,
To shew how *England*'s made the Bubble,
And did i' th' Title boldly wear
The Name and Sanction of a Peer;
Yet (tho' with great Concern I tell it)
'Twas cry'd as Wenches cry pick'd Sallet,
A lumping Pen'worth will you buy,
You've all this for a Half-penny.

Surely, thought I, a wiſe Oration,
Intended for the Good o' th' Nation,
Muſt needs be worth ſo ſmall a Token,
Or elſe 't had better ne'er been ſpoken.
So out I pull'd a piece of Copper,
And bought this celebrated Paper:
I conn'd it o'er, it proving witty,
With as much Pleaſure as a City
Apprentice does a new Love-Ditty.
No Fault could I diſcover in 't,
Except too true to put in print
At ſuch a Time when 'tis the Faſhion
With Lies and Shams to gull the Nation,
And with deſtructive Querks and Tricks,
Thoſe damn'd Fanatick Politicks,
To draw the Crowd from their Allegiance,
Into a State of Diſobedience.
The Devil us'd, as all believe,
The ſelf-ſame Policy with *Eve*,
And made her, by his wicked Lies,
Turn Fool, in hopes to be more wiſe.

So

So Nations, by that knaviſh Cry
Of Liberty and Property,
Are oft brought into Slavery.

Again I paus'd on this Oration,
And read it ſtill with Approbation;
Some Truths it very plainly hinted,
At many more the Author ſquinted;
Well worthy of the Lord's Inſpection,
And better worth the State's Correction.
Why ſhould a Subject be debarr'd
From ſaying 'tis unjuſtly hard
That we ſhould lead the Martial Dance,
To ſave the *Dutch* from *Spain* and *France*,
And ſtill th' ingrateful, thankleſs Skippers,
Shall make poor *England* pay the Pipers?
Their Trade with *France* does plainly ſhew
They thrive; ſo give the Dev'l his Due,
And let them pay the Muſick too.

But ſince the *Dutch* will not appear
To th' World ſuch errant Fools as we're,

And

And we no Meaſures can deviſe,
To Cullies make of our Allies;
Let us by them Example take,
And manage wiſely our laſt Stake;
Leaſt Head-long we purſue our Ruin,
And ſave them at our own Undoing.

E'er I could make my Obſervation
Upon the *Han'ver* Invitation,
And all the Parts o' th' Speech which were
Juſt half as many as appear
In *Lilly*'s *Grammar*, which by pain-
Full Dint of Whipping, we retain;
But a new flat-cap, ſcoundrel Fry,
With daggl'd Tails, came bawling by;
Here is his Lordſhip's Noble Speech,
And De F——'s *Anſwer*, crys a Witch,
A Half-penny apiece for each.
Here, ſaid I, take your Mumper's Fee,
Let's ſee one; *Thank you, Sir*, ſaid ſhe.
Thought I, what means this Tack-about?
What makes old *Thumond*'s Cocks fall out,

Who,

Who, when they heretofore were try'd,
Shew'd themſelves always of a Side?
Eager of knowing what was in't,
Expecting Wit or Argument
From a bold Champion, that ſhould dare
To thus confront a Noble Peer;
I read, and read, ſtill forward went,
But wonder'd what the Dev'l he meant;
At laſt I found, inſtead of Anſwer,
Mere dull Scurility and Banter;
Which ſhew'd no Honour could reſtrain
The ſcoundrel Freedom of his Pen;
And that, according to his Uſe,
He cannot write without Abuſe;
Or ſure he would not have preferr'd
His Louſy *Tinker* to my Lord.
But that which is above the reſt,
The pretty'ſt paultry, cunning Jeſt,
He tells his Reader, he ſhall ſhew
The Def'rence to a Peer that's due,
And yet he ſays moſt rudely plain,
That he believes no Mortal Man
Of Truth, good Manners, or Diſcretion,
Or that eſteems his Reputation,
Could without Scandal or Diſhonour,
Confeſs himſelf that Speech's Owner;
Yet ſees his Lordſhip in the Title,
To ſhew it was a true Recital;
And that for th' Benefit o' th' Nation,
'Twas printed by his Approbation.
Thus, thro' his Cant, the World may ſee
His due Reſpect to Qualitie.
So have I heard an evil Tongue,
With Malice and ill Nature hung,
Revile a Man behind his Back,
And rend'r him odiouſly black;

Yet

Yet vow he honours and reſpects
The Perſon whom he thus detracts.
Next does our mannerly Reſpondent
Sum up four Topicks he has found in't,
And humbly begs he may have Leave
To anſwer, and to undeceive,
Without Offence, which when h'as done,
Truly he anſwers ne'er a one;
The firſt three Heads he ſcorns to handle,
But then the fourth he mauls with Scandal,
And to the better ſhew his Spleen,
He head-long hauls *Mercurius* in,
As Poet Bays does, by my Soul,
His Petty-coat upon a Pole.
Thus of a ſudden turns his Breech,
Clown like, upon his Lordſhip's *Speech*,
And out of all due Place or Seaſon,
Attacks the *Doctor* without Reaſon,
As if the Noddy, thro' Miſtake,
Had thought himſelf a Match for *Drake*.

So have I heard, when charming Linnet
Delights the Meadows with her Sonnet,
A Hedge-bird churring ſit hard by,
To anſwer t'other's Harmony,
Believing that ſhe ſung as well
As any warbling *Philomel*;
When her dull Diſcord, all the while,
Serv'd t'other only for a Foil.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 AUG

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Fifth.

CANTO VII.

NOW gently cruiſing up and down,
T' obſerve the Follies of the Town;
Wand'ring about like ſtarving Bully,
Or ſtroling Punk in Search of Cully,
Juſt bolted from ſome Bawdy-houſe Alley;
I glanc'd an Eye at ev'ry Body,
This jutting Minx, that ſtrutting Noddy;
One hugging Home a Bag of Pelf,
Another handing half himſelf:
Some ſtriding on in ſweating haſte,
As if they fear'd their Time was paſt:
Some plagu'd with Corns, and ſome with Gout,
In Shoes with Pen-knife pink'd and cut,

Who pick'd with Care the ſmootheſt Places,
And at ſharp Flint-Stones made wry Faces :
Others, tho' luſty, young, and ſtrong,
Mov'd on ſo careleſsly along,
That their delib'rate Pace might ſhew
They had but little elſe to do.
Young Drunkards reeling, Bayliffs dogging,
Old Strumpets plying, Mumpers progging,
Fat Dray-men ſquabling, Chair-men ambling,
Oyſter-Whores fighting, School-Boys ſcrambling,
Street Porters running, Raſcals battl'ing,
Pick-pockets crowding, Coaches rattling,
News bawling, Ballad-wenches ſinging,
Guns roaring, and the Church-Bells ringing.
Bleſs me! thought I, ſure ancient *Babel*,
Confus'd with all her jab'ring Rabble,
Who underſtood not one another,
Ne'er made ſuch a confounded Pother ;
Nor half th' amazing Wonders knew,
That this ſtrange Town does daily ſhew ;

The Buſtle round her lofty Tow'rs,
Was nothing, if compar'd to ours;
For Heav'n their ſtately Pile beholding,
Was only angry at their Building,
And ſtopp'd their bold preſumptious Labour
By unintelligible Jabber;
But then by cavelling Diſcourſe,
They could not make their Diſcords worſe,
Nor, like us *Engliſh*, by Diſputes,
Reaſon themſelves from Men to Brutes.
'Tis plain, becauſe each Neighbour's Tongue
Was with a diff'rent Language hung;
So that when one ſpoke *Dutch*, the other
Perhaps ſpew'd *Iriſh* at his Brother;
Both perhaps vex'd, but neither able
To rend'r 'emſelves intelligible,
So their Talk paſs'd for Bibble Babble.
But we that well know what we ſay,
Torment our Brains a diff'rent Way,
And by our wiſe Debates and Speeches,
Make our ſelves worſe confounded Wretches.

Some prophane Atheiſts ſeem to doubt
How th' old Confuſion came about,
And to appear more learn'd and wiſe
Than Fools, that do ſuch Criticks prize,
Conjecture, tho' perhaps amiſs,
The Bus'neſs was no more than this.

The Lab'rers by the Maſons hir'd,
Bilk'd of their Wages, ſoon grew tir'd;
And ſwore, unleſs they'd better Pay,
No cous'ning Knaves would they obey,
But leave their Work, and fall to Play.

From hence ſtrange Language ſoon aroſe,
That is, ill Words, as ſome ſuppoſe,
Such that oft terminate in Blows.

So that the Slaves, with Anger fir'd,
Againſt th' Artificers conſpir'd,
And (tho' 'twas but a croſs-grain'd Trick)
Carry'd them Lime, inſtead of Brick.
This made the Maſons repremand 'em;
The Lab'rers would not underſtand 'em,

But ſullen grew upon this Peak,
And then would neither work nor ſpeak.
So the grave *Spaniard*, in the Praiſe
Of Monkeys, very wiſely ſays,
That they are Human, and can Talk,
As well as any Chriſtian Folk,
But that they fear to ſpeak, leaſt we
Should make 'em do our Drugerie.
If theſe Conjectures keep them mute,
Their Silence is, without Diſpute,
A wiſe Forbearance in the Brute.
But we, worſe Monkeys of the two,
Repugnant Sentiments perſue,
And talk t' each other with ſuch Spight,
That we confound both Wrong and Right;
Diſtract the Nation by our Babbling,
And ſeek eternal Peace by Squabling.
The Cloak ſets up againſt the Gown,
And rails at Apoſtolick Lawn;
Proclaims the Surplice to be ſoppiſh,
And damns the *Common-Pray'r* as Popiſh;

Mere

Mere Porridge, from the *Maſs-Book* ſtole,
Unfit to feed a Chriſtian Soul,
That dates its Method of Salvation
From old King *Harry's* Reformation.

The Church-men juſtly growl to ſee
Fanaticks ſtorm the Hierarchie,
And that the Force of Toleration,
Once under ſuch a Condemnation,
Should ſet each canting proud Fantaſtick
Above their Courts Eccleſiaſtick,
And give ſuch buzzing Waſps the Pow'r
To ſuck the Sweets of ev'ry Flow'r,
And rob the more induſtrious Bees
Of Honey as the Vermin pleaſe:
But that which makes the Church-men wonder,
And ſtrikes them worſe than Bolt of Thunder,
Is, that an *E*——— H——— of Oak,
Who, like a Friend, ſo kindly ſpoke,
Should put upon them ſuch a Joke,
And make 'em by Experience find,
That Woman's Words are only Wind.

'Tis

'Tis true, we often have been told
In Proverbs very wiſe and old,
That Men of Words, and not of Deeds,
Are like a Garden full of Weeds;
And that fine Compliments and Speeches,
Stuff'd full of Thanks-ye's, and Beſeech-ye's,
Will neither purchaſe what we lack,
Nor fill a Buſhel, or a Sack.
Fair Promiſes avail but little,
Like too rich Pye-cruſt, they're ſo brittle,
They ſeldom ſignify a Tittle.
Good Deeds become an *Engliſh* Heart;
Fine Words are full of Fraud and Art:
Heroick Actions are alone
The Glories of a Camp or Throne:
For if bifarious Tittle Tattle
Could ſtorm a Town, or win a Battle,
Or varniſh o'er with true Renown
That Sov'raign Gugaw call'd a Crown,
Then any Tongue-pad that could flatter,
Might make a ſupream Legiſlator,

Or huffing Bully, Pimp, or Pander,
Serve for a General Commander:
But wheedling Tongues, unactive Swords,
Deceitful News, and bluſt'ring Words,
No more can make a Prince victorious,
Than broken Vows can make him glorious.
Fraight with theſe jarring Cogitations,
Confus'd with ſundry Obſervations,
Thinking ſometimes, and ſometimes gazing
On Things both pleaſant and amazing;
At length did on a Crony ſtumble;
Old Friend, ſaid I, your very humble:
Whither art trudging on ſo faſt?
Thou walk'ſt as if in woundy haſte.
Says he, There is an old Curmudgeon,
A hum drum, preaching, Clapperdudgeon,
Who in my Houſe has ta'en a Lodging;
He wears the independant Cloak,
Yet the old Stiff-rump loves a Joke;
And of a hide-bound mungrel Teacher,
Has no ſmall Kindneſs for the Pitcher:

He's an old *Western* Soul-Phyſician,
That narrowly eſcap'd Perdition
In wicked Times, almoſt like theſe,
When *Monmouth* went to gather Peaſe;
But having ſhun'd a Rebel's Fate,
He coach'd it up to Town of late,
And does this Night diſpenſe, hard by,
A Lecture to the Holy Fry;
And I, to tell you Truth, am jogging
To hear him give the Pope a Flogging;
And if you're not engag'd, ſaid he,
I'll thank you for your Companie:
I fancy 'twill be worth your while;
His Cant, I know, will make you ſmile;
For tho' he's not a Man of Letters,
He'll banter Heav'n, and ſcoff his Betters,
Beyond old *Burges*, or *Hugh Peters*.
'Tis done, ſaid I, I'll ſee you thither;
And ſo away we jogg'd together,
Not doubting but I there ſhould find
Some Hodg-podg of the Hum-drum kind,
Fit to awake a drowzy Mind.

CANTO VIII.

WHEN we came near the Rebel's School,
Where Treaſon's daily taught by Rule,
And ſullen Knaves in Crowds agree
To ſacrifice their Loyaltie;
And where our Monſter of an Ape,
Was fond to ſhew his ugly Shape,
And to the liſt'ning Frape, diſpenſe
The very Cream and Quinteſſence
Of Envy, Pride, and Impudence;
A Throng of Searchers after Truth,
Were crowding at the Alley's Mouth,
Wherein the Conventicle ſtood,
Like *Smith-field* Droll-Booth, built with Wood;
All ſhoving to obtain Admittance,
As if they hop'd for full Acquittance
Of all the Evils they had done
From that Time back to Forty One:
Some wrapt in Cloaks that had been wore
By Saints defunct, in Times of *Yore*:

Others

Others in Coats, which by their Faſhion,
Bore Date from *Charles*'s Reſtauration,
Shelter'd beneath Umbrella Hats,
And canoniz'd with Roſe Cravats,
That by their Querpo's and their Quaints,
The World might read them to be Saints;
Their ſweaty Rat-tail Hair hung down
To th' Shoulders from each addl'd Crown,
Kept thin, to cool their frantick Brains,
And comb'd as ſtrait as Horſes Manes;
Their Bodies almoſt Skelitons,
Reduc'd by Zeal to Skin and Bones,
So lean and envious in the Face,
As if they'd neither Greaſe nor Grace.
Two halting Saints, among the Crew,
With no ſmall Pleaſure did I view,
Each made upright with Patten-Shoe;
Whoſe Iron Stilts ſo plagu'd the Crowd,
That ſome I heard cry out aloud,
For Heav'n's ſake, good Neighbour *Barns*,
Be careful how you cruſh my Corns.

Another Zealot, plagu'd with Gout,
In painful Fury roaring out,
I wiſh your Pattens at old *Nick*,
They've touch'd me to the very Quick:
Can you not tread, but ſtump my Toes
With your *Vulcanian* limping Shoes?
What! come you here to plague and ſpight us,
And vilely trample on the Righteous?
Thou art not fit for Chriſtian Crowding;
Thou'rt ſhod like any *Roan* or *Dobbing*.
The Women next, in awkward Dreſſes,
Made up the Feaſt of ugly Faces:
Some did in tatter'd Scarves advance,
Jagg'd like the Trophies won from *France*;
In Hoods too, ſo defac'd and torn,
That had you ſeen 'em, you'd have ſworn,
In *Blenheim* Battel they'd been ſhotten,
Th' appear'd ſo ragged, and ſo rotten.
Some in green Aprons look'd more tite,
Others, like Flags of Truce, wore white,
Houſe'ives that ſeem'd a Grain too light.

The good old Dames, among the reſt,
Were all moſt primitively dreſt
In ſtiffen-body'd Ruſſet Gowns,
And on their Heads old Steeple Crowns;
With priſtine Pinners next their Faces,
Edg'd round with ancient ſcollop Laces,
Such as my Antiquary ſays,
Were worn in old Queen *Beſſes*'s Days,
In Ruffs, and fifty other Ways:
Their wrinkl'd Necks were cover'd o'er
With Whiſks of Lawn, by Grannums wore
In baſe Contempt of Biſhops Sleeves,
As *Simon Orthodox* believes.
Theſe did not only ſerve to hide
Their wither'd Dugs, but ſeem'd beſide
To be the chiefeſt of their Pride.
Some few indeed had got behind 'em
Their pretty Daughters to attend 'em;
But they were dreſs'd and Furbulow'd
According to the preſent Mode;

In

In whom ſuch Innocence appear'd,
That they no Prick of Conſcience fear'd:
For thoſe who never knew the Curſe
Of Sin, can never dread Remorſe.
Next theſe, came up a ſore-leg'd Dutcheſs,
Grunting and whining on her Crutches,
Who grin'd and look'd (the Lord defend her)
As hagged as the Witch of *Endor*;
Crying, when ſquees'd, Good Folks, for Shame
Don't ſhove ſo hard againſt the Lame,
But ſhew ſome Mercy and good Nature
To a poor, ancient, crazy Creature,
Who ſixty Years ſince, let me tell ye,
Have heard good Preaching in this Alley;
But now, alaſs! I'm Lame and Ill,
And Deaf, yet by the L——d's good Will,
I love to ſee a Preacher ſtill.

My Friend and I brought up the Rear,
Squees'd in, and elbow'd pretty near
The conſecrated Tub, in which
The Goſpel-Emp'rick was to teach.

At

At length up ſtep'd the formal Prater,
Who was of Country May-pole Stature,
Slender, Stiff-neck'd, extreamly Tall,
Long-fac'd, and very lean withal.
No ſooner had old Heart of Oak,
Upon a Peg hung Hat and Cloak,
But round their Sockets did he rowl
The little Windows of his Soul;
But ſoon we found his Eye-Balls hid,
Turn'd up beneath each upper Lid,
And then he work'd about the Whites,
As Mad-men do in raving Fits;
Reel'd in his Tub from Side to Side,
And wrung his Hands as if he cry'd.
His Beard from Shoul' to Shoulder rov'd,
And like the Clock-work Drummers mov'd;
Thus yawn'd, and gap'd, and gently ſtir'd
His Head, but yet ſaid ne'er a Word;
Made many ſtrange *Geneva* Faces,
And out-did twenty Apes Grimaces.

At laſt his Tongue its Silence broke,
And thus the Rev'rend Spin-text ſpoke
O L——d, thou art —— we know not what,
We only know what thou art not,
And from a Negative, infer
Thou'rt Good, becauſe thou can'ſt not err:
Look down upon us, ſinful Creatures,
So chang'd by our corrupted Natures,
That loe thou know'ſt we are not Men;
And if not ſo, what are we then?
I'll tell thee, if thou want'ſt to know,
We're Monſters bent to *Satan*'s Bow,
Mere Brutes; ay, ay, and are we ſo?
Yes, very ſlothful, wicked Elves,
That love not Heaven, or our ſelves.
Thou may'ſt believe me, L—d, for why?
Thou know'ſt I never tell a Lie;
Therefore we pray thee, at thy Leiſure,
Beſtow thy Grace, that heav'nly Treaſure,
Upon our Souls, that we may be
Such Good, Good, Good, —— ah, let me ſee,

Defenders

Defenders of thoſe Holy Truths,
That came from out thy Prophets Mouths.
O ſtrengthen us, thy lowly Creatures,
To trample down Lawn-Sleeves and Mitres,
And High-Church Nobles bind in Fetters;
Or if they prove for us too ſtrong,
O let 'em live ſo very long,
'Till thy Elect ſhall flout and ſcoff 'em,
And all the World grow weary of 'em.
Humble the High-Church, bring her low,
That ſhe her wicked Pride may know;
And let the Book of *Maſs* be brought,
With all its Popiſh Dregs, to nought;
And in its Room, to thy great Glory,
Eſtabliſh our old Directory,
And open all thy Peoples Eyes,
To read th' *Aſſembly's Catechiſe.*

Let no Tyrannick Crown or Steeple,
Triumph or tow'r above thy People;
But give them, with their Popiſh Lands,
Into thy Holy Servants Hands,

That we, thy Saints, may ſave this Nation,
And by a true Illumination;
Compleat a bleſſed Reformation.

Let no high-flying *Jacobites*,
Thoſe Birds of Prey, thoſe Hawks and Kites,
Bear any Office or Command
In this our Iſle, thy promis'd Land:
But let thy Holy Saints pull down
Thoſe Props o' th' *Babylonian* Crown:
May they be ſcatter'd as the Duſt;
For if they do not fall, we muſt.

O ſtifle all thoſe wicked Papers,
In which the High-Church make their Vapours:
Let the *Memorial* and *Rehearſal*,
Which we poor Lambs are bound to curſe all,
Be doom'd to ignify our Pipes,
Or give our Backſides cleanly Wipes.

Confound *Politicus Mercurius*,
Whoſe Reas'nings might have prov'd injurious,
Had not the Threat'nings of the Laws
Made him turn Tail upon his Cauſe,

And many Weeks before he dy'd,
For Safety, court the ſtrongeſt Side.
No Shame! for honeſt Men may doubt,
And ſturdy Champions tack about:
Beſides, by Right of Human Reaſon,
We may deſert at ſuch a Seaſon,
When, by the cow'rdly Eye of Fear,
We do foreſee ſome Danger near;
In Caſe we farther perſevere.

We more particularly pray,
That thou would'ſt find ſome ſpeedy Way
To ſave us, hide us, and relieve us,
From *Hudibraſſus Redivivus*,
That Anti-chriſtian, Popiſh Book,
That makes thy Saints like Devils look,
And wounds and perſecutes the Righteous,
Much worſe than Laughing *Heraclitus*.

Let not that Cauſe, good L——d, thy own
As well as ours, be trampl'd down
By High-Church Pamphlets, Songs, and Libels,
Or made the Sport of Puns and Quibles;

But hold for us thy Peoples Sake,
The Hands of *Leſley* and of *Drake*:
Baniſh them to ſome Land remote,
Where Wit don't ſignify a Groat;
Some new-found, rude, unpoliſh'd Nation,
Where Learning never was in Faſhion;
But where they neither read or think,
Or deal in curſed Pen and Ink,
Thoſe wicked Tools, by Hell deſign'd
T' annoy the Peace of Human Kind:
There let them cavel and contend
To ſhame the Cauſe they would defend;
And tho' their Principles agree,
Yet ſquable to their Infamy.

Next, lay thy ſcourging Hand, good L——d,
Upon that High-Church Scribe, *Ned Ward*:
May all his ſpiteful, *Bitter Nuts*, †
Be drown'd in th' empting of our Guts;
The ſtinking Fate of Doctor's Bills,
Confound his *Kernels*, and his *Shells*:

† *A Poem ſo entitl'd.*

May all his pointed Proſe and Rhime
Thrown at us Saints, from Time to Time,
Be puniſh'd one Day, as a Crime.
Dooms-day, Good L——d, I do not mean;
There's other Days 'twixt this and then,
Wherein I hope the good old Cauſe,
In ſpight of High-Church Rooks and Daws,
May have the whetting of the Laws.

But kindly ſhow'r thy Mercy's down
On Saint *de Foe*, and Captain *John*:
O Snuff that intellectual Light,
By which they think, and which they write;
For if it long ſhould burn thus Dim,
As now it does in Seſſions-time,
The good old Cauſe muſt be confounded,
Up *Cavalier*, and down goes *Round-head*.

O ſanctify the *Calves-Head Club*,
Thoſe valiant Patriots of the Mob;
And make them ſtedfaſt, wiſe and wary;
Strengthen their Zeal, they ne'er may vary
Their good old Feaſt in *January*.

O bleſs the *Calves*, whoſe Heads they chuſe
For this their Pious Heav'nly Uſe:
May they abound, with Brains to fit 'em
For Sauce, above the Saints that eat 'em:
Protect them at their ſolemn Dinner,
Leaſt ſome malicious High-Church Sinner,
Should hatch (aſſiſted by the Devil)
Some Powder-Plot beneath the Table,
Which at one Blaſt ſhould ſpoil their Feaſting,
And blow 'em down to Everlaſting.

Bleſs all our kind induſtrious Friends,
Whoſe Zeal and Courage gain'd our Ends,
And did ſo cordially aſſiſt
To get that Popiſh Bill diſmiſs'd;
That Bill, which, had it took Effect,
Had cramp'd our Cauſe and thy Elect;
Brought us to th' Croſs, the Cowl, the Cope,
T' obey the Pope, good L——d, the Pope.
O bleſs thoſe zealous Saints, I ſay,
That ſav'd us but the other Day
From High-Church Arbitrary Sway.

Give

Give them the Grace of *Bradſhaw*, *Noll*,
Pride, *Danvers*, *Ireton*, *Cook*, and all;
Thoſe Saints, who did not by their Knavery,
As Papiſts ſay, but by their Bravery,
Save us from Popery and Slavery;
That theſe good Men, for whom we pray,
The very ſelf-ſame Game may play,
And break, by dint of Sword and Fift,
The ſturdy Neck of Anti-chriſt:
Confound her, hunt her, worry'r, rend her,
With all vain Pomps that do attend her,
Crowns, Croſiers, Caps, Hooks, Crooks, and Mitres;
L——d, let them all be broke to Shatters,
That we thy Saints, may prove aſcendant,
And all the Land be Independant.
Then ſhall we, free from Fear or Shame,
Sing Hymns and Praiſes to thy Name,
And gather, with a thankful Hand,
The Fruits of all thy promis'd Land.
But, L——d, I pray thee, by the By
Look down, and caſt a jealous Eye

Upon

Upon our cunning elder Brethren,
Call'd by the Name of *Preſbyterian*:
Let not that perſecuting Faction,
Too pow'rful grow, for our Correction;
But make them in theſe happy Days,
Thy crafty Inſtruments to raiſe
Us Saints, to thy eternal Praiſe;
As heretofore thou thought'ſt 'em fitting
For that great Work, when Rump was ſitting;
For if thou ſuff'reſt them to climb
Above thy People, at this Time,
Still muſt thy poor diſtreſſed Saints
Perſue thee with their ſad Complaints,
And cry aloud in great Confuſion,
O Perſecution! Perſecution!
L——d, humble 'em to our Hearts Deſire,
And let them not too high aſpire,
Becauſe they are too much like Fire:
They ſerve us well in our Diſaſters,
But are too hot to prove good Maſters.
O ſanctify this Congregation!
Scatter their Seed throughout the Nation,
And cleanſe their wicked Souls within,
From all the filthy Dregs of Sin;
Waſh 'em from all their Blots and Stains,
As Houſe-wives do their Pots and Pans:
O ſtretch their Conſciences, I pray;
O ſtretch 'em largely ev'ry Way,
That by that Means they may embrace
A greater Portion of thy Grace;
Which well improv'd by Pray'r and Faſting,
May make them Saints for Everlaſting.
This he repeated o'er again,
And all the People cry'd, *Amen.*

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 AUG

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Sixth.

IS this, thought I, the winning Way
That Saints Enthuſiaſtick pray?
Can Malice, mix'd with Scoffs and Blunders,
Produce ſuch rare *extemp're* Wonders?
And Monkey Faces, Yawns, and Stammers,
Delude the pious Dames and Gammers,
To think their mumbling Guide's Precation
So full of Heav'nly Inſpiration,
That the Majeſtick Excellences
Of *Common-Pray'r*, in their dull Senſes,
Muſt of that holy Force be wanting,
The Zealots find in off-hand Canting?
So they believe, becauſe they're taught,
That the Church *Liturgy* is naught,
Old Popiſh Stuff not worth a Groat;

And being by their holy Guide,
The reading *Common-Pray'r*, deny'd,
His Doctrine, and their Ignorance,
Do ſtill their Prejudice advance,
'Till neither Grace, or human Reaſon,
Can kill at laſt the deadly Poyſon;
Which working on the Mind ſo long,
Becomes s' unconquerably ſtrong,
That unknown Exc'lence they abuſe,
But praiſe the Errors that they uſe.
So have I ſeen a *French*-man eat,
In *Spittle-Fields*, moſt ſtinking Meat,
Toſs'd up with Leeks into a *Raggoo*,
To overcome th' unſav'ry Hogo;
Then ſwear, *Begar*, *'tis very good*,
Becauſe he knows no better Food.
Thus they applaud their Way of Feaſting,
Deſpiſing ours for want of taſting.
By this Time, all the Auditory
Began to ſing to th' Praiſe and Glory,

Some

Some ſqueak'd aloud, and others grunted,
Like Pigs and Hogs in Peaſe-field hunted;
All vary'ng in their Tune and Tone,
Which each might juſtly call their own;
For no kind Siſter, or good Brother,
Kept Time or Key with one another;
But as they'd all diſcording Faces,
So all ſung diff'rent Tunes and Graces,
Such as they us'd to lull and diddle
To froward Infants in the Cradle.
So have I heard, in *Chriſtmas* Time,
When noiſy Rev'ling is no Crime,
A Crowd of Country Wags and Wenches,
Seated on Buffet Stoolls and Benches,
Over their knappy ſugar'd Beer,
Sing, *Ponder well you Parents dear,*
Each ſtraining forth her Screech-owl Voice,
Making ſome Godly Tune her Choice,
Which Gammer *Crump*, and Goody *Burch*,
Had ſqueak'd for many Years at Church.

When Pſalms for half an Hour they'd ſung
And howl'd, from Stave to Stave, along,
'Till *Sternhold*'s old and rugged Strains
Had made them hoarſe, they took ſuch Pains,
That in a Sweat, the Congregation
Ended their jingling Supplication;
On which they all were ſo intent,
And ſeem'd ſo muſically bent,
Each Member of the holy Club,
From lofty Saint, to lowly Scrub,
All ſtrain'd their Throats to bear a Bob;
That ſure no Mid-night Catter-wawling,
Could prove a more offenſive Squalling,
Than did, according to my Notion,
This bawling Conſort in Devotion,
Where ev'ry gaping, thin-jaw'd Brother,
Strove zealouſly t' out howl the other;
As if the Pſalm they had been ſinging,
Was penitential to their Swinging;
And that th' were deſtin'd by the *Pſalter*,
To all die Martyrs of the Halter.

CANTO IX.

THE Teacher, after ſome Delay,
In which h'ad ſtudy'd what to ſay,
With Grace and Gravity affected,
Roſe from his Seat, and ſtood erected.
Then opening of his Lips moſt nicely,
He made us t' other Pray'r concifely;
Which Work he did with *Amen* Crown,
And then the ſighing Saints ſate down:
Next with his horny Thumbs, he ſpread
A Book, which, when 'twas open laid,
He did therein preciſely look,
And thus his Text he gravely took.
Moſt holy Brethren, if you mind,
In the laſt Book of *Kings* you'll find,
Mark you me, Chapter forty eight,
When *Iſrael*'s Saints were Rich and Great,
Theſe Wonders in the thirtieth Verſe,
Written in bloody Characters:

This Day the haughty Tyrant fell,
And with him all the Prieſts of Baal :
Bleſs'd be the Hand that gave the Stroke,
Which freed all Iſrael *from her Yoke.*

This is a hopeful Rogue, thought I,
He'll preach rare Doctrine by and by ;
Sure he and all his liſt'ning Mob,
Are Members of the *Calves-Head Club :*
None but ſuch Rebels would diſpenſe
With ſo much Heath'niſh Impudence.

I ſha'n't, ſays he, divide my Words,
O'th' Text, as Joyners do Deal-Boards ;
And as too many Knaves have done,
Make half a Dozen out of one ;
But keep in Union all its Parts,
And glue them cloſely to your Hearts.
My Words are not like Human Sorrow,
That comes to Day, and goes to Morrow ;
But will, by th' Help of Pray'r and Faſting,
Stick by your Souls for everlaſting.

In the first Place, my Text imports
The Massacres, the Spoils and Hurts,
That to the Righteous have been done,
By wicked Tyrants on the Throne.

Thought I, not half so many, sure,
As have been done in Times of *Tore*,
When Rogues, like you, by Hell appointed,
Pull'd down God's Church, and his Anointed.

After he'd made a little Pause,
Again he stretch'd his Lockrum Jaws;
But now, says he, 'tis worth your Wonder,
T' observe how th' Lord brings Tyrants under,
As *Ahaz*, *Jeroboam*, *Saul*,
Jehoram, and the Dev'l and all,
Who were so wicked, that they valu'd
Religion only as a Ballad;
And gave the Priests no more Respect,
Than if they'd been a lousy Sect
Of Heath'nish Sophisters of Old,
Who, as we've been in Proverb told,

Were

Were ſuch poor deſpicable Wretches,
They us'd to ſhew their naked Britches,
Thro' Pocket-holes, and fallen Stitches.

Thought I, for all your Pulpit-Drumming,
Had you no Hoſe to hide your Bum in,
But what true Merit would procure you,
I then might venture to aſſure you,
Your poor Deſerts would ſcarce be able
To find you Trouſers to your Bauble;
But that the holy Tribe might ſee
Your Label of Mortalitie
Hang dang'ling down, in ſorry fickle,
To th' Grief of all the Gender Fickle,
That Comfort ſeek in Conventicle.

Said he, 'tis for this Cauſe, we ſee
Proud Kings reduc'd to Miſerie,
From their high Thrones and Scepters torn,
And made God's holy People's Scorn.

Kings have no longer Right to reign,
Than they the Covenant maintain;

Nor

Nor ought the People to obey
Their Prince, but in a righteous Way;
So that when e'er he breaks the Law,
Allegiance is not worth a Straw;
Or if he falſifies his Oath,
His Crime abſolves us of our Troth;
For when us Saints are diſappointed,
The Sov'reign Pow'r is quite disjointed,
And he no longer God's Anointed:
As you may read *Review* th' eleventh,
And *Obſervator* twenty ſeventh;
In many Godly Books beſide,
If you'd be farther ſatisfy'd.

Rare Doctrine for a Rogue to ſcatter,
And exc'lent Proofs to clear the Matter.

But then, ſays he, perhaps you'll ſay,
How ſhall we know, that do obey,
When he that rules, the Law abuſes,
And when his Pow'r he rightly uſes?
I'll anſwer this with greater Eaſe,
Than Boys catch Flies, or Women Fleas.

You muſt depend upon your Guide;
'Tis he that muſt theſe Things decide.
We know by ſpecial Revelation,
When a King means to hurt his Nation;
For Inſtance, *James*'s Abdication;
And when we're pleas'd to let you know,
That Things are carry'd ſo and ſo,
You *Nolens Volens*, muſt believe us,
For curs'd is he that does deceive us:
Nay, loſt for ever, d——n'd as ſure
As the Wind changes evry Hour.

Thought I, if Prieſts the Pow'r ſhould have,
Aſſum'd by this imperial Knave,
A Hero ſure would ſooner chooſe
To carry Brooms, or cry old Shoes,
Than rule a Kingdom at the Pleaſure
Of ſuch a Pack of Knaves as theſe are;
For ſhould ſuch Wolves in Shepherds Clothing,
Who bear to Kingly Pow'r a Loathing,
Be Judges of their Prince's Actions,
And Kings be bound by their Directions;

The Ax, or ſome more cruel Fate,
Muſt on each wretched Sov'reign wait,
That we alas! ſhould find too ſoon,
More Revolutions than the Moon.
For how ſhall Kings endure the Teaz
Of hum'ring ſuch vain Guides as theſe,
Whom Earth can't bind, nor Heav'n pleaſe?
For as all Kingdoms are the Lord's,
They prove, by wreſting Scripture Words,
His Saints, that is, themſelves, Pox on 'em,
Have th' only Right to over-run 'em
Did not *Jehojada*, ſays he,
The Lord's High-Prieſt, as I may be,
Doom *Athaliah* to be ſlain,
With all her Idolizing Train?
It's true, ſhe baul'd out Treaſon, Treaſon,
But all her Crys were out of Seaſon;
For tho' a Queen, when once the Prieſt
Did her falſe Gods and her deteſt,
Pronouncing Heav'n's Degree upon her,
Alaſs! what ſignify'd her Honour?

Juſt nothing, for ſhe might have been
As well a Vagrant, as a Queen;
For once beneath the High-Prieſt's Curſe,
Sh'ad neither better far'd, nor worſe;
For whatſoe'er he doom'd her to,
That Fate ſhe was to undergo;
For when the Prieſt had ſaid the Word,
Deliver'd to him by the Lord,
Be it to Hang, to Burn, or Drown,
The bitter Portion muſt go down.
Thus when *Ath'liah* was ſubjected
By the High-Prieſt, by Heav'n directed,
In ſpight of Aid, ſhe met her Fate,
And fell before her own Horſe-Gate.
From hence we learn what mighty Things
The Prieſts have done by Queens and Kings;
Therefore the Lord commands, I ſay,
That you his Miniſters obey;
For if you ſide, for Love or Money,
With Crowns that have ſo oft undone ye,
The Dev'l will get a Hank upon ye.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange ſuch canting Knaves, thought I,
Such Emp'ricks in Divinity,
Should ſour the People with ſuch Leven,
And all the while look up to Heaven,
As if they thought to pleaſe the Lord,
B' abuſing thus his holy Word ;
And by confounding ſilly People
With Notions ſo profoundly Evil,
Not fit for Chriſtians, but the Dev'l?
How ſhould the Peace of Kingdoms flouriſh,
Where Pulpit-Quacks ſuch Treaſon nouriſh,
And by falſe Jealouſies and Fears,
Set King and People by the Ears ;
And by the Doctrines that they ſpread,
Their ſpiteful ſcabby Flocks perſwade
To hold this dangerous Opinion,
That they by Grace have all Dominion?
Power th' aſſert, in Grace is founded,
And Grace, they ſay, alone is bounded
Within their holy Tribe, the Round-head.

Thus,

Thus, like the *Roman* Church, we ſee
They hold Infallibilitie,
Only the one more wiſely gueſs
'Tis ſeated in his Holineſs;
Whilſt our *Geneva* Dunces ſquabble
To place it wildly in the Rabble,
And make them Lords, that have a Right
By Dint of Grace, that is, of Spight,
Their Prince at Pleaſure to abuſe,
Reproach, Impriſon, and Accuſe,
Try, Condemn, Murder, then proceed,
When from all lawful Pow'r they're freed,
To raiſe ſome Rebel in his ſtead.
Thus change, by Preaching, and their Pray'rs,
Their Kings, as often as Lord-May'rs;
That ev'ry bold rebellious Brother
Might hope, by making of a Pother,
To climb the Throne one Time or other.

So Rogues, that live by Rape and Spoil,
The Laws Severity revile,

And

And labour to themſelves perſwade,
That Theft's a conſciencious Trade,
And downright Robbery no more
Than Juſtice, in a Man that's poor.
But now our Teacher ſtretch'd his Jaws,
And cry'd aloud, Obſerve the Cauſe
Why *Athaliah* dy'd the Death,
And thus reſign'd her ſinful Breath:
'Twas not with common Female Frailty,
That ſhe diſhonour'd Sov'reign Royalty:
Nor did ſhe fall for Sins ſo paultry,
As Fornication or Adult'ry;
But Crimes more damnable than both,
Such that provok'd the L——d to Wrath,
And made the Prieſts ſo vex'd and mad,
There was no Mercy to be had.
In ſhort, ſh' was guilty of a Sin
Unpardonable in a Queen.
After ſtrange Gods ſhe ran a Whoring,
An Itch beyond the High-Prieſt's curing;

Which grew at laſt to ſuch an Evil,
That made her hated like the Devil:
Falſe Gods ſhe to her ſelf erected,
And the true Worſhip ſhe rejected;
Upon the *Levites* turn'd her Tail,
And countenanc'd the Prieſts of *Baal*,
With Idols, to polute the Temple,
And ſhew the Land a bad Example.
Thus ſhe defil'd the Houſe of *David*,
And took new Meaſures to be ſaved;
Advanc'd falſe Gods for Love or Lucre,
For which the *Levites* did rebuke her,
But ſtill in vain, 'till God forſook her:
And then, altho' a Queen before,
Abandon'd thus, ſhe was no more;
No more, I will be bold to ſay
To the High-Prieſt *Jehojada*,
Than the poor'ſt Goſſip, if compar'd,
To me that teach the holy Word;
For if againſt the Lord you ſin,
And we his Prieſts, declare wherein;

If you don't ſpeedily repent it,
And when we bid you do't, recant it,
We're bound in Duty to reſent it.
So if you Evil heap upon us,
And don't repair the Wrong you've done us,
The Lord will judge the ſad Offence,
As offer'd to Omnipotence,
And will moſt ſurely find a Time
To puniſh, nay, revenge the Crime.
Therefore you Saints, that would be bleſs'd,
And of the *Promis'd Land* poſſeſs'd,
Muſt do as we your Teachers bid you,
And follow us, or Woe betide you;
For what can ſignify a Guide,
If *Satan*'s Hobby you beſtride,
And turn a head-ſtrong, wicked Rover,
As if the Devil was your Drover.
I ſay, go on as we direct ye,
And Heav'n will bleſs ye, and protect ye;

'Till we, th' Elect, ſhall trample o'er
The *Babylonian* ſcarlet Whore;
Then ſhall the holy Saints prevail,
And pull down all the Prieſts of *Baal*;
Confound their Bag-pipes and their Fiddles,
Deſpoil their Images and Idols,
Deface their gilded *Pagan* Altars,
And turn their Girdles into Halters;
Stop all their old romantick Stories
Of *Lymbo's*, and of *Purgatories*;
Conſume their Anti-chriſtian *Baſe*-Books,
Their *Aves*, *Ros'ries*, and their *Maſs*-Books,
That they no more ſhall Preach or Prate in
That Heath'niſh *Roman* Language, *Latin*;
But worſhip God as Chriſtians ſhou'd do,
That is, as holy I and you do:
Our Practice of their own Receipt,
Will make the Heav'nly Work compleat:
Faggot and Fire are exc'lent Tools
To humble Knaves, and puniſh Fools:

There

There can be no true Reformation,
Without a gentle Conflagration,
Therefore remember, that I ſay
This is the true and only Way
For you the Saints, to riſe in Glory,
And make the Wicked fly before ye.
Ruſh on at all; make no Delay;
Like Soldiers fight, like Prophets pray,
And we ſhall ſurely win the Day;
For where the Goſpel and the Sword
Unite, to propagate the Word,
The Lord will, at our humble Call,
Become his People's General:
Therefore I ſay again, go on;
Ne'er flinch 'till the good Work be done,
And the whole World be made our own;
For *Satan*'s Kingdom now ſhall periſh,
And in their ſtead the Saints ſhall flouriſh:

For which Succeſs we ought to pray,
That, full of Grace and Peace, we may
Conclude the Service of the Day.

Sure none, thought I, that hear a Knave,
With Noddle grey, and Looks ſo grave,
Delude a brainleſs Congregation
After ſo vile and baſe a Faſhion,
Can wonder at our ſev'ral Factions,
And ſtand amaz'd at our Diſtractions,
Or blame the Crowd for their Diviſions
About their Morals and Religions;
Since ſuch illit'rate, envious Praters,
Are ſuffer'd to ſeduce poor Creatures,
And op'nly draw them to diſſent,
Both from the Church and Government;
For ev'ry poys'nous Principle,
When Scripture's made the Vehicle,
In Pulpit ſpread, by ſuch a Villain,
Nurs'd up in Treaſon and Rebellion,
Will in ſhort Time infect a Million;

For

For all Contagions of the Tongue,
Are blown inſenſibly along
Into by Alleys, Nooks, and Holes,
Among ſuch Peſtilential Souls,
Whoſe Lungs ſtill make the Poyſon worſe,
And breathe it forth with greater Force,
'Till the Plague does its ſelf expand
To ev'ry Corner of the Land,
And gains ſuch univerſal Pow'r,
'Tis paſt the State-Phyſician's Cure;
Who then muſt flatter the Diſeaſe,
And paliate what he can't appeaſe.
So Princes, that command a Throne,
When Faction is too pow'rful grown,
Are forc'd, ſometimes to Favour ſhew,
Where Puniſhment is juſtly due.
Thus, when our Bab'ler had confounded
What Fools believ'd he had expounded,
He chang'd his formal preaching Air
Into a Godly Mein, for Pray'r,

And ſo began a new Oration,
To bleſs his ſighing Congregation,
Who look'd as if their meagre Chaps
Were chiefly fed with Pulpit-Scraps,
And that their ſkinny Sides and Faces
Were almoſt ſtarv'd with hungry Meſſes
Of tedious Pray'rs, and cooling Graces.

Having thus ſcrew'd his Parchment Jaws
Such Ways as beſt might gain Applauſe,
He rowl'd his Ogles with a Grace
Becoming ſo a zealous Face,
That all his Brethren groan'd to ſee
Such exquiſite Hypocriſie,
And by a ſympathetick Force,
Look'd full as bad as him, or worſe:
At length this Utterance he made,
And ſpoke his Words with doleful Dread,
Like Fryer *Bacon*'s brazen Head.

O L——d, ſays he, O L——d of Hoſt,
We are thy Saints, and that thou know'ſt;

Stick

Stick by us now, that we may ſcatter
Our Foes, and ſtick by thee herea'ter.
Exalt the Horns of us thy People,
Above the Dragon of *Bow* Steeple,
That by thy Grace's Contribution,
We may have Strength of Conſtitution,
To root out High-Church Perſecution.

O let not this thy holy Place,
E'er want that Scavenger, thy Grace,
That ev'ry Saint-like Soul herein
May be new vamp'd, and made ſo clean,
That not one Speck of Sin or Folly
May any tender Conſcience fully;
So that each Saint, who hither comes,
May return back to their own Homes
As undefil'd, from Head to Rump,
As a new Jug juſt rinc'd at Pump.

O L——d, look down, and bleſs thy People,
The Young, the Old, the Blind, the Cripple.

May they thy holy Word remember,
Above the fifth Day of *November.*
O bleſs each Saint that edefies
By this Day's holy Exerciſe:
Let thy Grace hover round about 'em,
And dwell within 'em, and without 'em,
That they may all Dominion gain,
And o'er thy Foes in Triumph reign;
So, L—d, with us, ſay thou *Amen.*

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Seventh.

CANTO X.

THE Vip'rous Congregation, pleas'd
With what they'd heard, were now diſmiſs'd;
So ſqueezing forth, brim-full of Grace,
Each turn'd his Rump on Holy Place,
And with his Elbows and his Feet,
Made way into the open Street.
I ſhov'd my bulky Corps along,
But look'd, amidſt the ſkinny Throng,

Like Stall-fed Bullock, fat and fine,
Amongſt King *Pharaoh*'s famiſh'd Kine.
I puff'd, and blow'd, and thruſt, and buſsl'd,
'Till thro' the narrow Gulph I'd joſsl'd,
Which ſtunk as if their Teacher's Pray'rs,
That crept into their liſt'ning Ears,
Too windy were to be confin'd;
So working down, made way behind.
When I, with much ado, had clear'd
My ſelf of the infected Herd,
And turn'd (good Manners quite forgetting)
My low'r End on their Low C——h Meeting,
The poys'nous Fumes I'd ſuck'd in there,
I gladly chang'd for ſweeter Air,
Not knowing, but the Breath that comes
Out from between a Rebel's Gums,
If long imbib'd, might plague and ſpoil
The Body, and the Mind defile;
Turn our ſound Principles to ſad ones,
And change good Conſciences to bad ones.

Why

Why not, as well as Miſts and Fogs,
That riſe from filthy Fens and Bogs,
With Aguiſh Fits, make Mortals tremble,
Like quaking Zealots, that diſſemble,
When to their Brethren they aver it,
The Workings of the Holy Spirit;
If thus the Vapours that do ſwarm
From ſlimy Fens, can do us harm,
The dang'rous Breath, that flows each Day
From Men more filthy far than they,
Muſt give to greater Miſchiefs Birth,
Than all the Quagmires of the Earth.

When thus deliver'd from the Crowd,
Preciſely dreſs'd, devoutly proud,
I left them at the Alley Gate,
Each waiting for his Friend or Mate,
That they might all creep home in Couples,
The better to debate their Scruples,
And canvas o'er the Cant they'd heard
From Lanthorn Jaws, and picked Beard.

My Friend, that to the Lecture led me,
Now walking leiſurely by ſide me,
Began to aſk my Approbation
Of our dull Quirpo's dark Oration.

Old Friend, ſaid I, to tell you Truth,
I have not heard from Block-head's Mouth
Such worthleſs Cant, ſuch ſenſeleſs Blunders,
Such frothy Quibbles and Cunnunders,
Such wicked Stuff, ſuch poys'nous Babble,
Such uncouth, wretched Ribble Rabble,
Never ſince *Cromwell*'s frantick Porter,
Who whilſt he did in *Bedlam* quarter,
Thro' Iron Bars roar'd out aloud,
Mad Doctrine to the madder Crowd.

With what bold Ignorance can a Dunce,
The Worſhip of the Church renounce,
Where Sacred Order moves the Senſe,
And raiſes awful Reverence
Tow'rds that great Pow'r, to whom we pray,
And thoſe our Guides, that teach the way?

What

What Hypocrite, that once but hears
The Holy Exc'lence of her Pray'rs,
Can cavel at thoſe Heav'nly Words,
Whoſe Chriſtian Force ſo well accords?
With all Conditions and Degrees
Of Human Souls, who pray for Eaſe,
Oppreſs'd with ſinful Miſeries,
What formleſs, poor, ex temp're Matter,
Compos'd of Non-ſenſe and Ill-nature,
Squeez'd out from the illit'rate Noddle
Of ſome dull, canting Tom a Doodle,
Can without ſpiteful Blaſphemie,
To th' Church's Form compared be,
Which was at firſt from Scripture drawn
By Biſhops worthy of their Lawn;
Good Men, well learn'd in Sacred Story,
Who labour'd hard to ſet before ye,
Inſtead of Int'reſt, God's true Glory?
With what ſtrange Ins'lence can a Wretch,
That hears a grave, wiſe Doctor preach,

With

With awful Mein, and Parts ſo great,
They Honour both the Church and State,
Whoſe ſearching Truths Words a Paſſage make
To e'ery Heart that hears him ſpeak,
And force ill Thoughts to fly away,
Like Miſts before the God of Day?
I ſay, with what ſtrange Impudence?
What Prejudice and want of Senſe,
Can *Calvin*'s whining Saints compare
The hum-drum Non-ſenſe that they hear;
The canting Lies, inſtead of Truth,
Yawn'd from a ſtubborn Block-head's Mouth,
With the learn'd Doctrine of a Guide,
By Heav'n and Nature qualify'd;
Whoſe Words have that commanding Senſe,
They make us feel their Eloquence,
And by their Influence, incline
Our ſinful Souls to what's Divine?
Whilſt thoſe illit'rate, gaping Fools,
Who prate in Barns and Dancing-Schools,

Would make a Chriſtian, by their Teaching,
Abhor their Praying, and their Preaching,
And think they ſtudy'd to advance
Rebellion, Pride, and Ignorance;
And that, inſtead of propagating
True Chriſtian Practice by their Prating,
Their bawling Dunces only meant
To teach their Hearers to diſſent
From all that's good and excellent?
Right, ſays my Friend, the Truths you ſay,
Are clear as any Sun-ſhine Day;
For oft i' th' Country have I ſeen,
When at a Meeting I have been,
An Ape, o'er Back of Leathern Chair,
Squeeze out a Sermon, or a Pray'r,
Screwing his Phiz the time he's prating,
As if h'ad been Exonerating;
For every Utt'rance of the Fool,
Came from him, like a hard-bound Stool,

Wiping his Lips at each Expreſſion,
As if his ſenſeleſs, dull Oration
Was ſuch a foul Reverſe of Truth,
His very Words defil'd his Mouth,
And made the ſinful Trumpet need
More Wipes, than Nature's Sink juſt freed
From the looſe Dregs of Meals and Meſſes,
Our Drunken Vices, and Exceſſes;
Yet ſuch a bold illit'rate Dunce,
That can but rattle, rave, and bounce,
Altho' he little more can ſay,
Than Laud and G——d, and Eke and Aye,
Shall follow'd be by larger Flocks,
Than a Learn'd Guide, that's Orthodox.
Said I, we by Experience know,
Obſtinate Fools will ſtill be ſo:
The wiſeſt Occuliſt can't find
A way to cure the ſelf-will'd Blind,
But ſtill, like Bats that love the Night,
They'll turn their Tails upon the Light.

By ancient Grannums we are told,
In Proverb true, as well as old,
That Birds, who are of the ſame Feather,
Delight to meet, and flock together:
So that the neigbouring Owls will follow
The Howlet, that they hear, but hollow;
Nay, if a Wolf but makes a Noiſe,
And elivates his howling Voice,
The reſt will from their Dens come out,
And gather round the bawling Brute;
As Zealots, join with one another,
To hear the Howls of Holy Brother.
Huſh, ſays my Friend, mind what you ſay;
You know this is not Time of Day
For Truth to be ſo obvious made,
We muſt not call a Spade, a Spade.
In Troth, ſaid I, I cannot flatter,
My Muſe abhors to mince the matter;
A Knave ſhe like a Knave will draw,
In ſpight of that grim D——n, L——:

She ſeeks no Int'reſt, knows no Fear,
But as they be, makes things appear;
And if the Truth be deem'd a Libel,
Good Heav'n preſerve the *Holy Bible*
From all thoſe Hypocrites, that uſe it
Only to wreſt it, and abuſe it;
And make it, by their canting Whines,
Subſervient to their baſe Deſigns.

Be ſilent, ſays my Friend, a while,
I'll tell a Tale, ſhall make you ſmile.

A Clergy-man, of great Renown,
Well known in Country, and in Town;
Fam'd for an exquiſite Conjunction,
Of Parts becoming Holy Function,
Had writ a learned Tract, to ſhow
The Dangers that from Schiſm flow;
And willing, as became his Station,
To have his P——'s Approbation,
He humbly ſhews the painful Piece
To th' B—— of the D——e:

With much Content, the Book he read,
And gave the Applauſe it merited;
But, Sir, ſays he, tho' Schiſm's a Crime,
This is alaſs! no proper Time
To trouble tender Conſciences
With ſuch Polemick Points as theſe:
Beſides, 'tis dang'rous to diſturb 'em,
We muſt not either ſpur or curb 'em.

My L——, reply'd the Country Prieſt,
Since there's no bridling of the Beaſt,
And that your L——p's pleas'd to ſay,
At preſent 'tis the better Way
To ſtop good Works, and wink at Evil,
For once, like you, I'll be ſo civil,
To hold a Candle to the Devil.

I find, ſaid I, you make this Motion,
Like a true Friend, by way of Caution,
To ſhew this is no proper Time
To publiſh Truth, dreſs'd up in Rime;

Nor is it Treaſon, if I ſay,
In Proſe or any other Way,
Without the Danger of offending
A potent Tribe, who are intending,
Under Pretence of mending Matters,
To bring us into S——ſh F——rs;
Therefore, ſince you have been ſo kind,
In merry Tale to hint your Mind,
And give me good Advice, I'll take it,
Not tell the Truth, or yet forſake it;
But hug her cloſely in my Breaſt,
And both ſubmit to be ſuppreſt,
Till Time, that brings all Things to Light,
Shall reſcue her from Error's Night,
And make her ſhine Divinely bright.

No more will I preſume to meddle
With up-ſtart Rump, leap'd into Saddle,
Or in his odious Colours paint
That Hypocrite, a Modern Saint;

Nor ſhall my Muſe in doleful Verſe,
The Tragick Villanies rehearſe,
Done by that Sanguinary Brood,
That waſh'd their Hands in Royal Blood.
No more the merry Jade ſhall jeſt
Upon their ſolemn Calves-Head Feaſt;
Or eke prophane that mod'rate Zeal,
Which we and they know both too well;
Is only meant when things accrue,
As Holy Tribe would have 'em do,
To make us mod'rate Chriſtian S——s,
To Heath'niſh F——s, and fiery K——s:
For he that's cunning in undoing,
And ſeeks to work another's Ruin,
Will coax him firſt to be his Friend,
And that blind Side the moſt commend,
By which he hopes to gain his End.
With that my Friend look'd up, and ſnorted,
And thus upon me he retorted:

Tho'

Tho' Rods you know are ſoaking for you,
I find, ſays he, it won't deter you:
Did you not ſay, you would forbear,
And yet you're rambling G—d knows where.

Pox take, ſaid I, this Itch of Scribling,
Like Fiſh, we Poets muſt be nibling.

But have a Care, ſays he, at laſt,
The bearded Hook don't hold you faſt;
And let me, like a Friend, adviſe,
As you are merry, pray be wiſe:
For if you will be boldly caſting
Your Flirts at thoſe that love no Jeſting,
They may return, when you provoke,
In earneſt, ſuch a ſpiteful Stroke,
You'll like as bad, as they your Joke.

Said I, theſe wiſe Conſiderations
Have cool'd my hot-brain'd Cogitations;
Thou'ſt damp'd at once my Muſe's Fury,
She's a meer Coward, I aſſure ye,
And dreads a d——d Fanatick J——y.

Well!

Well! ſince ſhe whiſpers out her Fears
On both ſides of my liſt'ning Ears,
And tells me, If I don't comply
To ſcribble modiſhly, that I
May thirſt for Wine, and ſtarve for Hunger,
Ere ſhe'll ſtand by me any longer;
I find, to ſave my ſelf from Harm,
Like modern W——g, I muſt reform,
That is, not ſpeak the Truths I ſhou'd do,
Nor ſcourge the Factions as I wou'd do;
For as their Pow'r of doing Ill
Can ne'er be equal to their Will,
So is my honeſt Will to ſhew
The Ills and Miſchiefs that they do,
Above the Pow'r of my weak Senſe
Now cramp'd by a R——.

Farewell, ye proud aſpiring Herd;
May you be neither lov'd or fear'd,
But only rais'd aloft, like Rain
In Seaſon, to come down again;

For ſure the h——r P——s muſt ſee
You ever was, and e'er will be,
A Snake to thoſe that cheriſh ye.

CANTO XI.

BUs'neſs now calling for my Friend,
T' our Converſation put an End;
So that I now began to think,
B'ing drowthy, on a little Drink;
And glad to chuſe the ſaving'ſt way
To ſpend the Remnant of the Day,
I ſneak'd into a little Houſe,
Where Porters do their Belch carouſe,
Where by the Kitchen Fire, there ſate
Two Toapers in a warm Debate;
One was the Sweeper of a Chimney,
That dirty Rhime to *Polyhimney*,

With

With *Nigro* Hands and Face, as black
As was his Sooty Buſhel Sack,
That hung acroſs his ſturdy Back.
The other was a Mealy Blade,
All powder'd o'er from Heel to Head;
One that prun'd frowſy Beards for Two Pence,
And therefore Maſter but of few Pence;
Which ſad Misfortune caus'd a hot
Diſpute between each Brother Sot,
About the Payment of a Pot:
The Chimney-Sweeper ſate in State,
And ſwore he'd make the Barber pay't,
Or elſe, before he left the Room,
He'd make a Puff of's little Broom,
And dipping it in's Bag of Soot,
Wou'd powd'r him o'er from Head to Foot,
'Till he had put him into deep
Mourning, like any Brother Sweep.

The Barber, who was trim and neat,
Vex'd at his dirty Oppoſite,

Bit's Nails, as Men enrag'd are wont,
And thus return'd the groſs Affront!
You ſooty, ſmutty, naſty Slouch,
Not fit for cleanly Hands to touch:
Thou ill-look'd Picture of the Devil,
That can't be Tipſy, but muſt cavil;
A Heath'niſh Sot, that roars and ſwears,
Only fit Company for Bears. ——
Theſe Words provok'd the Sweeper highly,
Who handling Soot-bag very ſlighly,
Says he, A Heathen do you cry?
I ſay, you Waſh-ball Rogue, you Lie:
I chuſe Religion by Diſcretion;
That which moſt profits my Profeſſion.
Therefore you Dog, I'll make you know,
If you are High-Church, I am Low.
No Heathen, but a Tipling Saint,
That loves a Church with Chimney in't:
Then mounting of his ſooty Sack,
He gave the Barber ſuch a Thwack,

That made him look of party Colour,
Betwixt a Collier and a Fuller.
Couragious *Tonſor*, highly ſcorning
To thus be put in ſecond Mourning,
Without revenging with his Fiſt
Th' Abuſe from his Antagoniſt,
Starts up, and with a Manly Rage
Does his black duſty Foe engage.
Sometimes the Battel doubtful grew,
That we, the Standers by, ſcarce knew
Which would prove Conqu'ror of the two.
At laſt *Smut* grew too hard for *Smug*,
And gave him ſuch a *Corniſh* Hug,
Back'd with ſ' unmerciful a Cuff,
That made poor *Tonſor* cry, Enough.
With that, the Conqu'ror crow'd and ſtrutted,
The while the Victim ſnub'd and pouted;
With Hands and Face his Cloths beſide
From White to Black ſo truly dy'd,

That any Stranger would have ſaid,
They'd both been Brethren of a Trade.

You know, ſays Sweep, I told you my Church,
And now I'll make you tell me thy Church,
Or by my Word, and you may take it,
I'll thraſh my Soot from out your Jacket.

The Barber now b'ing tame and cool,
And ſeated on repenting Stool,
Not caring for a ſecond Beating,
Reply'd, He liv'd 'twixt Church and Meeting,
And therefore was oblig'd in Troth
To Trim for Profit 'twixt 'em both.

Pox take thee, ſays the ſooty Brute,
How came we two to thus fall out?
I find Religion is in thee
The very ſame that 'tis in me.
Int'reſt I find, that pow'rful Guide,
Leads thee or me to any ſide.

They ſay, crys *Tonſor*, 'tis the Faſhion,
Follow'd by Men in ev'ry Station;

And

And tho' we're poor, why ſhould not we,
Like other Fellow-Chriſtians be?
And from our Betters learn the way
To live and thrive, as well as pray?
And in that Faith and Party truſt,
By which we hope to gain the moſt?
Nouns, crys the Sweeper, being mellow,
Thou talk'ſt like a good honeſt Fellow;
I'm ſorry that the ſtrong Beer Barrel
Should make us two ſuch Fools, to quarrel,
Since now, by thy Diſcourſe, I find
We're both intirely of a Mind;
For what thou ſay'ſt, is very true,
All Stations do the Pence purſue.
Religion, once the Nation's Darling,
Now bows its Head to pow'rful Sterling.
Money does every thing command;
Without, Efaith, as Matters ſtand,
We now can't ſhake a Knave by th' Hand.

In ſhort, Queens Pictures, by their Features,
Charm all Degrees of Human Creatures,
From the black Robe of deeper Dye,
To leſs black Mortals, thee and I.

By this time the offenſive Soot,
That in the Scuffle flew about,
Began to op'rate in my Snout,
And made me ſo Cheho and Snivel,
As if I'd got the Sneezing Evil:
It ſet m' a Wheezing worſe than Pthiſick,
And downwards work'd like any Phyſick,
That I was forc'd, in Cellar firſt,
To empty what would elſe have burſt,
And chang'd without, for Air more clean,
The ſooty Fog that 'roſe within:
Thus leaving with Regret of Mind,
The reſt o' th' Comedy behind,
'Twas now about that Hour of Night,
When ſtroling Huſſies, much too light,

Thoſe Paramours of Pimps and Bayli's,
Creep out from Garrets and from Allies,
Purſu'd by poor reforming Rogues,
As Bitches Proud by Curs and Dogs;
Some Jilts in Tally'd Furbulows,
Dreſs'd up as if in Queſt of Beaus,
New powder'd, patch'd, and painted o'er,
The Marks of a retailing Whore,
Came jutting by with Muff and Fan,
Six Harlots to an honeſt Man,
Mix'd here and there with low-priz'd Vermin,
Rigg'd out for Porters, and for Carmen;
With Arms wrapp'd up in Aprons white,
Which in dark Corners ſhone as bright,
As Glow-worms Arſes in the Night;
Each at ſome Diſtance off behind,
Attended by a Rogue, deſign'd
To guard and vindicate his Jewel
With Mutton Fiſt and Oaken Towel,

From the Affronts of Brother Rabble,
Or any accidental Squabble.
Thought I, O happy pious Nation!
O bleſs'd Effects of Reformation!
By which we find, in ev'ry Place,
In ſpight of Pulpit and of Preſs,
More Rogues, but not one Whore the leſs.

I found, for all the pious Care
Of Aldermen and good L——d M——r,
And Holy Projects put on foot,
To tear up Evil by the Root,
By arming broken Knaves with Staves,
To puniſh Whores that Sin by ha'ves,
And cannot with obliging Crowns,
Bribe old Sir *Macril*'s Mermadons,
That ſtill the City Jilts and Jades
Would claim the Freedom of their Trades,
And exerciſe their ſinful Tails
As long as pow'rful Rump prevails;

For whilſt Hypocriſy and Cant
Make up a true blue Proteſtant,
So long will Reaſon ſtoop to Roaring,
And Sanctity concur with Whoring,
After a moſt Religious manner,
To ſhew the Saint, and hide the Sinner.

Thought I, the Tongues of Faction may
Ring Peals of Holineſs all Day;
Preach Lectures of their Reformation,
Election, and Regeneration,
And fill the Crowd upon a Sunday,
With Hopes of growing Righteous one Day;
Spread ev'ry City Coffee-houſe Table
With Libels, to reform the Rabble,
Where they may find at large expreſt,
What Church and Government are beſt;
And learn at once, from the *Review*,
Religion, and Rebellion too.

Yet all their Pains and Politicks,
Their Shams, and Flams, and pretty Tricks,

I fear

I fear will prove but quaint Devices,
To purge our Pockets, not our Vices.

So Factious Knaves, to cheat the Crowd,
Cry out, Reform, Reform, aloud,
When all the Goodneſs they intend,
Is but to marr, and not to mend,
That hungry Saints, whom Int'reſt draws,
To ſhoulder up the Holy Cauſe,
May thro' their Cavils and Debates,
Lay Godly Hands on good Eſtates.

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

THE other ſix Parts are to be had at Six-pence each, of *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, againſt *Ivy-Lane*.

The Diſſenters Conſcientious Objections againſt the Epiſcopal Church; together with their Reaſonable Propoſals for a Compliance with her Diſcipline. To which is added, The Biſhop of *Oſſory*'s Epiſtle to King *Charles* II. wherein forgetful Princes are put in Mind of their Duty. Sold at the Place above-named.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Eighth.

CANTO XII.

WHEN ſilent Sleep, that hates the Light,
Had lock'd my Senſes up all Night;
'Till *Somnus* ſnatch'd in a Surprize,
His leaden Plummets from my Eyes;
And th' *Eaſtern* Bluſhes of the Morning,
Gave waking Mortals early warning,
That *Sol* from *Thetis* was returning;
For Gods, the Poets do maintain,
Have Miſtreſſes, as well as Men;

I fear will prove but quaint Devices,
To purge our Pockets, not our Vices.

So Factious Knaves, to cheat the Crowd,
Cry out, Reform, Reform, aloud,
When all the Goodneſs they intend,
Is but to marr, and not to mend,
That hungry Saints, whom Int'reſt draws,
To ſhoulder up the Holy Cauſe,
May thro' their Cavils and Debates,
Lay Godly Hands on good Eſtates.

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

THE other ſix Parts are to be had at Six-pence each, of *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, againſt *Ivy-Lane*.

The Diſſenters Conſcientious Objections againſt the Epiſcopal Church; together with their Reaſonable Propoſals for a Compliance with her Diſcipline. To which is added, The Biſhop of *Oſſory*'s Epiſtle to King *Charles* II. wherein forgetful Princes are put in Mind of their Duty. Sold at the Place above-named.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Eighth.

CANTO XII.

WHEN ſilent Sleep, that hates the Light,
Had lock'd my Senſes up all Night;
'Till *Somnus* ſnatch'd in a Surprize,
His leaden Plummets from my Eyes;
And th' *Eaſtern* Bluſhes of the Morning,
Gave waking Mortals early warning,
That *Sol* from *Thetis* was returning;
For Gods, the Poets do maintain,
Have Miſtreſſes, as well as Men;

And are like us, in bawdy Caſes,
Tir'd as ſoon with their Embraces;
For am'rous Joys, we always find,
Leave a repenting Sting behind,
That makes that odious in Reflection,
Which proves ſo pleaſant in the Action:
'Tis for this Cauſe the Sun looks red,
When riſing from his *Thetis* Bed,
Bluſhing to think her Female Charms
So long detain'd him in her Arms;
'Till he was glad to fly ſo faſt
From what he ſought with equal haſte
So th' Lover, tho' he's young and kind,
Muſt own he does more Pleaſure find
In his next Morning's haſty Flight,
Than in fair *Celia*'s Arms all Night.

Juſt at the very peep of Day,
As thus in Bed I muſing lay,
With thoughtful Brain, and active Mind,
To ſtrange Poetick Dreams inclin'd,

My Fancy rang'd from Pole to Pole,
To feed with new Delights my Soul;
Sometimes on Honeſty I mus'd,
Talk'd on ſo much, tho' little us'd.
Methoughts I heard each Villain claim
An Int'reſt in the Sacred Name,
And ev'ry Jilt and Villain ſay,
That they were Honeſt in their Way.
The arrant Knave that never knew her,
Would ſtill pretend ſome Title to her;
And in his Looks, diſſembling Grace,
Would wear her Liv'ry in his Face.
So a lewd Punk, ſo well we ſee,
Will counterfeit true Modeſty,
And look ſo Pious and Demure,
That few would think the Saint a Whore.
Each Party labour'd to deceive
The reſt, and make the World believe,
That they, and only they, ingroſt
The Jem, and could the Secret boaſt;

In Rage, denying to the reſt
The Honeſty themſelves poſſeſt;
Yet none would own they were without it,
But cavil'd furiouſly about it;
So have I known hard Words and Battles
Among a Crew of Tittle Tattles,
About their Virtue, when the Jades
Were Thieves and Strumpets by their Trades,
And had no more Pretence to cavil
About it, than the very Devil;
But Rogues and Whores will diſagree,
And ſquabbl' about their Honeſty;
Altho' they have no more to ſhow,
Than *Guinea* has of Froſt and Snow.
Then did my rambling Thoughts proceed
To Friendſhip, that deceitful Reed,
And range from Place to Place about,
To find the precious Jewel out:
In Courts, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
The cordial Sement quite diſtroy'd;

There it but in external Shew
Appear'd, as other Virtues do;
Was mimmick'd as if highly priz'd,
But never truly exercis'd:
So will each Bully look and prate,
As if he had a good Eſtate;
But when into the Knave we pry,
We find he 'as none to occupy.
In Cities, Avarice and Gain
Diſſolve the mutual happy Chain,
And mercenary Ends, divide
The Gordian Knot, as ſoon as ty'd:
Beſides, true Friendſhip cannot dwell
Where Int'reſt does alone prevail,
And Money does their Minds delude
From Juſtice, and from Gratitude:
Money, that Guide that makes 'em ſtray
From Truth, to go the gainful'ſt Way:
Money, that cauſes 'em to break
The ſtrongeſt Oaths that they can make,

That wicked Root of every Evil,
Which leads 'em headlong to the Devil;
Yet each Man ſtrives to make the reſt
Believe he 'as Friendſhip in his Breaſt,
And talks as earneſtly about it,
As if he had it, tho' without it.
So have I heard a Crowd of thoſe
Vain foppiſh Animals, call'd Beaus,
Prattle of Wit, 'till very hot,
Altho' they never had a Jot.
Thus many Fools, their Parts to ſhow,
Will talk of *Robin*, and his *Bow*,
That never, by Enquiry, knew
Whether 't was made of Steel or Yew.
I' th' Country too, 'tis quite miſtaken,
And valu'd leſs, than Flitch of Bacon;
For there they know no Obligation
Beyond a Neighbour or Relation;
Nor can thoſe Trifles bind them longer,
Than whilſt Self-Int'reſt, which is ſtronger,

Preſerves the Tie that is between
Themſelves and Neighbours, or their Kin:
For Friendſhip is of a Dimenſion,
Too large for rural Apprehenſion;
Their narrow Souls can't comprehend
The ſacred Bonds 'twixt Friend and Friend;
Nor are their Faith and Wiſdom big
Enough for ſuch a ſolemn League;
For Friendſhip, if that Name it bears,
It muſt be free from Doubts and Fears,
And is ſo credulous a Tie,
Diſſolv'd at once by Jealouſy:
For if we e'er our Friend miſtruſt,
It ſhews we do not think him Juſt;
And if we harbour ſuch a Thought,
Our Friendſhip is not worth a Groat;
For who would hazard all, to ſave
A Man from Harm, he thinks a Knave;
Yet he that Friendſhip does pretend,
And will not do't, to ſave his Friend,

Is, as the Learned do ſurmiſe,
A Snake that in the Boſom lies:
Therefore my Muſe could no where light on
That Friendſhip Men of Honour prate on;
Becauſe, as they define the Matter,
It is too ſtrict for Human Nature;
For Avarice, Revenge, and Pride,
Hypocriſy, and Luſt beſide,
Have ſo corrupted Fleſh and Blood,
That we abandon all that's Good;
Exclude all Virtue from within,
And wear it but in outward Mein:
For 'tis acquir'd by every Fool,
Not now, by Philoſophick Rule,
Nor at the Church, but Dancing-School.
Thus Virtue is become, alaſs!
No more than an external Grace;
And thoſe that from *Geneva* Books,
Have learn'd to ſhew it in their looks;

Altho'

Altho' they ſhould deſerve a Gallows,
Would ſtill be counted honeſt Fellows.
How then ſhould Friendſhip raiſe its Head,
When Virtue, it's Preſerver's Dead?
If Holy Siſter chance to ſtray,
For God Almighty's Lambs will play,
She ſtill will have the canting Face
To boaſt her Right to ſaving Grace;
Altho' ſhe does in Conſcience know
The Devil governs all below,
And finds a Way thro' ſinful Hole,
To pleaſe her Luſt, and damn her Soul:
Thus Women will contend, we find,
Altho' their Virtue be reſign'd,
T' enjoy the Honour till they're dead
Of a chaſt Wife, or modeſt Maid.
Pray, why not ſtill poſſeſs the Name,
Tho' Virtue's gone, that gave the ſame,
Since Men of War their Titles boaſt,
Altho' they've their Commiſſions loſt?

Captains and Cuckolds, all Men know,
Once dignify'd, will ſtill be ſo;
Therefore why ſhould not ev'ry Dame,
That once enjoy'd an honeſt Name,
Have ſtill the Benefit o' th' ſame,
Since ev'ry Woman may aver it,
She once had *Virtue*'s Pattent for it?
And tho' ſhe Captain-like, has loſt
Commiſſion, yet ſhe ought to boaſt
The Honour of her former Poſt.

Next theſe, true Loyalty I thought on,
But that I found corrupt and rotten;
So faint, and in that ſick Condition,
Giv'n over by her old Phyſician;
And when ſhe languiſh'd thus dejected,
By all upbraided and neglected;
Begging for Chriſtian Conſolation,
Yet ſcarce a Levite in the Nation,
Of any Church, amongſt ſo many,
Would by their Pray'rs afford her any.

So

So wealthy Men, who in their Prime
Have nobly flouriſh'd for a time,
When once they are by Fate depreſs'd,
And of their Riches diſpoſſeſs'd;
Thoſe very Friends the firſt abhor 'em,
That ſhould in Reaſon do moſt for 'em.
Religion, did my Fancy next
Chuſe for her Theme, that is, her Text;
And thus inſpir'd by way of Sonnet,
She rim'd, that is, ſhe preach'd upon it:
Methoughts I ſaw her quite forlorn,
Her ſacred Body rent and torn;
And as her Limbs thus mangled lay,
In a Tempeſtuous Factious Fray;
Diſſected by a fatal Knife,
Sharp whetted in Schiſmatick Strife;
The Church in Tears moſt ſadly mourn'd,
And her true Sons were much concern'd;
But all the reſt ſeem'd pleas'd to ſee
Religion's ſad Cataſtrophe.

As thus ſhe lay, all pale and wan,
Expos'd to thoſe that work'd her Bane,
Each jarring Party ſtrove to take
A Limb, for Memorandum's ſake:
The Church induſtrious for a Part,
Moſt wiſely choſe the Head and Heart,
And ſoon by Faith and Grace reviv'd
That Life, of which they were depriv'd.

The Preſbyterians, and the In-
Dependants, who were near a kin,
Advanc'd, and in a numerous Swarm,
Choſe each a Leg, and each an Arm;
Becauſe they love like Bully Huff,
To Things decide by Kick and Cuff:
'Tis nat'ral for a Tribe to claim
Thoſe things, that beſt will ſerve their Aim.

The Baptiſt Teachers, being wiſe,
Came in the next, and choſe the Thighs;
Becauſe when wicked *Satan*'s in 'em,
They dearly love to creep between 'em;

For theſe more luſtful than the Pigeon,
Do nothing but debauch Religion.
So rav'nous Gluttons at a Feaſt,
Secure the Bit, they like the beſt.
The Quakers next came ſidling in,
And for their Portion, choſe the Spleen,
Which fills them ſo with Melancholy,
They can't like other Sects be jolly:
But ſighing in their Meetings ſit,
Like Hypochondriack Bedlamite,
As if they fancy'd by their Sadneſs,
Religion was a hum-drum Madneſs.
So Cats, if once with Milts they're fed,
Sit moping by they Fire ſide,
And choak the Spirits in their Blood,
By their dull malancholy Food.
Seekers and Singers next took Pains
T' approach Religion's poor Remains;
The Guts and Garbich they poſſeſs'd,
And thought themſelves moſt highly bleſs'd;

From whence they love to exerciſe,
As 'tis conjectur'd by the Wiſe,
Religion in a Beaſtly manner,
To their own Shame, and Heaven's Diſhonour:
So ev'ry Bear and Wolf delights
To pleaſe their Savage Appetites
With ſtinking Carrion, that is naſty,
Much rather than a Ven'ſon Paſty.
The Pope adorn'd with Crowns and Croſſes,
In all's Pontificalibuſſes,
Came puffing next in mighty Sweat,
As if he fear'd h'ad ſtaid too late,
With a long glitt'ring Train behind him,
Of Crazy Card'nals, to attend him;
Each dizen'd in his Robes of State,
And cap'd with bloody-colour'd Hat,
Follow'd by Troops of Popiſh Liars,
Prieſts, Jeſuits, and bald-pate Fryars:
Some from their Churches, ſome from Cloyſters,
All mumbling o'er their *Pater Noſters*;

But all th' Religion they could find,
Was th' empty Carcaſe left behind,
Mangl'd, without the Head or Heart,
Depriv'd of every noble Part;
With that, they lifted up the Trunk,
And cry'd, *Habemus eam nunc*;
But when the Clergy all had ſeen it,
And finding truly nothing in it;
They form'd this Project in a Trice,
To cheat their ſilly Biggots Eyes;
A huge prepoſt'rous Paſte-board Head,
The Prieſts moſt exquiſitly made,
And did with Colours ſo contrive
To make it look as if alive;
Then plac'd it on Religion's Shoulders,
To cheat the credulous Beholders.
Huge Legs too, they compos'd of Plaſter,
That the poor Trunk might ſtand the faſter.
Her Arms of Maſſy Braſs they made,
The better to defend her Head;

And when ſo far they had proceeded,
That ſhe was legg'd, and arm'd, and headed
The empty Carcaſe to replete
With ſomthing to improve the Cheat,
They ſtuff'd (to gull believing Fools)
With Reliques, and falſe Miracles,
And ſuch like Toys, by whoſe Aſſiſtance,
The Sides were kept at proper Diſtance,
Which if it had not been for that,
By this time would have fall'n ſo flat,
That the poor patch'd prepoſt'rous Puppit,
Muſt needs have been much more decrepit.
When thus their Monſter they had rais'd,
The Prieſts their ill-ſhap'd Idol prais'd,
And cry'd, Here only's to be found,
The true Religion ſafe and ſound;
Forgetting *England* had the Heart,
The Head, and ev'ry noble Part.
So *Romiſh* Prieſts, like thoſe poor Fellows
That live by ſhewing Punchionello's,

Make their own Puppets, then invite
Poor Fools to wonder at the Sight.

CANTO XIII.

DOſing again, methoughts I ſaw
Six ſtately *Flanders* Horſes draw
A gallant Lady of Renown,
Some few Miles diſtance out of Town,
To meet a Spark of no great Honour,
Whoſe chief Dependence was upon her;
And when with eager Arms ſhe 'ad met
Thoſe Joys ſhe went ſo far to get,
And eas'd what will remain: We ſee
A raging Itch in Quality.
Methoughts I ſaw her Honour riſe,
And wink and pink her drowſy Eyes,

As if ſhe wiſh'd with all her Soul
To have a Woman's Belly full
Of what young *Harry* gave to *Dol*;
But finding little hopes of more,
And that the pleaſing Game was o'er,
Her grateful Offering ſhe made,
And ſeem'd content with what ſhe had;
Rewarding all his kind Behaviour
According to the Joy he gave her:
So aft'r a Curſy, and a Kiſs,
Proteſting ſhe was only his,
Away in haſte her Coach-man drove her
In queſt of ſome more ſtrenuous Lover;
For Women, if they once are lewd,
They'll lie and ſwear by all that's Good
They're only yours, when ev'ry Whore
Will vow the like to twenty more;
Yet twice a Day methoughts I found
Her proſtrate upon ſacred Ground,

With ſuch Devotion in her Face,
Mix'd with that Gravity and Grace,
That when at Church ſhe put the Saint on,
No Mortal would have thought her wanton;
Yet could ſhe turn a very Devil,
T' indulge her Luſt with carnal Evil.
Thought I, tho' Grandeur puts a Blind
On Great Folks Vices, yet I find
Rich Harlots, who are ſo devout,
That ride in Coach and Six about,
Are lewd as thoſe that walk on Foot;
Only this Diff'rence we may make,
The rich Whores give, the poor ones take.
When at theſe Wonders I had gaz'd,
A mighty Man my Fancy rais'd,
Seated in open rural Chariot,
That People might the better ſtare at;
The flaming Beau, who like a God
Appear'd, ſo proud, as if he aw'd
Whole Kingdoms with Majeſtick Nod;

A Troop of Servants moſtly arm'd
To keep their L——d from being harm'd,
Mounted on Hunters, Pads, and Tits,
Came riding after thro' the Streets:
The Charioteer drove on in haſte,
The Servants poſted on as faſt;
But who ſhould prove his Pomp-degraders,
But a long Train of unpaid Traders,
Who follow'd not to wait upon him,
But at his Baiting-place to dun him.
Some ſpurr'd their Jades in mighty Hurry,
And curs'd his Honour in a Fury;
Others cry'd out, Is this his way
To name a certain Day to pay,
And then to thus ſteal out of Town
A Week before the Time comes on?
Since he, to ſham us, does begin?
'Egad we'll plague him at his Inn;
And fearing neither Frowns or Curſes,
Still dun him on, 'till he diſburſes.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange, thought I, that Men of Title
Should make their Noble Selves ſo little,
To be by ſuch a craving Brood
Of Trades-men, baited and purſu'd
For a few Shillings, Pence, and Pounds,
Worſe than the noble Stag by Hounds;
Whilſt by their Vices and Debauches,
Whores, Bawds, and Gamſters, keep their Coaches.
At laſt, methoughts I ſaw a Throne,
And *Mercy* ſeated thereupon:
Her noble Enſigns all diſplay'd,
Flying around her ſhining Head,
To ſignify to all the Nation,
Her tender Pitty and Compaſſion;
Her charming Eyes much brighter ſhone,
Than all the Glories of the Sun;
And ev'ry Feature look'd more bright,
Than *Luna* in a Winters Night.
No ſooner had ſhe took her Place,
And ſhown her kind inviting Face,

But Crowds of mighty Men became
Moſt humble Suiters to the Dame.
At laſt a Man of double Honour,
Fixing his am'rous Eyes upon her;
Did with a courtly kind Behaviour,
In humble Words implore her Favour.
Mercy with that, began to change
Her Countenance, and looking ſtrange
Upon him, told him, that ſhe wonder'd
How he, of all the many hundred
That ſtood before her, thus could Face her,
And with ſuch Confidence addreſs her?
Have you not done, ſays ſhe, of late
Thoſe Cruelties you know I hate,
And by your want of Human Mercy,
Bound num'rous Families to curſe ye?
Have you not done things out of Seaſon,
And injur'd others for no Reaſon?

But that your Malice, Int'reſt, Pride,
And all your vicious Luſts beſide,
Might be the better gratify'd.
No, no, ſays *Mercy*, I abhor ye,
Withdraw, for I've no Favour for ye.
Next him, another Don as great,
Loaded with Honour and Eſtate,
Approach'd her Preſence like a Beau,
Made three long Slides, then bowing low,
Told her, he was a Man of Honour,
Therefore preſum'd to wait upon her;
Hoping his Quality and Birth,
And large Poſſeſſions here on Earth,
Would move her Heav'nly Grace to ſave,
By her kind Smiles, her humble Slave.
This fawning Speech made *Mercy* frown,
And look as Stern as *Juſtice* down;
Altho', ſays ſhe, your G—— can boaſt
High Honours, and a pow'rful Poſt,

Yet 'tis not all the glitt'ring Pomp,
Or Honours, that a Prince can ſtump,
That will engage my righteous Mind
To ſhew that Pitty you would find.
Have not thoſe wicked, baſe, unjuſt,
Enſnaring Agents, that you truſt,
Seduc'd young Creatures to your Luſt?
Have not large Promiſes betray'd
Young Beauties t'y'r adult'rous Bed?
And when by Baits you've drawn 'em in,
And taught poor Innocence to Sin,
Have you not then with Scorn and Scoff,
Broke all your Vows, and caſt them off?
And to retrench the keeping Charge,
Turn'd 'em a Drift, to Sin at large;
Which they purſue, 'till Beauty fails,
And then for Debt, they die in Jayls,
Or rot in loathſom Hoſpitals.
My L——d, if you had call'd ſometimes
Into your Thoughts, theſe heavy Crimes,

Tho'

Tho' you're ſo Great, you would have never
Came hither to have ſought my Favour;
For how can he that does neglect
All Rules of Vertue, e'er expect
My Mercy, (tho' a Man of Title)
Who all his Life has ſhown ſo little?
Next him, a bold briſk Man advanc'd,
Expecting to be countenanc'd;
To *Mercy*'s Throne full low he bow'd,
Then made this homely Speech aloud.
Madam, ſays he, by all that's Good,
I love you with my very Blood:
I've ſhar'd the Influence of your Smiles
Even in Battels, and in Broils,
And never from your Dictates ſwerv'd,
But always have your Rules obſerv'd;
Not only among Human Nature,
But Cat and Dog, and every Creature.
I therefore hope from your juſt Throne,
To find that Mercy I have ſhown;

Yet 'tis not all the glitt'ring Pomp,
Or Honours, that a Prince can ſtump,
That will engage my righteous Mind
To ſhew that Pitty you would find.
Have not thoſe wicked, baſe, unjuſt,
Enſnaring Agents, that you truſt,
Seduc'd young Creatures to your Luſt?
Have not large Promiſes betray'd
Young Beauties t'y'r adult'rous Bed?
And when by Baits you've drawn 'em in,
And taught poor Innocence to Sin,
Have you not then with Scorn and Scoff,
Broke all your Vows, and caſt them off?
And to retrench the keeping Charge,
Turn'd 'em a Drift, to Sin at large;
Which they purſue, 'till Beauty fails,
And then for Debt, they die in Jayls,
Or rot in loathſom Hoſpitals.
My L——d, if you had call'd ſometimes
Into your Thoughts, theſe heavy Crimes,

Tho'

Tho' you're ſo Great, you would have never
Came hither to have ſought my Favour;
For how can he that does neglect
All Rules of Vertue, e'er expect
My Mercy, (tho' a Man of Title)
Who all his Life has ſhown ſo little?
Next him, a bold briſk Man advanc'd,
Expecting to be countenanc'd;
To *Mercy*'s Throne full low he bow'd,
Then made this homely Speech aloud.
Madam, ſays he, by all that's Good,
I love you with my very Blood:
I've ſhar'd the Influence of your Smiles
Even in Battels, and in Broils,
And never from your Dictates ſwerv'd,
But always have your Rules obſerv'd;
Not only among Human Nature,
But Cat and Dog, and every Creature.
I therefore hope from your juſt Throne,
To find that Mercy I have ſhown;

For all theſe C———s have ſo little,
They'll not afford a Man a Tittle.

Says *Mercy*, you that love to ſhew me,
Shall always have a Title to me;
But he in Pow'r, that ſhall refuſe me
To ſuch as would to others uſe me,
Shall, when he needs me, always find
I'll leave him begging far behind,
Expos'd to the Contempt of thoſe
His want of Mercy made his Foes.
When thus ſhe'd ſpoke, the lovely Dame
Flew up to Heaven, from whence ſhe came,
And left the rigid World to ſhew
Severity, where Mercy's due.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 03 AUG

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Ninth.

CANTO XIV.

THE Sun advancing as I lay,
My Whimsies vanish'd all away,
Unable to endure the Light,
Like wand'ring Ghosts, that walk by Night;
Who, as our learned Spirit-Raisers,
And Cat-ey'd Apparition-Gazers
Aver, are seldom to be seen,
But when the Batts and Owls begin
To open their ill-boding Throats,
And fright us with their Screaming Notes;

Which, as old Nurſes ſay, portend
Sick Mortals to be near their End,
And that the froward Babe, poſſeſt
Of Horſe-ſhoe Mould, and narrow Cheſt,
Will change, the next revolving Moon,
His Cradle for an Angel's Crown,
And leave his weeping Mother ſorry
To ſee this State ſo tranſitory.

When thus my Viſions all were fled,
And I left waking in my Bed,
By th' *Eaſtern* Sun-beams in my Eyes,
I found 'twas now high time to riſe,
And like good Houſewife, mind my Knitting,
With that Induſtry which was fitting;
For Knitting, tho' by Gammar *Biddle*
Confin'd to Stocking and to Needle,
Yet 'tis a Word that, by the by,
May other Bus'neſs ſignify.

Upright I ſate a while in Bed,
Firſt ſcratch'd my Elbows, then my Head,

A Trick we learn when Boys, and then
Retain the Habit 'till we're Men,
As Stories by our Nurſes told,
Will ſtill infect us when we're Old:
Beſides, in ſuch warm Times as theſe,
When Malice bites much worſe than Fleas,
And Envy ſtrikes at Human Eaſe,
A Man may find true Cauſe of Scratching,
Without the common Reaſon, Itching.
But finding little Conſolation
In melancholy Rumination,
And recollecting as I ſate,
An Adage of an ancient Date,
That 'tis our Prudence to endure
With Patience what we cannot cure.
From thence concluding all thoſe Fears
And Thoughts, that magnify our Cares,
Were but the Marks of Human Folly,
I ſhifted off my Melancholy,

Riſing with full as good a Will
As Lover that had Kiſs'd his Fill,
And ſtole away from ſleeping Bride,
Who waking, ne'er was ſatisfy'd.
When thus erect, in dext'rous Haſte
I button'd Britches round my Waſte,
And ſlipp'd on all that modern Pride
By a poor Fig-leaf once ſupply'd;
Then by the Help of Razor, Ball,
Comb, Powder, and the Dev'l and all,
Improv'd my Face, as well as Figure,
'Till I appear'd all Youth and Vigour,
Looking as briſk as Play-houſe Whore,
New painted up at Thirty Four,
Who had full Twenty Years in Town,
Retail'd her Favours up and down,
'Till ſhe had burnt with Claps and P——xes,
More ſtanding Ware than *Samſon*'s Foxes.
For 'tis become a modern Rule
To act like Knave, and dreſs like Fool,

That

That Cloths the better may disguise
The Rogu'ry that within us lies.
The very Saint loves outward Show,
And tiffles up like any Beau.
The most precise invet'rate Whig
Goes loaded now in Whores-hair Wig,
Who us'd, in spight to High-Church Pride,
To wear but nine Hairs of a Side.
The teaching Saint, in Times of *Tore*,
The Pot-lid Hat demurely wore,
Beneath whose Umbrage was a Face
Screw'd into Gravity and Grace,
That *Hum-drum*'s, Hypocritick Look
Might suit with Puritannick Cloak;
To make Fools think he was no less
Than Good, by's Apostolick Dress:
But now each canting Knipper-doling
Has left off that Extream of Fooling;
And tho' their Stiffness can't comply
With the establish'd Liturgy,

Yet have they ſo conform'd their Cloths,
As to become moſt zealous Beaus,
Hoping by their external Pride,
To gain the Ladies of their Side,
Knowing they love to hear the Word
By a ſpruce Guide adminiſter'd,
Who, whilſt he ſpins his tedious Pray'rs,
Can pleaſe their Eyes, as well as Ears,
And lend them Maſculine Aſſiſtance,
When feeble Spouſe is at a Diſtance;
To ſanctify the good fat Fowls,
And bleſs the Wine that chears their Souls,
That by the Force of Cap'n and Claret,
The Fleſh may conquer Holy Spirit.

When Poet-like I'd ſpent ſome Time
In tagging theſe my Thoughts with Rime,
And had an Hour or two beſtow'd
In dreſſing like a Man of Mode,
'Till all things I'd in Quirpo put
Artfully on from Head to Foot;

Thought

Thought I, 'tis ſtrange that Men of Brains
Should thus in Dreſſing take ſuch Pains,
And waſte one quarter of the Day
T' appear ſo foppiſh, and ſo gay;
Yet 'tis the Cuſtom of this Nation,
For Wits to copy Fools in Faſhion
So near, that as the Times now go,
I muſt confeſs 'tis hard to know
A modern Poet from a Beau;
For both admiring Female Beauty,
For Charms that lie above the Shoe-tye,
Turn Fops, to pleaſe the fickle Gender,
In hopes to tempt 'em to ſurrender.

I then ſtept out, like Crop-ſick Sinner,
To air my Lungs againſt my Dinner,
And gain an Appetite moſt fitting
For one that takes Delight in Eating,
That when I'd ſtrengthen'd Fleſh and Blood
With Wine, and ſome refreſhing Food,

I might with Humour briſk and gay,
Diſpatch the Bus'neſs of the Day;
Which, when attended with Succeſs,
Affords the greateſt Happineſs
That Man's aſpiring active Mind,
Beneath the Starry Orbs, can find:
But if ill-natur'd *Fortune* croſſes
Our pleaſing Hopes of Gain, with Loſſes,
Then does it prove ſo great a Curſe,
That nothing can on Earth be worſe.
Thus Bus'neſs is to Human Life,
The true Reſemblance of a Wife:
If ſhe proves well, ſhe is a Bleſſing;
If not, a Curſe beyond expreſſing.

But as I gently ſail'd along
The Street, among the buſy Throng,
I met an old eſtabliſh'd Whig,
That look'd as ſowr, and ſwell'd as big,
As if ſome *Jacobitiſh* Rumour
Had put the Hot-ſpur out of Humour.

Old.

Old Friend, ſaid I, I'm glad to ſee thee
So hearty, and ſo well; but prethee
What makes thee now appear ſo ſurly,
That us'd to cant it ſo demurely?
Says he, 'twould make a Saint run mad,
To ſee things go ſo very bad,
At ſuch a Juncture too, Ads-Fiſh,
When we have all that Heart can wiſh.
I find, ſaid I, your're *Idem Semper*,
Still troubl'd with the old Diſtemper;
Muſt grumble on, altho' your Sect
Have more than you could well expect.
But who can wonder, that your Pride
And Av'rice ne'er are ſatisfy'd;
Since nothing e'er could ſtop your Raving,
The more you have, the more you're craving?
But Man, ſays he, I'll tell thee what,
We've found ſuch Difference of late
Betwixt a modern Whig, whoſe Craft
Has ſlily rais'd him up aloft,

And what he ſeem'd to be before
He climb'd to Honour and to Pow'r,
That no Man would have thought the Creature
Could ſo have chang'd his former Nature;
And that Court Air and Converſation
Could make ſo ſtrange an Alteration.
But why, ſaid I, ſhould that ſeem ſtrange,
That Whigs in warmer Climes ſhould change?
Since Worms and Maggots, as 'tis ſaid,
Turn Flies, if in the Sun-ſhine laid,
Then ſporting with their Wings, they tow'r,
And ſuch the Sweets of ev'ry Flower;
Diſdain the lowly Dirt that fed 'em,
And ſcorn the very Filth that bred 'em?
Thus turning, as their Wings grow great,
High-Flyers now, that crawl'd of late.
So worthleſs Mortals, mean by Birth,
Creep humbly o'er the duſty Earth;
'Till rais'd by *Fortune*, and by *Fame*,
Then ſoon forget from whence they came,

And Lord it o'er their Fellow-Creature,
As if their Pride had ſtretch'd their Stature
Above the Pitch of Human Nature.

But ſince thou ſeem'ſt to have a Senſe
Of ſome uncommon Difference
Between a Whig in Office put,
And the ſame Zealot when he's out;
Diſcloſe your Thoughts, and let me hear
What diff'rent Characters they bear?
And how they alter their Behaviour,
When once crept into *Fortune*'s Favour?

Says he, ſince you deſire to know 'em,
I'll in their proper Colours ſhow 'em;
And you will find, when once you've ſeen 'em,
As much Diſparity between 'em,
As e'er was found in Servant Maid,
Before ſhe was to Sin betray'd,
And after ſhe has ſtood the Thruſt,
To ſatisfy her Maſter's Luſt,

And from her Scrubbing and her Sweeping,
Is for her Charms, advanc'd to Keeping.
Marry, ſaid I, at this ſame Rate,
The Diff'rence muſt be very great;
F'r a Servant made her Maſter's Whore,
Tho' humbl' and diligent before,
Grows twice as proud as *Lucifer*.
But prethee, Friend, without Delay,
Let's hear what 'tis you have to ſay.
A Whig, ſays he, o' th' City ſort,
That's unacquainted with the Court,
I juſtly muſt define to be
A Man of pure Integritie;
One, who by ſeeking out the Lord,
And conſtant hearing of the Word,
Does ſo abound in ſaving Grace,
That you may read it in his Face;
By which you'll know him at a View,
As eas'ly as you can a Jew:

Beſides,

Beſides, he never ſwears an Oath
Beyond his Conſcience or his Troth,
Nor Lies, except to let us ſee,
That no Man is from Error free.
He hates the Vanity of Kings,
And Pomp of all ſuch uſeleſs Things,
Scorning thoſe Idolizing Aſſes
That bow to either Crowns or Croſſes,
Except it be to thoſe we find
Stamp'd on our Silver when its Coin'd.
All Right to Rule, he does premiſe
Did from Agreement firſt ariſe,
And that our K——s, for all their Vapours,
Are but the People's Under-ſtrappers.
Government he declares to be
Built up by Human Policie;
And that the Saints may change its Nature
As oft as they can form a better.
He owns no more, for all our Struggle,
Of *Jus Divinum* in the Juggle,

Than in a Pack of Cards, where Kings
And Knaves beat all their Underlings.
He Tooth and Nail aloud denies
All Titles fetch'd beyond the Skies
Or Pow'r, but what the People grant
By ſolemn League and Covenant;
And dare affirm, by Dint of Reaſon,
In ſpight of Law, that calls it Treaſon,
That if the Monarch ſtrains a Point,
And knocks the Balance out of Joint,
Whate'er he thus ſhould do, to force
The Springs beyond their legal Courſe,
Can merit no Denomination,
But Tyranny and Uſurpation:
And this old Argument he brings
Againſt th' incroaching Pow'r of Kings.
If Subjects do the *Compact* break,
Their Lives and Fortunes are at Stake:
Then how muſt thoſe that rule the Roaſt,
Be puniſh'd when th' abuſe their Truſt?

Next theſe, a ſtanch old Whig is he,
Wh' untainted with Authority,
Is one, that for the publick Good,
Will venture Fortune, or his Blood,
Or is at leaſt ſo very crafty,
To ſay he'll do't for common Safety:
In all things, he declares to be
For Liberty and Propertie;
And e'er he would be mulct one Penny
By King or Biſhop, or by any
But Parliament, he'd draw his Dagger,
And like a true old *Roman* Swagger,
Or whet his Pen-knife, or his Razer,
And turn a *Brutus* unto *Cæſar*.

In's Principles he's ſtiff and ſtout,
And is ſo ſturdily devout,
He ſcorns to b' either led or drove
To what his Conſcience can't approve.
Thus, ſooner than he'd change his Path,
He'd die a Martyr for his Faith;

And rather would embrace a Rope
Or Faggot, than obey the Pope.

He's one that firmly does maintain
Himſelf a true Republican;
And that he means the Nation's Good
In all things that a Subject ſhou'd.
Thus he pretends, where e'er he goes.
Theſe are the outward Signs he ſhows,
But what is in him, Heaven knows.

I find, ſaid I, you only ſcan,
As yet, the Outſide of the Man,
As Boys at School, where I have ſeen 'em
Do Verſe, before they know what's in 'em:
But ſince you've drawn the Saint, before he
Has rais'd himſelf to Pomp and Glorie,
Pray now proceed, and let me ſee
The Zealot in Authoritie;
His Juſtice, Mercy, and good Nature,
When climb'd above his Fellow-Creature.

Says

Says he, I grieve at the Occaſion,
But yet will ſpeak without Evaſion.
A modern Whig, when once he feels
The pleaſing Warmth of S—— ſmiles,
He ſhifts his Principles, and then
Loves Int'reſt juſt like other Men.
So when the Sun does hotteſt ſhine,
The ſubtle Serpent ſheds her Skin:
And changing thus the Coat ſhe wore,
Becomes more ſpeckled than before.

The honeſt Man, of whom we ſpeak,
Once ſo Religious, and ſo Meek,
Who rav'd at others Faults aloud,
To pleaſe, and to amuſe the Crowd;
No ſooner is he rais'd on high,
His mod'rate Management to try,
But all his old pretended Zeal
For th' Welfare of the Common-weal,
Moſt baſely dwindles in a trice
To Pride, Revenge, and Avarice,

That his old Love he ſoon withdraws
From us, the Champions of the Cauſe.
So Chanticlear, that takes a Looſe
From Muck-hill to the 'Top o' th' Houſe;
Flutt'ring his Wings, does proudly Crow
O'er all the cackling Train below.

Altho' before he loudly cry'd
Againſt all thoſe that miſapply'd
The publick Stock to their own Uſes,
T' enrich themſelves by ſuch Abuſes;
Blaming his envy'd Predeceſſors
For vile and treacherous Tranſgreſſors,
In ſinking, by their crafty Stealth,
The bubbl'd Nation's publick Wealth:
Yet when himſelf, thro' R—— Grace,
Is choſen into Pow'r and Place,
The ſelf-ſame Failings ſoon appear
Blots in his own new Character;
For what before he render'd odious,
He now finds uſeful and commodious;

So reconciles each gainful Cheat
To be a lawful Perquesite;
And to heap up an ill-got Store,
Out-does the K—— that went before.
Thus one R—— will another blame
For Ills, and spread abroad his Shame;
But when himself obtains a Place
Of Trust, quite fearless of Disgrace,
He proves more greedy, and more base.
The publick Good, which was his Tone,
Is now less minded than his own.
Conscience, that wary faithful Guide,
Religion, Justice, Grace beside,
Which us'd to be his whole Discourse,
Are now made servile to his Purse.
His Av'rice does his Morals blind,
And solves all Scruples of the Mind.
No Favour to his Friends he shows,
Nor Human Mercy to his Foes:
Honesty ebbs, as Int'rest flows.

His

His Moderation's quite forgot,
Altho' he's for no Party hot;
For like a Rook at Gaming-Table,
Whilst others wrangle, bet, and squabble,
The Cards he does with Cunning deal,
And cheats all Sides with equal Zeal.

Tyrannick arbitrary Sway,
At which he bellow'd ev'ry Day,
And made so much a Rout about it,
When all Men knew we were without it,
He would be now for exercising,
As if he thought that Tyrannizing
Would prove essential to his Rising.
So does the Pious Dame, in Passion,
Her Venom spit at Fornication;
But warm'd with Lust, she's soon prevail'd on
To act the very Sin she rail'd on.

The Cause for which he us'd to squabble,
He now but values as a Bauble,

And

And is ſo far from being Low-Church,
That Int'reſt has confirm'd him No-Church,
Which is alone the wav'ring Guide,
That leads him o'er to any Side,
And makes him ſtill appear moſt hearty
For thoſe that prove the gainfull'ſt Party.
So cunning Pleaders ſtrain the Laws,
And wrangle for the richeſt Cauſe;
Which ſhews, that Gold is the Aſcendant
That wins for Plaintiff, or Defendant.
The very Friends that rais'd him high,
In hopes of Benefit thereby,
That ſo applauded all his Gifts,
And us'd ſo many ſubtle Shifts
To make our Tribe believe no other,
But that he was a faithful Brother:
Nay, we that magnify'd his Merit,
And prais'd his Anticrown-head Spirit,
Extoll'd his Qualities and Graces,
And all his old Republick Paces;

Yet notwithſtanding all our Arts
To rend'r him as a Whig of Parts,
Deſerving truly of our Hearts,
Now *Great*, he looks no more upon us,
Than if the Trimmer ne'er had known us,
Tho' we, like Pack-threads to a Kite,
Were Means to mount him to his Height.
So th' Vintner, when he firſt begins,
Submits to all our Drunken Sins,
And to gain Cuſtom and Applauſe,
Bows low with ev'ry Pint he draws:
But when grown Rich, he looks awry
On Fools that rais'd him up ſo high,
The ſharper too, who'as long depended
On him, by whom he'as been befriended,
When once kind *Fortune* Rich has made him,
Diſdains the very Hand that fed him.
The humble Look, and formal Grace,
That ſanctify'd his meagre Face,

From Eye to Chin are chang'd, and now
An awful Pride adorns his Brow.
His Frowns demand low Reverence,
And nods like Comma's point his Senſe.
Each ſolemn Promiſe that he makes,
If not with Int'reſt back'd, he breaks;
Enſnaring even thoſe that love him,
Oppreſſing ſuch that can't approve him,
And undermining all above him.
He looks with a revengeful Eye
On all that at his Mercy lye,
And bluſters in Authoritie
Like *Boreas* in a Storm at Sea,
'Till hated worſe by Men of Senſe,
Than Flatt'ry or Impertinence.
He's ſcornful, jealous, and ſevere,
Baſe, falſe, and proud as *Lucifer*,
And thinks his Riſe but juſtly due
To Merits, which he ne'er could ſhew.

Tho' Rich and Great, he's ne'er at Eaſe,
But reſtleſs as the rowling Seas,
Which are to Rage ſo much inclin'd,
They ſwell with ev'ry Blaſt of Wind.
His Truſt he does but ill diſcharge;
His Pow'r is exercis'd at large.
The Bags which do his Coffers load,
Are gain'd by Siniſtry and Fraud.
Gold is the Magnet whoſe Attraction
Commands his Heart in ev'ry Action:
To that his Avaricious Soul
Points like the Needle to the Pole:
By that alone he ſteers his Courſe,
And yields to its prevailing Force.
In ſhort, his Malice and Ambition,
His Avaricious Diſpoſition;
His Pride, his Cruelty, his Hate,
His haſty Temper to be Great;

His

His Heat, his Fury, and his Paſſion,
Makes him appear to all the Nation,
The meer Reverſe of Moderation.

Said I, if one diſſenting Brother
Can ſpeak no better of another,
But little K——s upbraid the big,
And Whig thus raves and rails at Whig,
Well may the Church expect no leſs
Than Uſage infamouſly baſe
From ſuch a ſpiteful ſtubborn Race.

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

THE Diſſenters Conſciencious Objections againſt the Epiſcopal Church. Together with their reaſonable Propoſals for a Compliance with her Diſcipline. To which is added, the Biſhop of *Oſſory*'s Epiſtle to King *Charles* II. wherein forgetful Princes are put in Mind of their Duty. Price 6 *d.*

The Diſſenter, a Poem. Price 1 *s.*

The Memorial of the Preſbyterians, exemplify'd in the Solemn League and Covenant, as it paſs'd in *England*, *Jan.* 29. 1644. with the Perſons Names then preſent. Whereunto is annex'd, 1. The Form and Manner of his Majeſty's Coronation in *Scotland*; with a Sermon then preach'd on that Occaſion, by *Robert Douglas* of *Edenburgh*. 2. A Declaration of the King's Majeſty to all his loving Subjects of the Kingdom of *Scotland*, *&c.* in the Year 1650. 3. The great Danger of Covenant-breaking, *&c.* being the Subſtance of a Sermon preach'd by *Edm. Calamy*, *Jan.* 14. 1645. before Sir *Tho. Adams*, then Lord Mayor of *London*; together with the Sherriffs, Aldermen, and Common Council of the ſaid City; being the Day of their taking the Solemn League and Covenant at St. *Michael Baſenſhaw*, *London*. Price 1 *s.*

The Moderation, Juſtice, and Manners of the *Review*, exemplify'd from his own Works. Price 6 *d.*

Hudibras Redivivus, Nine Parts. Price 6 *d.* each.

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus*. Price 6 *d.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 AUG

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Tenth.

CANTO XV.

HAving thus heard from Holy Brother,
One Whig's Opinion of another;
Says he, Your Servant; Friends muſt part.
I'm yours, ſaid I, with all my Heart.
Thus humbly ſhew'd my ſelf as civil
As Doctor *Edwards* to the Devil;
So kindly bidding each farewel,
Like fighting Mares, we both turn'd Tail;
And had not Decency forbid,
Like them too we had kick'd and neigh'd;

For all the friendly Love between us,
Was from Teeth outwards, not within us.
So fawning Courtiers often meet,
And bow to one another's Feet,
Who ſeek, by Means profoundly baſe,
To bring each other to Diſgrace.
When thus I'd gladly turn'd my Back
Upon a Knave of *Calvin*'s Pack,
And reſcu'd my impatient Senſes
From all his dull Impertinences,
It being a *Whitſun* Holy-day,
When 'Prentice Boys have Leave to play,
I rambled on from Street to Street,
To ſee what Paſtimes I could meet;
And as I wander'd up and down
With twenty Crotchets in my Crown,
Begot by ſundry pretty Sights,
And various giddy-brain'd Delights,
By Lovers Ages ſince appointed
To bring young Men and Maids acquainted,

That

That all their merry harmleſs Sporting
Might end in Kiſſing and in Courting,
That *Adam*'s Folly might go round,
And Marriage ſtill maintain its Ground;
That State which caus'd our Parents Fall,
And introduc'd the Dev'l and all.

Some Laſſes were at Stool-ball ſweating,
And to and fro their Balls were patting,
That longing Youth might ſtand and ſee
Their airy briſk Activity;
And for their nimble Steps and Straddles,
Their panting Breaſts, and ſlender Middles,
Commend 'em, flatt'r 'em, and admire 'em,
And in ſome other Place deſire 'em,
Where they, exempt from Fear or Shame,
Might play a much more foolliſh Game.
So wanton Jilts, to win Mens Hearts,
Oft dance to ſhew their active Parts,
That by their airy nimble Footting,
Their lofty Cap'ring, and their Cutting,

They might by Lookers on, be gueſs'd
Moſt charming Devils when undreſs'd.
Others in Pairs ſtept into Coaches,
To ride Poſt-haſte to their Debauches;
Whipp'd up the Saſhes made of Tin,
To hide their Impudence within;
Tho' what they did when ſo inclos'd,
I grant can only be ſuppos'd;
But when thus hid from Human Eyes,
A jealous Sinner would ſurmiſe,
That Lovers ſomething more were doing,
Than juſt the common Bus'neſs Wooing;
For ſhe that will admit her Spark
To bear her Comp'ny in the Dark,
Moſt certainly excludes the Light,
To do the Bus'neſs of the Night.
Among the reſt, were booted Cits,
Mounted on Galloppers and Tits,
Whoſe Spurs are new, and eke their Bridles,
As often as they mount their Saddles.

Some

Some had their Wives, and ſome their Jades,
Trick'd up behind on ambling Pads,
Wrapp'd up in Duſt-Gowns, richer far
Than Quality preſume to wear,
Beribbonn'd down from Head to A——ſe,
Like any Lord May'r's ſtately Horſe.
Their ſtiff Commodes in Triumph ſtar'd
Above their Fore-heads half a Yard.
With Top-knots, which did bobbing anſwer
The Motions of each Lady's Prancer;
That by their Heads, a Man might know
Whether the Nag that mov'd below,
Walk'd, Trotted, Gallopp'd, Pac'd, or Ambl'd,
And alſo when he tripp'd or Stumbl'd:
For as a Friggat's Pendant ſhows
When the Wind veers, and how it blows;
So by the Flip-flap, and the Nod
Of Madam's Top-knot and Commode,
We knew what Pace the Jennet trod;

And could, without a Wizards Senſe,
Judiciouſly infer from thence,
If Madam ſate with Eaſe, or whether
She rode in Danger of her Leather?

Thus dreſs'd like Goddeſſes of *May*,
The Ladies, as a Man may ſay,
Rid Poſt, becauſe in great *Decorum*;
Their Huſbands rid with Horns before 'em
So large, they could not chuſe but ſhew 'em,
Altho' they did not care to blow 'em:
The Reaſon's plain, becauſe they fear'd
They ſhould alarm the City Herd;
Knowing where Cuckoldom goes round,
A Horn muſt give an odious Sound,
Ingrateful to the Ears of thoſe,
Upon whoſe fruitful budding Brows
The ſhameful Creſt in Triumph grows.
So a *Welſh* Thrummer's ſlaving Aſs,
That carr's his Harp from Place to Place,

Teaz'd with the Inſtrument he bears,
Its Sound grows odious to his Ears.

Thus did the ſundry Female Troops,
Conducted by their Ninconpoops,
In ſcatt'ring Numbers, joſtling meet,
And raiſe the Duſt in ev'ry Street;
Some going *Eaſt*, and others *Weſt*;
Some to be Kiſs'd, and others Preſs'd;
Some to behold fine *Chelſea* Colledge,
Others to *Epſom* and to *Dulledge*,
To rince their Inſides firſt with Water,
And when that's done, to foul 'em a'ter.
So beauteous Dames of high Renown,
In Summer, leave the vicious Town,
For *Tunbridge* or the *Bath*, to clean
Their Charms without ſide and within,
But oft perverting their Intent,
Return when three Months Time they've ſpent,
Much more poluted than they went.

Thus *London*-Cuckolds and their 'Spouſes,
Young Merchants, and their Jilts and Huzzies,
Rich Vintners mounted on their Pads,
Fat Vict'lars on their founder'd Jades,
Match'd with ſuch red-fac'd Blowzabella's,
That by their tawny Hides and Tallows,
A Man might know them to be Fellows
Mounted on hirling Tits, who coſt
But Eighteen Pence a Side at moſt:
Leaden-Hall Butchers, with their Brides,
Whoſe Buttocks had devour'd their Sides,
Mounted on Scrubs that us'd to ſcowr,
Upon a Trot, eight Miles an Hour.
Theſe mix'd with Brewers, and their Mopſies,
Half dead with Timpanies and Dropſies,
For want of taking timely Warning
Againſt huge Draughts of Ale i' th' Morning,
Mounted on Pads that take ſmall Pains,
Puff'd up like Hogs with Goods and Grains,

And,

And, like their Riders, wanted Breath,
To reſcue 'em from approaching Death.
Some fat-ars'd Sows and luſty Loobies
Were got on Gallaways and Hobbies,
Scarce half ſo big as Jills and Jacks,
The poor Tits carry'd on their Backs.
All theſe confus'dly mix'd together,
Were jogging on the L——d knows whether,
To ſpend that Time they had to ſpare
I' th' Country Duſt, inſtead of Air,
Which flew much thicker, tho' not higher,
Than Clouds of Smoak from Brewer's Fire;
For ſuch a Crowd of Trotters, Pacers,
Pads, Hunters, Hobbies, Tits, and Racers,
Muſt grind the drowthy Roads to Powder,
And raiſe a moſt confounded Smother.

This Cavalcade b'ing gone and paſt,
All ſcamp'ring out of Town in haſte,
The ſinful Troops ſoon diſappear'd,
And left the Streets of *London* clear'd,

Where Shops and Stalls were all ſhut in,
And Paſſengers appear'd ſo thin,
As if ſome Peſtilential Curſe,
Not the Horn-Plague, but ſomething worſe,
Had drove the frighted Cucks from thence,
To ſhun the fatal Conſequence;
At laſt advancing to the *Change*,
That ſeem'd, thro' Silence, very ſtrange,
Whoſe Walls, like *Babel*'s Tower, us'd
To ecchoe with ſtrange Tongues confus'd,
That humm'd and buzz'd, and made a Pother,
To cheat and cozen one another.
From this gay Pile I had not gone
So far as I could toſs a Stone,
But in my Walk I chanc'd to meet
Such aukward Creatures in the Street,
Saunt'ring along by two and two,
So fooliſhly, as if they knew
Not what they were about to do.

They

They gap'd and ſtar'd, and crep'd along,
And now and then an Arſe they hung,
As if the foremoſt Fools were jealous,
That they ſhould looſe their hindmoſt Fellows.
Their Limbs all mov'd, from Head to Gammon,
As if hung on by Madam *Sammon*;
And ſure I am, more antick Faces
Were never carv'd on Viol Baſes:
Some had Hare Lips, and ſome wry Necks;
Some bandy Legs, ſome crooked Backs;
Some ſquinted, ſome for Teeth, had Snags
At leaſt as long as Cobler's Pegs;
Which made them look as if their Mother
Had long'd for ſome Boar's Head or other.
Some had their formal Noddles put
In Wigs of the *Geneva* Cut,
Such as hung out ſome Years ago
On Barbers Blockheads for a Show,
And had no Curl as I could find,
Beſides the Duck's-tail Turn behind,

As if the Zealots meant to hide,
By humble Dreſs, their inward Pride.
So Miſers, who command full Bags,
Take Pleaſure to appear in Rags,
The better to preſerve their Store,
And cheat the World, to think 'em poor.
Others did moſt preciſely wear
Their own lank puritannick Hair,
Barb'd to one ſtandard Length, and hung
To th' Collar down, or ſcarce ſo long;
For by ſome formal *Tonſor*'s Care,
'Twas ſnipp'd ſo round and regular,
That one would gueſs he clapp'd a Bowl
On each Enthuſiaſtick Poll,
So did his Buſ'neſs with a Jirk
By th' Wooden Cap, to make true Work;
That by the Locks on formal Pate,
Like Hemp new comb'd, ſo very ſtrait,
They might prevent the World's Suſpicion
Of their damn'd crooked Diſpoſition.

Their

Their flapping Hats were of a Size
That hung like Bongrace o'er their Eyes,
And Panthous like, ſo ſkreen'd the Noddies,
No Rain could touch their ill-ſhap'd Bodies.
Their Coats were of ſo old a Faſhion,
As if deriv'd from the Creation,
And copy'd by the Thief that made 'em,
From the firſt Taylor, Father *Adam*.
The Sleeve, the Skirt, the Pocket-hole,
The Button, nay, the Button-moul',
Seem'd by their Make, the very Sort
Once worn at Father *Abraham*'s Court.
Court may I ſay without Offence,
Becauſe the Scripture does evince,
That ev'ry Patriarch was a Prince.
Thus habited, the Godly Throng
In ſolemn manner march'd along.
So have I ſeen a cunning Knave,
Dreſs'd up moſt exquiſitely grave,

The better to deceive Mankind,
And work thoſe Ills he had deſign'd.

With theſe, were kindly mix'd together,
Their goodly Wives, or Hand-maids rather,
Becauſe this nonconforming Sect
Ne'er Marry as our Laws direct,
Except when Lands are in the Caſe,
And then 'tis true they have the Grace
To ſave their Children from the Flaw
Of being Baſtards in the Law.
The Pious Dames, amongſt the reſt,
Advanc'd moſt primitively dreſs'd;
The black Silk Hood, with formal Pride,
Firſt rowl'd, beneath the Chin was ty'd
So cloſe, ſo very trim and neat,
So rouud, ſo formal, ſo compleat,
That not one Jag of wicked Lace,
Or Rag of Linnen white had Place
Betwixt the black Bag and the Face,

Which

Which peep'd from out the ſable Hood,
Like *Luna* from a ſullen Cloud,
That had but juſt a Hole to ſhow
Her beauteous Face to us below.
The ſtrait-lac'd puritannick Gown
They wore, was of a Colour brown,
As was the Country Ale they drank,
To make the Spirit briſk and crank,
That their Enthuſiaſtick Light
Might ſhine more fancifully bright;
For G——d Almighty's Lambs, ſome ſay,
Will Tipple too, as well as Pray,
And when the Spirit moves 'em to't,
Will gratify the Fleſh to boot;
For Nature will ſometimes take place,
And Fancy grow too hard for Grace,
That Saints in their regen'rate State,
So much refin'd from Reprobate,

No more can ſtop their ſinful Courſes,
When Love and Liquor join their Forces,
Than Maids can manage unback'd Horſes.

With Aprons green they cover'd o'er
Woman's moſt ſinful Part before,
Except the Tongue, which ſome allow
Is the more wicked of the two:
But why like Milk-maids they are ſeen
So oft i' th' *May-day* Colour, Green,
With which they hide that tempting Spot
That caus'd old *Adam*'s Fall, G——d wot,
For me, the L——d above us knows,
Except (as I ſuppoſe) becauſe
Eve's Fig-leaf Apron that ſhe wore,
The very ſelf-ſame Colour bore?
Which decent Shift the modeſt Dame
Invented firſt to cover Shame.
So that in pious Memory
Of our old Grannam's Modeſty,

They

They ſtill retain the verdent Flag,
Which puts in Mind each merry Wag,
What Care our Mother *Eve* was in
To hide beneath an Apron green,
The very Original of Sin,
That *Adam* might not gaze with Wonder
At what his lovely 'Spouſe had under;
But that when his wild Herbal Food
Had put him in an am'rous Mood,
He ſhould be forc'd to court his Bride
To lay the Fig-leaf Fence aſide;
Which tho' for Vertue we agree
Was but a thin Security,
Yet well conſid'ring *Adam*'s Diet,
A ſmall Defence might make him quiet;
For he that for his Living Grazes,
But little minds his Wife's Embraces.
High Feeding 'tis that makes us jolly,
And prompts the wanton Fleſh to Folly:

This moves the Lambs of Grace to play,
And leads too oft their Flocks aſtray;
For tho' they look that one would think
They weigh'd their Vict'als and their Drink,
For fear they ſhould by chance exceed
Their Stint of Liquor, Meat, or Bread;
Yet were you once but to inſpect
The Lives of this reforming Sect,
You'd find no greater Gormondizing
Than daily they are exerciſing;
For tho' they look, and tho' they dreſs,
As if avers'd to Wickedneſs,
And wear ſuch Holy Signs without 'em,
As if they hid no Vice about 'em:
Yet notwithſtanding all their Shew
Of Grace, in private they purſue
Their Pleaſures juſt as others do.
So have I ſeen at Chriſt'ning-Feaſt,
A Harlot ſo demurely dreſt,

She look'd as modeſt as a Maid
That ne'er had been to Sin betray'd,
When in her private Converſation
Sh'ad Luſt enough to damn a Nation,
And tire the whole Male Generation.

As thus I ſtrol'd along the Street,
Such Gangs and Parcels did I meet
Of theſe quaint primitive Diſſemblers,
In old Queen *Beſs*'s Days call'd Tremblers;
For their ſham Shaking, and their Shivering,
When the kind Spirit was endeavouring
With Flint of Faith, and Steel of Grace,
To ſtrike a Light, as now-a-days
We have it in a modern Phraſe,
To illuminate the Tenebroſity
Of Conſcience with ſome ſtrange Curioſity
In Holy Matters, that they might,
By vertue of their new-found Light,
Diſcover ſome untrodden Path,
As wild and crooked as their Faith.

I gaz'd at every *Annanias*,
Who ſeem'd ſo ſerious, and ſo pious,
And walk'd ſo ſtiff, as if they meant
To govern ev'ry Step they went
By th' Rules of the *Old Teſtament*;
Mix'd with their *Sarah*'s and *Rebec*'s,
With holy Mein and ſtubborn Necks,
So prim, ſo trim, ſo chaſt and pure,
So learn'd in Scripture, ſo demure,
That any Man that underſtood but
Their Phiſiognomies, and wou'd but
Inſpect their Features, they might find,
Nay, read, excepting they were blind,
Rachel and *Ruth*'s old Godly Books
Reprinted in their very Looks:
But could we ſearch another Part,
And read what's written in the Heart,
Perhaps we there at large might ſee,
In ſpite of all that Modeſty

That ſits on puritannick Brow ;
O John, *coms Kiſs me now, now, now* ;
For Saint, as well as ſinful Creature,
Alas! muſt do the Deeds of Nature ;
For Fleſh and Blood, 'till Age prevail,
Of all Religions will be frail,
And vicious be by Starts and Fits,
According to their Appetites.
'Tis not th' external Shew of Grace
That dwells upon a Zealot's Face,
Or formal puritannick Dreſs,
That makes 'em wicked e'er the leſs ;
For by Experience we have found,
That Vertue does no more abound
In quirpo Hood, or Pot-lid Hat,
In Lute-ſtring Whiſk, or Roſe Cravat,
Than in the flanting high Commode,
Or Wig that does the Noddle load.
Bullies, whoſe Courage lies in Words,
Delight to wear huge hacking Swords,

That we by th' Length of their Toledo's,
May think 'em to be ſtout Bravado's;
But if *Fame*'s Trumpet don't bely 'em,
They'll prove rank Cowards when we try 'em.
So Puritans, the World to cheat,
Appear in Garb preciſely neat,
In hopes the erring Multitude,
Becauſe they're grave, may think 'em good;
When if we try 'em, we ſhall find
Their Dreſs is but a Holy Blind
The Hypocrites put on, to hide
Their Envy, Avarice, and Pride;
Beſides, Religion, Vertue, Grace,
Cannot be ſeated in the Face;
Nor are theſe Bleſſings ſeen without us,
In quaint Apparel worn about us,
But are of ſuch a Heav'nly Kind,
They only can poſſeſs the Mind;
There form a Conſcience, by whoſe Force
We ſteer an upright ſteady Courſe;

Diſcharge thoſe Duties that we owe
To Heav'n, and all Mankind below;
For Mercy, Love, and Charity,
The Touch-ſtone of our Deeds ſhould be.
Religious Actions muſt alone
By the good Fruits they bear, be known,
And ev'ry Chriſtian-like Intent
Be conſtru'd by the juſt Event.
'Tis not a Whine, a Pine, a Groan,
A ſhaking Head, a canting Tone,
A leaning on a Crutched Staff,
A Hypocritick Frown or Laugh,
That ſhew the Vertues of the Mind,
Or how the Heart does ſtand inclin'd.
Our outwards Actions beſt will tell,
Whether the Mind meant ill or well;
Or elſe ſhort-ſighted Human Nature
Can no ways judge of's Fellow-Creature;
For Human Knowledge firſt commences
From Things demonſtrate to our Senſes.

What lies beyond 's no more or leſs,
Than barely an uncertain Gueſs.
As theſe by Notions fill'd my Pate,
The ſcatter'd Flock grew ſtill more great,
Creeping as ſlow as ſlimy Snail
In Vict'lars Cellar fill'd with Ale.
I wonder'd, as I march'd along,
At this ſtrange puritannick Throng:
Thought I, what ſudden Reformation
Has ſanctify'd our *Engliſh* Nation,
That Crowds of *Ramſy*'s Saints thus meet
At ev'ry Corner of the Street?
Thus pond'ring on theſe Holy Streams,
Of Zealots, who rely on Dreams;
Thoſe old Enthuſiaſtick Cheats,
The Products of their Drunken Fits;
At laſt it jump'd into my Head,
That at the Time of *Whitſun-Tide*,
The Q——s Yearly think it fitting
To hold in Town a Gen'ral Meeting,

That

That diſtant Friends may talk with Friends,
The better to effect their Ends,
And ſome new ſubtle Means provide
To cozen all Mankind beſide.
Thought I, ſince now I recollect
The weighty Bus'neſs of your Sect,
I'll e'en attend you in the Rear,
And ſee where 'tis you mean to ſteer.
Accordingly I took my Poſt,
Lieutenant Gen'ral of the Hoſt,
The better to obſerve (G——d love 'em)
Which way the Spirit meant to move 'em;
That *Ignis Fatuus*, which betrays
Dull F——ls into erroneous Ways;
That flaming Vapour of Conceit,
Produc'd i' th' Brain by Slime and Heat;
That falſe Enthuſiaſtick Light
Which leads Men wrong, inſtead of right;
That glim'ring Ray, which fiery Zeal
Can only to dark Souls reveal;

That Spark, which wiſer Heads leſs mind,
Than the poop Lanthorn which we find
Seated in Glow-Worm's Arſe behind.

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, in Ten Parts. Price 6 *d.* each.
The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Eleventh.

CANTO XVI.

AFter the gentle Lambs of Grace
I ſtalk'd along a *Spaniard*'s Pace,
Like *Hampſhire Roger*, *Ralph*, or *Will*,
Driving his Hogs to *Tower-Hill.*
From *Cornhill* up tow'rds *Lumbard-Street*,
Where Friends in mighty Numbers meet,
The Quaking Zealots, with their 'Spouſes,
In ſolemn Wiſe all turn'd their Noſes,
'Till to an ancient Inn they came,
The *Bull and Mouth* by Sign and Name:

So call'd, as I ſuppoſe, becauſe
Horn'd Zealots there, with gaping Jaws,
Roar, when the Spirit moves, aloud
Strange Nonſenſe to a brainleſs Crowd.
At laſt they came to Holy Ground,
On which there ſtood a Wooden Pound,
Where the ſtray'd Lambs in great Compunction
All met together in Conjunction,
With one Accord, to ſeek that Light
Which Father *Ramſy* firſt, in ſpite
To old King *Harry*'s Reformation,
Struck up, to plague the *Engliſh* Nation.
By Dint of Elbow, mov'd by Grace,
They crowded in a wond'rous Pace,
Like zealous Whigs upon St. *Michael*,
Who ſweating ſqueeze in dripping Pickle
Into *Guild-Hall*, that by their buſtling,
Their clawing, clam'ring, and their joſtling,
They might at laſt elect a Lord
That would with their Deſigns accord,

Without

Without the leaſt Conſideration,
Whether the Work in Agitation,
Be right or wrong, be ill or well,
Deriv'd from Heaven, or from Hell?
When this ſame Slit-deal Tabernacle,
Where Coxcombs Crow, and old Hens Cackle,
Without a Pulpit, Pew, or Steeple,
Had drain'd the Yard of *Pen*'s good People.
Amongſt the reſt, I ſhuffl'd in,
T' obſerve their Exerciſe within,
And what ſtrange furious Zeal could lead
This ſuperfine reforming Breed
From the Church-Worſhip to diſſent,
That's ſo Divinely excellent,
To ſerve the L——d-like canting Scrubs,
With Hypocritick Sighs and Sobs,
As if good Heav'n, who loves to hear,
From contrite Heart, a chearful Pray'r,
Was pleas'd with the prepoſt'rous Fancies
Of frantick Saints bereaſt of Senſes.

No ſooner had I ſqueez'd my Carcaſe
Near to the Foot of Gall'ry-Staircaſe,
But ſuch a Humming, as I live,
Went thro' the penitential Hive,
Mix'd with ſuch hollow Sighs and Groans,
Expreſs'd with ſuch pathetick Tones,
That would have mov'd a Wall of Flint,
Except the D——l had been in't,
To've eccho'd back by Repetition,
Their woeful, ſinful, ſad Condition.
As for my part, I ſtood amaz'd,
And thought the whole Aſſembly craz'd,
And that their melancholy Fits
Had quite depriv'd 'em of their Wits;
For who'd imagine Human Nature,
So wiſe, ſo rational a Creature,
Should think to work out their Salvation
By ſuch ſtrange forc'd Diſſimulation.
Their ſtiff-neck'd Pride diſdain'd to ſhew
That Rev'rence which to Heav'n is due,

But on their Haunches did they ſit,
In crowded Gall'ry, and in Pit,
Squeez'd up like Holy-day Spectators
At one of *R——ch*'s lewd Theatres.
Had *Hodmedod*'s and *Preſtor John*'s
Been mix'd with Sarazens and Huns,
Or *Iriſh* wild, and *Scotch* Highlanders,
Been join'd with ſullen Boars from *Flanders*,
They'd not have made, with all their odd Looks,
A Compoſition of ſuch bad Looks.
A Shew of ſuch uncommon Faces,
Such Pouts, ſuch Grins, and ſuch Grimaces,
As grac'd this whining Congregation,
Were ſure beyond all Imitation:
No *Roman* Artiſt e'er could draw
The ſtrange Variety I ſaw:
Such Leers and Snears, ſuch frowning Glances,
Such ſtrain'd ill-favour'd Countenances,
Were ne'er touch'd up to like Perfection
In *Michael Ang'lo*'s Reſurrection;

Nor was the Scene I'm repreſenting,
Unlike that Sacred Piece of Painting;
For thoſe that did to Gall'ry riſe,
Caſt up tow'rds Heav'n their wiſhing Eyes,
Whilſt thoſe that ſighing ſate below,
Look'd down, as if they meant to ſhow
Which way they were decreed to go.

In this Surprize I ſtood a while,
And ſometimes cough'd to hide a Smile;
For Fleſh and Blood, that did but ſee
Their Looks, and their Hypocriſy;
The Poſtures of the Zeal-mad Noddies,
The Motions of their Heads and Bodies,
Could not forbear a Laugh, to ſmother,
At ſome odd Paſſage or another.
Some held their Hands upon their Jaws,
As if the Tooth-Ach was the Cauſe,
Whilſt other Zealots thump'd their Breaſt,
As if with Grief or Flegm oppreſt,

And ſuch ſtrange antick Geſtures had,
That ſhew'd 'em not devout, but mad,
As if old *Satan* had, in ſpite
Of all their boaſted inward Light,
Blown out the Heav'nly ſhining Spark,
And left the inward Man i' th' Dark:
For *Satan* is a cunning Fiend,
That lies perdue to gain his End,
And moſt induſtriouſly invents
Strange Ways to diſappoint the Saints.
At laſt a Churl, with grizly Beard,
Whoſe Eyes like any Fury's ſtar'd,
I' th' Gall'ry from his Seat aroſe,
With Hat pull'd o'er his Beetle Brows,
Who when he'ad poſturiz'd his Face,
And humm'd for ſome few Minutes Space,
As if his hollow Skull had been
A Hive fill'd full of Bees within,
Who had, by their induſtrious Pains,
To Wax and Honey turn'd his Brains;

For the long Speech he did tranſmit,
Was ſometimes hard, and ſometimes ſweet.
I ſay, when he with great Devotion
Had waited thus the Spirit's Motion,
At laſt he thump'd his working Breaſt,
And thus he prattl'd to the reſt:
My Friends, the Spirit bids me tell ye,
You're ſick, and I am come to heal ye.
I ſay, the Plague, the Plague of Sin
Infects you ev'ry Soul within.
Hypocriſy, Vain-glory, Pride,
Do o'er the inward Man preſide,
And lead ye to ſuch evil Courſes,
That you're turn'd *Satan*'s Hobby-horſes;
With wicked Luſt he Shoes your Feet,
And Saddles you with vain Conceit,
Then mounts ye, whips ye, ſpurs ye, rides ye,
And with a Twine-Thread Bridle guides ye;

Teaches you all your wicked Paces,
Hurries you on to ſinful Places,
As Country Tinkers do their Aſſes,
Where Darkneſs does the Light controul,
And evil Sports delude the Soul;
Where Men grow Drunk, and Women Whoriſh,
And all Abominations flouriſh.
Ah! Friends, ſince you're ſo oft forbidden,
Why will you thus be ſlav'd and ridden
By *Satan*, that inſnaring Fiend,
That vile Seducer of Mankind,
That Popiſh *Babylonian* Lyar,
Who dwells in Brimſtone and in Fire,
That Father of the Scarlet Whore,
Who for that Pride we ſhould abhor,
Was damn'd, damn'd, damn'd for evermore?
Therefore, miſtaken Friends, what mean ye
To thus forſake the Light within ye?
I ſay, beware, forbear, take heed,
Turn Tail about, and ſtop your ſpeed.

Rend *Satan's* Bridles from your Necks;
Shake off his Saddles from your Backs;
Throw off your Rider in a Rage;
From his curs'd Service diſingage,
And when he's down, oppoſe him, fight him,
Trample upon him, kick him, bite him,
Subdue him, worry 'm, make him fly,
And watch him with as ſharp an Eye
As now the Low Church do the High:
Shew him leſs Mercy, and more Spite,
Than Whig would do a *Jacobite*;
That is, deride him, mock him, ſcoff him,
And make worſe than a Devil of him.
This is the way to ſnuff the Light,
And make the Spirit ſhine more bright;
That Spirit which is mov'd by Grace
To guide us to yon Heav'nly Place;
That Grace which does the Light new vamp,
As Oil revives the fading Lamp;

That Light, by which the Saints in Glory
Have truly walk'd by long before ye;
That ſhining Goſpel-Light moreover,
By which the L——d's Elect diſcover
That Coaſt, which, free from Rocks and Shelves,
Is known to none except our ſelves.

Therefore, my Friends, I ſay again,
Give Ear unto the inward Man;
Obſerve the Motions of the Spirit,
And mind the Light, or (I aver it)
You've neither Faith, G——d's Grace, or Hope,
But have a darker Way to grope,
Than a blind Beggar near a Well,
Fumbling without his Dog and Bell,
Who nigh him has no Friend or Stranger,
Or Staff, to warn him of the Danger.
So you that are without the Light,
Have nothing to direct you right,
But like a Ship in Tempeſt toſt,
Whoſe Compaſs, and whoſe Rudder's loſt.

You'll looſe your Courſe, and ſplit your ſelves
On *Satan*'s wicked Rocks and Shelves,
Where Canibals Infernal wait,
Enrag'd with Envy, and with Hate,
To ſeize you, tear you all aſunder,
And make your ſinful Souls free Plunder.

Therefore I ſay, my Friends, beware
Ye fall not into *Satan*'s Snare;
For if you do, when once you're taken,
The Saints in Heav'n can't ſave your Bacon.
Beſides, when you're in *Satan*'s Clutches,
Lock'd ſafe beneath his diſmal Hatches,
He'll uſe you worſe than *Doctors Commons*,
Or thoſe vile Catholicks call'd *Romans*;
Nay, ſcorch ye, broil ye, boil ye, roaſt ye,
Baiſt, drudge ye, ſcald ye, burn ye, toaſt ye,
And put ye in a worſe Confuſion,
Than ancient High-Church Perſecution.

Therefore, I ſay, if you'd inherit
The promis'd Land, obſerve the Spirit;

Mind ye the Light, and hear the Word,
And walk uprightly in the Lord.
Abandon all your fleſhly Luſt,
And be to all the Godly juſt;
That is, trade one among another,
And deal as Brother ſhould by Brother:
But if by chance you deal with thoſe
O' th' High-Church, uſe 'em as your Foes;
That is, out-wit 'em ev'ry way;
'Twill be your own another Day.
Deal ſharply, warily, and wiſely,
Cunningly too, and yet preciſely,
But take this Caution by the by,
Be ſure you neither Swear nor Lie,
For they are deadly Sins, that we
The Saints abhor like Popery;
But what the Steeple-Houſe calls Cheating,
And we the Holy Saints, Out-witting:
Alas! it is a Sin ſo ſmall,
In ſhort, no Sin in us at all,

But a poor Priviledge that's given
To th' Saints on Earth by thoſe in Heav'n,
For we th' Elect are always bleſt
With greater Portions, than the reſt,
Of Worldly Wit, as well as Grace,
To arm our ſelves in ev'ry Caſe
Againſt all Human Snares and Tiles,
As well as wicked *Satan*'s Wiles.
Therefore to 've Wit, and not to uſe it,
Is to deſpiſe it, and abuſe it:
And how d' ye think, ſince we enjoy it,
The L——d expects we ſhould employ it,
I ſay, againſt the Sons of *Baal?*
And who thoſe are, we know full well,
Such as in Triumph long have wore
The Trappings of the Scarlet Whore:
The Prieſts of *Dagon*, thoſe vain Praters,
And all their wicked vile Abettors;

Thoſe

Thoſe who in Whores-Hair hide their Heads,
And wear, al[illegible]' the L——d forbids,
Revengeful Weapons by their Sides,
To wound and perſecute the Saints,
And awe them from their juſt Complaints;
Thoſe who annoy the Common-weal
With Arms of Fleſh, and Swords of Steel,
And in their drunken wild Diſorders,
Commit vile, wicked Rapes and Murders:
Alſo againſt thoſe Hawks and Kites,
Thoſe Carrion-Crows call'd *Jacobites*;
Thoſe Reprobates that think ſo odly,
And talk ſo vainly of the Godly.
But hold a little, I miſtake,
My Friends, the Spirit gives a Check,
And bids me not be too ſevere,
But tow'rds 'em ſome Compaſſion bear,
Becauſe, like us, they will not Swear.
But as to thoſe vain wicked People,
That worſhip Organs, Bells, and Steeple;

I ſay, my Friends, it is no more
To over-reach 'em o'er and o'er;
No more a Sin, I do aver it,
If Light be Light and Spirit,
Than 'tis to cheriſh feeble Nature
With a refreſhing Cup o' th' Creature;
For we the Lambs of Grace, ſhould hate
The Wicked and the Reprobate;
Make them, like *Satan*'s evil Brood
Of Serpents, lick the Duſt for Food;
Not ſuffer them to tyrannize
O'er us the Saints in Holy Wiſe,
But let the Righteous undermine 'em,
And by the Light of Grace, out-ſhine 'em,
That we may cruſh the Sons of *Dagon*,
As *George* for *England* did the Dragon.
But how ſhall we th' Elect o'er-power 'em,
And in this promis'd Land reign o'er 'em,
Except we grow too cunning for 'em?

Therefore

Therefore, my Friends, be rul'd by me,
Uſe all your Holy Subtilty,
Let no ſmooth verbal Craft be wanting,
Altho' the Wicked call it Canting:
Out-wit 'em by the Dint of Grace,
And coz'n 'em with a Righteous Face,
That when they deal w'ye, or imploy ye,
They ne'er may gain one Penny by ye,
But get by them whate'er you can,
The *Word* ſays Godlineſs is Gain:
And ye, my Friends, that have a Mind,
May there the Holy Saying find:
But ſtill in all you do or ſay,
Take theſe Inſtructions by the way;
Follow the Light, that faithful Guide,
And you can never ſtep aſide.
Attend and mind the Spirit's Motions:
Theſe, theſe, my Friends, are Heav'nly Cautions.
But ah! my Friends, I plainly ſee't,
The Tares are ſown amongſt the Wheat:

The Weeds of *Satan* ſprout apace
Amidſt ye Saints, in ſpite of Grace.
Ah! Friends, the Spirit bids me tell ye,
Luxurious Cramming of the Belly,
And Tippling like inſatiate Sots,
O'er Quarts, inſtead of half Pint Pots,
Makes your ſwoln Paunches look much fatter,
Than Stall-fed Oxen for the Slaughter:
Nay, ſome amongſt ye do ſo tipple,
Ye ſuck the Pot as Babes the Nipple,
'Till grown beyond all Chriſtian Size,
Bloated like Hogs fed up in Styes.
Ah! Friends, forbear this vile Exceſs,
Mind the Light more, the Bottle leſs;
For by this ſad Abomination,
You ſcandalize your good Profeſſion;
O Moderation! Moderation!
For that, you know, will never hurt you;
O! Moderation is a Vertue,

A Vertue which the Saints ſhould prize,
And always place before their Eyes.
Ah! Friends, would thoſe that are in Pow'r,
Talk of it leſs, and uſe it more,
Satan's Deſigns would ſurely periſh
With thoſe that do our Diſcords nouriſh,
And Peace thro'out the Land would flouriſh.

My Friends, I muſt be cloſe upon ye,
Another Evil reigns among ye;
To ye I ſpeak, who look as thin
Ald old King *Pharaoh*'s famiſh'd Kine.
Ah! Friends, the Spirit tells me plainly,
The Cauſe that makes you look ſ' ungainly.
The Deeds of Darkneſs and Uncleanneſs,
Have brought your Bodies to that Leanneſs.
Ah! Friends, methinks I hear you wiſh,
That no vile Workings of the Fleſh,
No ſinful Pleaſures of the Night,
In black Rebellion to the Light,

Had

Had thus deluded ye aſtray,
And made ye ſubtle *Satan*'s Prey.
I ſay, beware of wicked Woman,
She's like an open Field or Common,
Where ev'ry Gooſe, and ev'ry Aſs,
Has leave to trample down the Graſs:
Deliver up the filthy Jade
To *Satan* to be buffetted;
Avoid her for a loathſome Sinner,
Hell Fire, I tell ye, burns within her;
For *Satan*'s Children all are free
To 'er Oven of Iniquity:
There does ſhe bake 'em to a Cruſt,
To ſatisfy her flaming Luſt;
Then leaves the poor repenting Fools
To carnal Smiths and Hoſpitals.
Therefore, my Friends, beware, I ſay,
Of ſuch a wanton *Dalilah*;
Were you as briſk, as ſtrong, and bold,
As ſturdy *Sampſon* was of old,

Should

Should *Satan* tempt you to have at her,
She'd make you ſoon as weak as Water.
Could you to thoſe Perfections riſe
Poſſeſs'd by *Solomon* the Wiſe,
How like a Fool you'd look at laſt,
When all your filthy Deeds were paſt?
Could you command the Bank of *London*,
Be rul'd by her, you'd ſoon be undone.
Therefore, my Friends, once more I bid ye
Avoid the Snare, or Woe betide ye:
Shun, by the Spirit's good Direction,
Thoſe Iv'ry Pillars of Deſtruction;
For lo between, there hidden lies
A Pit, a Pool, a ſtrange Device,
That coſt old *Adam* Paradice.
Therefore let no ſuch wanton Witches,
Bedaub'd with Paint, and ſtuck with Patches,
Trick'd up in vain alluring Cloths,
Profane Commodes, and Furbuloes,

Seduce ye with their cunning Wiles,
Or tempt ye with their treach'rous Smiles,
To ſtroke their Breaſts, or pat their Hips,
Or touch their ſoft alluring Lips;
For Kiſſing is a great Temptation,
And F—ll—g an Abomination.
But ah! my Friends, that Putting in
Is a moſt beaſtly deadly Sin.
Therefore the Spirit bids me tell ye,
You're damn'd if you purſue this Folly,
For Sins committed under Belly.
But thou, I ſay, amongſt the Saints,
That want'ſt the Gift of Continence,
Look round the loving Lambs of Grace,
Seek out for ſome inticing Face,
Some *Rachel*, *Abigail*, or *Ruth*,
That minds the Light, and loves the Truth;
And if thou lik'ſt her, take her to thee,
The Damſel may be glad to know thee:

Tell her thou lov'ſt her for the Light
That in her Count'nance ſhines ſo bright ;
Nay, tell her, that thou need'ſt muſt do't,
Becauſe the Spirit moves thee to't :
But whatſoe'er thou do'ſt, I ſay,
Still do it in a Righteous Way ;
That is, thy Wife or Hand-maid make her,
And not for once, but always take her.
Uſe not the Maid as wicked Varlets
Do their lewd Concubines and Harlots,
Delude 'em, flatt'r 'em, treat 'em, woe 'em,
Debauch 'em, and at laſt undo 'em,
Raiſe Seed which they refuſe to nouriſh,
And leave their Off-ſpring to the Pariſh,
To be nurs'd up in Lice and Rags
By filthy Sluts, and frowſy Hags,
'Till ripe for *Newgate*, and the Gallows,
Or Pimping in ſome Bawdy Ale-houſe.
O wretched, wicked, vile Tranſgreſſion!
O mad, bad, ſad Abomination!

The Laud forbid ſuch Sins as theſe
Should reign among the Sons of Peace:
No, ſure it cannot, cannot be,
And yet alas! methinks I ſee
Some Saints among you leer and look
As if you'ad nibbl'd at the Hook;
But have a Care, if once you taſte
The Bait, ye will be catch'd at laſt,
Like ———, that wicked Sinner,
That fornicating old Cord-wainer,
Who, to the Shame of our Profeſſion,
Was catch'd in the unclean Tranſgreſſion;
She underneath, and he on top,
His Breeches down, her Fig-leaf up.
Therefore when both ſides thus agree,
What wicked Doings muſt there be?
O! Shame upon the ſinful Couple,
To ſcandalize the L——d's Pe—ople,
When we with all our Hands and Eyes
Diſdain ſuch vile Diſcoveries.

Therefore, my Friends, abhor ſuch Evils,
For publick Shame's the Spite of Devils.
But ſhould the Fleſh, by Dint of Claret,
At any time o'ercome the Spirit,
So that you can't forbear, be ſure,
E'er you begin, you bolt the Door,
That no informing zealous Brother,
Who lies perdue to trap another,
Should, to our Friends Diſreputation,
Detect ye in Abomination.
The Sin will give the Spirit Trouble,
But to be catch'd in't, makes it double.
Therefore, my Friends, I ſay be wary,
Learn to be wiſe, as well as merry;
For if ye bring, thro' Indiſcretion,
Shame on this Righteous Generation,
We'll ſpew ye out with one Accord
From us the People of the L——d;
Deteſt ye, mock ye, ſcoff ye, flounce ye,
Forſake ye, caſt ye off, renounce ye,

That *Satan*, with a wicked Will,
May buffet ye from Head to Heel.
Therefore, my Friends, dread Holy Vi'lence.
The Spirit moves me now to Silence.

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, in Eleven Parts. Price 6 *d.* each.
The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Twelfth.

CANTO XVII.

WHEN quaint *Aminadab* had done
What better he had ne'er begun,
I left the formal dreaming Sinners
To creep preciſely to their Dinners,
Highly commending one to th' other,
The Labours of their gifted Brother,
Who painfully had ſnuff'd the Light,
And made the Spirit ſhine ſo bright,
That ev'ry Zealot, as he march'd
Along the Street, ſo ſtiffly ſtarch'd,

Devoutly chew'd the Heav'nly Food,
Not as fat Oxen do their Cud,
But dully ſhew'd a deep Regard
To th' off-hand Non-ſenſe they had heard.
Some ſhak'd their penſive Heads, to think
How oft they'd drown'd in wick'd Drink
The inward Man, and made him totter
Like Veſſel mov'd by Wind and Water.
Others appearing ſo dejected,
As if their Brains had recollected
How oft they'd tempted Holy Sifter,
And how unlawfully they'd kiſs'd her,
When the proud Fleſh, by Dint of Claret,
Was grown too pow'rful for the Spirit.
In this ſad melancholy Pickle
I left the ſcatt'ring Conventicle,
Shewing their Sorrow for their Sins
In penitential Leers and Grins.
For their Repentance, you muſt know,
Chiefly conſiſts in outward Show.

To Female Vertue 'tis a-kin,
For like their Modeſty, 'tis ſeen
Without, but ſeldom found within.

I rambled on to *Tower-Hill*,
To view that famous Cittadel,
That Terror of the Rich and Great,
Where Princes oft have met their Fate;
That Jayl for mighty Knaves deſign'd,
Where Lords and Lyons live confin'd;
From whence we ought to learn, that Traytors
And Rebels are ſuch odious Creatures,
That faithful Subjects ſhould contemn,
As Company for Beaſts, not Men.
As I was walking round about,
Viewing its ruſty Walls without,
And ſpending ſome few Thoughts upon
Thoſe Ills that had within been done
By Ruffains of the greateſt Figure,
More cruel far than Woolf or Tygar;

A Man came mounted on a Horſe,
No Poſt-Boy e'er beſtrid a worſe:
I'll therefore firſt deſcribe the Gennet,
And him that ſtrutting ſate upon it;
And when that's done, I'll let you ſee
What the fierce Rider prov'd to be.
Imprimis, The ſtupendious Beaſt
Was ſixteen Hands in Height at leaſt,
And ſeem'd, as the Spectators ſaid,
By his huge Buttocks, and his Head,
Some ſuper-annuated Coach-Horſe,
Of *Flanders* Breed, or elſe a *Dutch*-Horſe.
His Back was rounder than a Hog's;
His Sides ſo poor, that ſome arch Rogues
Affirm'd him reſcu'd from the Dogs.
His Ribs appear'd, as if he eat
Nothing but Wrack-ſtaves for his Meat,
Except ſometimes the Carrion knaw'd
The Manger for a Change of Food.

His Buttocks were adorn'd with Hair
Much rougher than a *Greenland* Bear;
But Age or Mange had been unkind,
And left his Dock quite bald behind,
As bare as flat-nos'd Bawd appears
Upon the Crown at ſixty Years.
His Eyes were ſunk into their Sockets,
Deep as the Money in our Pockets,
That I profeſs I cannot tell,
Tho' I obſerv'd him very well,
Which would be harder of the two,
You to ſee them, or they ſee you.
No Jockey would, I dare engage,
Look in his Mouth to know his Age;
For ev'ry Feature of the Beaſt,
Proclaim'd him twenty Years at leaſt.
Altho' his Sides no Fat could ſhow,
He was too greaſy grown below,
For ev'ry ſcabby Heal (confound 'em)
Had got a Quaking Pudding round 'em,

And were ſo weak, and ſwell'd with Matter,
That's fore Legs drew his hind Legs a'ter.

Excuſe me, Reader, that my Muſe
Should ſuch indecent Language uſe.
I'm forc'd to keck my ſelf, 'tis true;
I wiſh you may not do ſo too:
But beaſtly Words beſt ſuit the Nature
Of ſuch an ill-look'd beaſtly Creature.

The Pace he crawl'd along, I'm ſure,
At moſt, was half a Mile an Hour;
For ev'ry Step he cough'd and wheez'd,
Farted extreamly, often ſneez'd,
That he who follow'd him, muſt find,
By the unſav'ry Whiffs behind,
He 'ad nothing in his Guts, but Wind.
His Huckle-bones on either ſide,
Between 'em did his Rudder hide;
So that his Bob-tail could appear
To none, except they ſtood i' th' Rear;

But cover'd the unſeemly Vent
So very cloſe, as if 'twas meant
Futurely, to prevent his Hay
From ſtealing out the backward way,
In caſe he ſhould be thought deſerving
Of being longer kept from ſtarving.

Yet, notwithſtanding all his Graces,
His Age, his Poverty, his Paces,
His Looks, his ugly Shapes and Failings,
His Galls, his Malanders and Ailings;
A Bridle did his Head adorn,
That old *Buceph'lus* might have worn,
Set forth at no Mechanick Rate,
With Studs and Stars, as bright as Plate;
Fine Buckles, ornamental Croſſes,
Reſtraining Curb, and gilded Boſſes,
That one could ſcarce diſtinguiſh whether
'Twas made of Metal, or of Leather.

His arched Back a Saddle bore,
With Crimſon Velvet cover'd o'er;

Belac'd as richly, you muſt know 't,
As well-kept Harlot's Petticoat.
Upon his raw-bon'd Buttocks, lay
A Crupper cloath ſo rich and gay,
That any C———'s prancing Gennet
Might, without Scorn, have travell'd in it
Thro' *Cheapſide* down to *Blackfry'rs* Stairs,
And no Diſhonour to our M———rs.
Altho' in Fleſh the Beaſt was poor,
He was ſo rich in Furniture,
That the lame, hide-bound, founder'd Jade
Appear'd bedeck'd from Arſe to Head,
Like an old worthleſs, wither'd Bawd,
Who 'ad vainly on her ſelf beſtow'd
A gawdy Gown, and fine Commode.
The Rider, who was got a ſtraddle
On this alluring noble Saddle,
Which, tho' 'twas very rich and gay,
Look'd ſomething ancient, by the way,

Was

Was proudly dreſs'd from Head to Arſe,
Almoſt as ſplendid as his Horſe.
An *Engliſh* Face the Hero had,
But 'twas with *Flemiſh* Whiſkers made,
So incoherent, and ſo frightful,
So very ugly, and ſo ſpightful,
That no *Dutch* Wizard could advance,
Or Skipper, when he's drunk with *Nantz*,
A more Infernal Countenance.
An old long Wig he 'ad on, as black
As th' Inſide of a Small-coal Sack,
Tuck'd in behind t' a Silken Purſe,
No Play-houſe Fury wears a worſe,
Or Barber's Block in *Drury-Lane*
Was e'er diſgrac'd with ſuch a Mane.
To ſhew his Impudence, or Pride,
His Hat was cock'd on ev'ry ſide,
With Brims contiguous to the Crown,
Like bluſt'ring Bully of the Town.

His Coat had Silver Button-holes,
And Buttons large as Tennis Balls,
Such as each gawdy brainleſs Beau
Us'd to affect ten Years ago,
His vain Extravagance to ſhow;
Or ſuch as Church-Ward'ns often wear,
When they at Pariſh-Feaſts appear,
Where the good Brethren o'er their Liquor,
Contrive much ſafer Ways, and quicker,
Than had been us'd by Knaves already,
To cheat the Hungry, and the Needy.
His Boots, altho' 'twas ſultry Weather,
Took up at leaſt a Hide of Leather,
That in each Top he might have worn
A Peck, if not a Strike of Corn,
To 've comforted, in time of Need,
The Vitals of his drooping Steed.
His Legs might well their Safety boaſt,
And ſcorn the Rubs of ſtubborn Poſt,

For the ſtout Armour they had got,
Might ſtand the Force of Muſket-ſhot,
Or bid Defiance in his Way,
To the rough Squeeze of Coach or Dray.
For Uſe and Ornament together,
For one or both, I know not whether,
Each threat'ning, terrifying Heel,
Like fighting Cock, was arm'd with Steel,
Pointed like Spokes of Cath'rine-wheel.
The Leathers buckl'd on before,
To make the Weapons more ſecure,
Were very broad, as if deſign'd
To hide the pointed Spears behind,
That when the poor diſtreſſed Jade,
By chance ſhould turn his jolter Head,
His dim Beholders ſhould not ſee
The Cauſes of his Miſery,
Thoſe dreadful Ticklers of his Hide,
That gall'd him ſo from Side to Side,

For 'tis believ'd by ſome wiſe Men,
That could the ſlaving Drudge have ſeen
His cruel Maſter ſo prepar'd,
His faithful Service to reward,
It might have made the Beaſt conſider
Which way to 've broke the Neck of 's Rider.

Upon his Loyns a Leathern Zone,
Above his Coat was girted on,
Made, I ſuppoſe, of Bufflers Hide,
And was at leaſt four Inches wide,
That from its Breadth, a Man may rather
Say he was hoop'd about with Leather.
This Belt, for ſo it was indeed,
In Fight, would prove of wond'rous Stead,
For Arſe and Paunch were almoſt quite
Secur'd in truſty Armour by 't;
For 'twas ſo thick, that Point of Sword
Might ſooner penetrate a Board,
Than by a Cut or Thruſt divide
The Context of the ſtubborn Hide.

The Edges were with Silver lac'd,
Like Belt about Life-guard-man's Waſte,
Which made him look, about the Crupper,
As fine as any new-cloath'd Trooper.
In this Bellonian Girdle, hung
A Scymeter both broad and long,
Such as are us'd by *Turkiſh* Soldiers
To cleave their Foes from Head to Shoulders.
The rugged Handle of his Weapon,
Made to carve Man, as Knife a Capon,
Did once adorn the armed Brows
Of Buck or Stag, which Hunters rouze,
And by the Help of Dogs and Rabble,
Purſue them to their very Table.
The Guard was made of ſhining Metal,
Not Braſs, like Gammer *Gurton*'s Kettle,
But ſuch as greedy Miſers hoard,
The very ſame that, in a Word,
Makes the Clown reverence the Lord;

The Cauſe of all our mighty Pother,
That ſtirs up Brother againſt Brother,
And makes Mankind hate one another;
The Bait that does the Wiſe enſlave,
And makes the wav'ring Fool turn Knave;
The Toy that bears, by artful Means,
The Images of Kings and Queens.
With this ſame Metal was his Sword
Adorn'd, becoming of a Lord.
That his ſtern Ignorance and Pride
Might be the better fortify'd,
Beneath his Noſe, in mighty State,
A Brace of mortal Engines ſate,
Such dreadful Pot-guns of Correction,
That threaten'd nothing but Deſtruction.
The Handles peeping out their Caſes,
Stood pointing up to his Grimaces,
That had ſome pregnant Dame came by,
And on his Worſhip caſt an Eye,

It might, in Miſchief to her Marriage,
Have coſt her a ſevere Miſcarriage.
His Houſings were in ample manner
Embroider'd, like a Prince's Banner,
And fring'd as rich, I dare be ſure,
As any Gen'ral's Furniture:
But that which moſt his Pride diſgrac'd,
Its Beauty was by Age defac'd;
But ſince a Soldier, maim'd in Wars,
Is honour'd by his Wounds and Scars,
And tatter'd Flags in Battel rent,
Bring Glory to a Regiment,
Who, among all the gazing Crew,
Could know, by ſuch a tranſcient View,
But that his old decrepit Pad,
With all the Trappings of the Jade,
Had both their Youth and Beauty loſt
In ſome Man-killing War-like Poſt,
To th' Honour of the doubty Knight,
That now ſate mounted ſuch a Height,

As well as to his prancing Slave,
That thro' the Danger bore the Knave.
In this Array this Mortal Wight,
Thus arm'd, as if prepar'd to fight,
Spurr'd on his Steed from Place to Place,
Who crawl'd about an Aſs's Pace,
And look'd, from his Camelian Feeding,
As if he 'ad chiefly had his Breeding
Beneath ſome Scavenger o' th' Town,
To hawl his Duſt-Cart up and down;
Or elſe, that he had took much Pains
In dragging *Tom T——d*'s Caravans.
About the Hill this flaming Hero,
With Countenance as fierce as *Nero*,
Saunter'd, as if, in all his Pride,
He 'ad nothing elſe to do, but ride
In vain, to give his Horſe new Breath
An Hour or two before his Death;
For all the idle gazing Throng,
That ſaw the Dogs-Meat crawl along,

Believ'd

Believ'd he could not waking creep
So ſlow, but that he walk'd in's Sleep;
A Pack-horſe Pace to his compar'd,
Would have been riding very hard;
A Dyal's Hand, I dare to ſay,
Would almoſt ſteal as faſt away;
For none but a diſcerning Eye,
At Bow-ſhot Diſtance, could diſcry
Whether he mov'd along the Hill,
Or that the dull Machine ſtood ſtill.

I wrack'd my Thoughts, but could not gueſs,
Either by's Pad-Nag, or his Dreſs,
What Bus'neſs could prevail upon
A Hero, arm'd with Sword and Gun,
Whoſe torvid Aſpect made him ſhow ſo
Like ſome revengeful *Furioſo*,
Struting about on hide-bound Strammel,
Mounted like *Turk* upon a Camel.

Sometimes I could not but ſuppoſe
Some new *Don Quixot* was aroſe,

And hither came, with armed Force,
Mounted upon his hide-bound Horſe,
T' exert his Courage, Skill, and Pow'r,
For Honours Sake, againſt the Tow'r,
As Brother Hero, to his Glory,
Attack'd the Wind-mill in a Fury.

Theſe Thoughts ſoon took their Farewel on me,
They prov'd too light to gain upon me.
Then muſing, I was apt to dread
He had worſe Miſchief in his Head,
And that he was ſome angry Beau,
Or wrangling, fighting *Bonteſeu*,
Who hither came in a Bravado,
To meet ſome Brother Deſperado,
Arm'd on his Dromedarian Brute,
In order nicely to diſpute,
After a noble, war-like manner,
Some windy Point of ſqueamiſh Honour.

My Brain thus fill'd with various Notions,
I watch'd the Hero's further Motions,

Hoping before the Scene was over,
I ſhould, to my Content, diſcover
What wond'rous Bus'neſs brought to light
So 'ncommon a fantaſtick Sight;
At laſt I ſaw a grinning Looby,
Come mounted on a She *Scotch* Hobby,
Whoſe humble Size did not ſurpaſs
The lowly Stature of an Aſs:
Cloſe to her Neck her Ears ſhe laid,
Like an ill-bred unlucky Jade,
That when ſhe's handled, has the Trick
To give a Horſe-Buſs, or a Kick.
'Tis a rude way ungainly Tits
Make uſe of, to exert their Wits;
For ruſty Scrubs, like us that write,
Can't jeſt, but they muſt ſpurn or bite.
Her haughty Tail, that graceful Stump,
Stood cock'd upright above her Rump,
As if the *Filly* took a Pride
T' expoſe what Tails were made to hide.

Her Fetlocks were ſo ruff and ſhagg'd,
Her long-hair'd Belly ſo bedagg'd,
And her Bears Arſe with Dung ſo tagg'd,
That from her Buttocks to the Ground,
Great Signs of good Luck might be found,
For all the Way (I'm well aſſur'd)
She forward went, ſhe backward ſcowr'd,
From whence, I will be bold to ſay,
Her Food was Graſs, or Grains, not Hay,
Which made her Back-ſide ſo profuſe,
And her lank Buttocks hang ſo looſe,
That her Arſe trembl'd, when ſhe run,
Like quaggy Earth, when trod upon.
The Bridle of this Highland Beaſt,
Seem'd aged ſeven Years at leaſt,
For here and there 'twas ty'd together
With Coblers Ends, and Thongs of Leather,
And I believe the very ſame,
In which ſhe out of *Scotland* came,

Becauſe, as I have heard ſome ſay,
Their Hobbies Bridles in the Day,
Are made alone for Uſe, not Sight,
And ſerve for Halters in the Night;
That is, good Huſbandry excites
The Highland *Scotch* t' inure their Tits
To Hempen Reins, that have no Bits;
Which ſhews their Runts, as well as they
That ride 'em, ſcorn to run away.
Her ancient Saddle, I aver it,
Was better fed, than ſhe that wore it;
For I could ſee, thro' its Decay,
The Seat was ſtuff'd with good old Hay,
Which ſtarted thro' each Hole and Rent,
Where mould'ring Age had giv'n it Vent,
Like ſtuffing of a Leathern Chair,
When worn by lazy Buttocks bare.
The *Pony* ſeeming ſuch a Stranger,
By her lean Sides, to Wrack and Manger,

Could

Could (if ſhe 'ad had her Will) have eat
The Saddle Stuffing for a Bait,
For *Scotland*, by her wretched Caſe,
Seem'd ſtill to be her Feeding-place.
So hungry Rats will knaw their Way
Thro' Cubboard Side, to gain their Prey,
And their devouring Gullets pleaſe
With mouldy Scraps of Bread and Cheeſe.

The *Sanca Panca*, that had mounted
This Tit, by Feed and Nature ſtunted,
A painted gawdy Jacket wore,
That all the Rainbow-Colours bore.
Thought I, this party-colour'd Owl
Muſt be ſome riding Doctor's Fool;
That is, his Herauld, hither come
From all the Parts of Chriſtendom,
In's Coat of Honour, to proclaim
His Maſter's univerſal Fame;
And he that has been ranging thus
On yonder old *Bucephalus*,

Muſt

Muſt be the Doctor, as I take it,
Dreſs'd up in all this Pomp, to Quack it,
With ſome ſtrange never-failing Packet.
I gaz'd a while, t' obſerve their Meeting,
And view'd the Manner of their Greeting,
Which was perform'd with great *Decorum*,
In ſight of all that ſtood before 'em.
The merry Fool, with great Submiſſion,
Bow'd to the grave Fool, the Phyſician,
Who made no Conge in return,
But look'd on t'other Fool with Scorn,
Juſt as Great Nobles do at Court,
Upon the leſſer humble Sort,
Who cringe and creep to thoſe above 'em,
Not 'cauſe they're wiſe, or that they love 'em;
But fancy'ng Titles ſolid Things,
Bow to the windy Breath of Kings:
But if you'd know the Reaſon of it,
Theſe flatt'ring Nods are all for Profit.

So one Fool makes himſelf a Scoff,
To ſet the Fool his Maſter off,
As *Andrew* clowns it to the Doctor,
Becauſe he proves his Benefactor.

When Quack and *Zany* thus were met,
The gorgious Emprick ſeem'd to fret,
Both looking round the ſpacious Hill,
As if they wanted ſomething ſtill.
At laſt a Negro Devil came
On a dun Kefield, blind and lame,
Riding Poſt Haſte, with Spur and Whip,
Faſt as the founder'd Drudge could creep,
Laden before him with a Wallet
Of —— no Man e'er knew what to call it,
Promiſcuous Sweeps of Druggiſts Shops,
Made into Plaiſters, Pills, and Slops,
All mix'd, as you'll hereafter ſee,
Up with Infallibility:
Tho' could the World but at one View
Foreſee the Evils they would do,

They'd

They'd ſay with me, (a Murrain rot 'em)
That 'twas the Dev'l indeed that brought 'em,
And that this Bag of damn'd Expedients,
Compounded of unknown Ingredients,
Brought from all Climates of the World,
Confus'dly thus together hurl'd,
Contain'd more Curſes, Plagues, and Poxes,
Than fifty of *Pandora*'s Boxes.

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, in Twelve Parts. Price 6 *d.* each.

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 63
AUG

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part I. Vol. II.

CANTO I.

THE Doctor looking proudly dull
Between his Devil and his Fool,
Whose Number being now compleat
To carr' on his *Batavian* Cheat;
Andrew, with wide extended Jaws,
Began a hideous bawling Noise,
Whose Yellings were no sooner heard,
But such a Crowd of Fools appear'd,
That plainly shew'd how silly Brother
By Instinct does attract another.
So among Wolves, when one's distrest,
By Howling he alarms the rest,

Who in a Fury fly with ſpeed,
To help their Fellow in his Need.

No ſooner had the gaping *Zany*
Turn'd Fool, but there appear'd a many
Boys left their Huſtle and Trap-ball,
And ſcowr'd, at *Merry Andrew*'s Call.
Fat Ale-wives, and their Campaign Wenches,
Forſook their Brothel Doors and Benches.
Porters, whoſe Shoulders were oppreſt
With Burthens, ſtood to hear a Jeſt.
Each bulky Dray-man ſtopp'd his Dray,
To take a Hau, Hau, by the way.
Young Vagabonds, and ſtroling Women,
Lame Mumpers, and diſabled Seamen,
Some ſcratching in their louſy Rags,
Some hobling on their wooden Legs;
All ſcamper'd with what ſpeed they cou'd,
T' encreaſe the growing Multitude.

When the Fool's noiſy Acclamation
Had gain'd a num'rous Congregation
Of tatter'd Mortals, only fit
To laugh at *Merry Andrew*'s Wit,

15 63 AUG

The fulſome Di'logue then began
Betwixt the Maſter and the Man,
And now and then, to pleaſe the Mob,
The Devil laughing bore a Bob,
Whoſe antick Garb and charcoal Face,
Was to the Farce a wond'rous Grace;
For things uncommon, tho' uncouth,
Will beſt an *Engliſh* Rabble ſooth,
Becauſe they're oft inclin'd to change,
Not for what's better, but more ſtrange,
Nor are the Frape alone, we ſee,
Bewitch'd to this Variety;
For Rakes of Honour, Lordly Beaus,
Too oft neglect the beauteous 'Spouſe,
And with a greater Guſt purſue
The homely Face, becauſe it's new.
Nay, 'tis a Faſhion grown of late,
To chuſe Religon by its Date;
For many, thro' a ſtupid Zeal
To Novelty or Common-weal,
Renounce the old Church, and the true one,
To become Changelings to a new one.

After the Crowd of gaping Fools
Had with ſtale Quibbles, Puns, and Bulls,
Borrow'd long ſince from *Smithfield* Drolls,
Been for a little Time accoſted,
'Till *Andrew*'s Stock was quite exhauſted.
The Doctor then commands his Black
To op'n his Medicinal Pack,
From whence, before a Word he ſpeaks,
A little Globe he nicely takes
Betwixt his Finger and his Thumb,
The Wonder of all Chriſtendom,
Altho' no bigger than a Crum;
Then looking very ſtern and dread,
He bridles up his jolter Head,
And thus a Lecture does he give
Upon his Pill diminitive,
Speaking his Merits in the Proem,
That's Audience might the better know him.
From all the Corners of the Earth;
From *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, from *South* and *North*;
From ſultry Climates, where the Heat
Will make the coldeſt Pebble ſweat;

And from thoſe Icy frigid Zones,
Where Waters are congeal'd to Stones;
From that ſtrange Land *incognita*,
Where none but me e'er found the Way;
From *Spain*, *France*, *Italy*, and *Holland*,
Portugal, *Sweedland*, *Denmark*, *Poland*;
From *Blenheim*, where we won the Day
O'er *Lewis* and *Bavaria*;
From *Rammelies*, that famous Town,
Where greater Wonders ſtill were done.
Geneva too, I ſhould have hinted,
Where *Bibles* for the Saints are printed,
In whoſe fam'd Univerſity
I lately took my laſt Degree.
From *Utrick* alſo, where I liv'd,
And many Honours there receiv'd.
From theſe, and ſundry other Places,
Where Arts and Learning ſhew there Faces,
As Hoſpitals for the Afflicted,
By Popes and Kings long ſince erected;

Where

Where Surgery and Phyſick flouriſh,
And are apply'd with Skill, to cheriſh
The needy Sick, who elſe muſt periſh,
Where I my ſelf have long been fam'd
For Cures too many to be nam'd.
From all theſe Places am I come,
And other Parts of Chriſtendom,
To give m' Aſſiſtance now at Home,
And, by G——d's Bleſſing, to impart
The hidden Pow'r of Phyſick's Art;
Which, by long Study, I have found
Amongſt the Secrets under Ground,
Drawing ſuch Min'ral Vertues forth
From the dark Caverns of the Earth,
That will reſtore the Blind to Sight,
And make the Cripple walk upright;
Repair Conſumptive Lungs decay'd,
And to the Living raiſe the Dead,
Provided they'll be rul'd by Reaſon,
And take my *Noſtrum* in due Seaſon.
The firſt rare Med'cine I preſent ye,
Alas! is but the leaſt of twenty.

Behold with Wonder, 'tis, you ſee,
Not half the Bigneſs of a Pea,
Yet is it of ſuch mighty Force,
That tho' you're ſtronger than a Horſe,
In ſpite of Sleep, Heat, Cold, or Paſſion,
'Twill have its uſual Operation;
And to the Patients Eaſe and Wonder,
Will rumble in their Guts like Thunder;
That is, ſuppoſe you have about ye,
Either within ye, or without ye,
Twenty Diſtempers, Pains, or Ailings,
Scabs, Buboes, Nodes, Humps, Bumps, or Swellings,
Gout, Dropſy, Scurvy, Phtiſick, Stone,
Or other Ail in Fleſh or Bone;
Aches in Shoulders, Head, or Heart,
Legs, Thighs, or ſome remoter Part,
Whether Invet'rate and Nocturnal,
Or leſs Luctif'rous and Diurnal.
This little Pill will cauſe, moſt ſurely,
In Nature ſuch a Hurly Burly,
That ev'ry time, when by Extruſion,
It cauſes downward an Effuſion,

'Twill op'rate where you're moſt oppreſt,
And carr' off one Diſeaſe at leaſt;
Root out the Dregs of your Debauches,
And leave you all as ſound as Roaches;
Refine ye, renovate ye, clean ye,
And purge off all Diſtempers in ye;
Giving to either He or She
A Stool for ev'ry Malady,
And not one Motion more or leſs,
As near as Human Art can gueſs;
For 'tis a Pill that ne'er does fail
To operate from Head to Tail;
And is, I will be bold to tell you,
If juſtly priz'd, of greater Value
Than any Secret ever found
Beneath the Stars above the Ground,
By all the Medicinal Knowledge
Of *Greſham* or *Phyſicians Colledge*.

With this ſmall Doſe did I recover
Three *Eaſtern* Kings, when given over;
In two Days time I made 'em leap
And dance, that ſcarce before could creep;

Who, to reward my skilful Pains,
Gave me three Medals hung in Chains,
Too rich and weighty to be worn;
Beſides, ſuch foppiſh Pride I ſcorn;
Gravity, Learning, and Diſcretion,
Better adorn a good Phyſician.

Popes, Cardinals, and lofty Prelates,
Old Fryars, Nuns, Monks, Punks, and Zealots;
High *German* Princes, *Spaniſh* Dons,
C'zars, *Sultans*, *Chams*, and *Preſtor Johns*.
Dukes, Lords, and mighty Men of Wealth,
Has this ſmall Pill reſtor'd to Health,
When no dull Oxthodox Phyſician
Could help 'em in their ſad Condition.
Thought I, a Pill of ſo much Fame
Ought not to want a learned Name,
Therefore for mighty Cures 't 'as done,
I call it my *Panpharmacon*;
Whence you may find, that hear me ſpeak,
I'm not a Stranger to the *Greek*.
A thouſand other Virtues ſtill
Could I aſcribe to this ſmall Pill:

But fulſome Praiſe begets a Loathing;
Too much of one thing's good for nothing.

Next, I preſent ye with my Plaiſter,
That heals and cures the worſt Diſaſter;
Hernia's, King's Evils, knotty Tumors,
Sores owing to a Flux of Humors,
Hard Swellings, Ringworms, Tetters, Cankers,
Nodes, Buboes, Ulcers, Scabs, or Shankers,
Wens, Whitloes, Bruiſes, Inflammations,
Horns, Corns, kib'd Heels, and Diſlocations,
Fractures, Diſtortions, Strains, and Sprains,
Old Aches, and all ſorts of Pains,
By this my never-failing Plaiſter,
Are cur'd as ſure as G——d's in *Gloc'ſter*:
Clap it but on the Part aggriev'd,
You'll in an Inſtant be reliev'd,
And then you'll ſay you're not deceiv'd.

If Surgeons, wanting Skill or Care,
(For many ſuch we know there are)
By their ill Treatment, ſhould occaſion
A Gangreene or Mortification,

This

This inſtantly the Danger ſtops,
Altho' the Patient's paſt all Hopes;
And will, I boldly dare maintain,
Where e'er 'tis us'd, that Credit gain,
Which vain Pretenders cannot chuſe
But, thro' their Ign'rance, daily loſe;
Tho' I confeſs, as Times now go,
'Tis ſomething difficult to know
The skilful Doctor from the Quack:
But if you'd ſhun that groſs Miſtake,
Try me but in the worſt Condition,
And I, you'll find, am the Phyſician.
One Virtue more, upon the Faith
Of Man, this exc'lent Plaiſter hath:
It cleans and heals infallibly
Green Wounds i' th' twinkling of an Eye,
By Cannon-Ball, or Piſtol-ſhot,
Contuſion inward, Thruſt, or Cut,
Given by Hatchet, Scythe, or Sword;
Squeeze of a heavy Log or Board,
Rent of a Tenter-hook or Nail,
Bruiſe of a Faulſhion or a Flail;

Unlucky Blow upon the Noddle
Given by Shovel, Tongs, or Ladle,
When Man or Wife, thro' Provocation,
Shall uſe ſuch Weapons in their Paſſion.
All broken Heads, and bloody Snouts,
In Quarrels gain'd at drunken Bouts:
All Kicks and Cuffs, Thumps, Bumps, and Pinches,
Given by Bullies to their Wenches.
Beſides, it is a Plaiſter rare
For all new Marry'd Men to wear;
Let 'em but to their Reins apply 't,
And they'll perform with more Delight
The Nuptial Bus'neſs of the Night:
'Twill reinforce the Veins and Muſcles,
And ſtrengthen the Spermatick Veſſels;
Make the good Man ſo much inclin'd
To love, and ſo exceſſive kind,
That, leaſt his 'Spouſe ſhould find a Nack
Of Jilting his prolifick Back,
He'd ſoon abound with ſuch a Clutter
Of Children, that would make him mutter
To find them Milk, and Bread, and Butter.

This Plaiſter, I can make appear,
Is daily ſent for far and near,
To help decrepit crazy Leachers,
And old decay'd F——k T——s,
Who've brought their Loyns to ſtrength'ning Plaiſters
By holding forth to H——y S——s.

Strange Wonders have I often done
By this Reſtorative alone.
An *Indian* Princeſs, in my Travel,
Was troubl'd ſo with Stone and Gravel,
That all Folks thought ſhe would have dy'd,
'Till I moſt artfully apply'd
This Plaiſter to a certain Place,
Moſt proper in ſo bad a Caſe;
By which ſuch preſent Eaſe was given,
That ſhe cry'd out, ſhe was in Heaven!
Well might ſhe breathe forth this Expreſſion,
For by my pow'rful Application,
I made her void a Stone, in fine,
Almoſt as big as both of mine;
Which when ſhe 'ad done, ſhe did ariſe
From her rich Couch, and kiſs'd me twice;

Gave me a Jewel for a Token,
Worth more than yet I ever ſpoke on.
Once, when I'd travell'd from *Majorque*,
With Don *Sabaſtine*, into *Turky*,
B'ing much perſwaded by a Couple
Of Baſſa's at *Conſtantinople*,
We walk'd to the Grand Seignior's Court,
Where he and all his Train reſort,
But found him roaring on the Wrack,
With a ſtrange Weakneſs in his Back,
Got, I ſuppoſe, by's Carnal Sins
Amongſt his Neſt of Concubines.
Thought I, what tho' this mighty Man
Is a profeſs'd *Mahometan*,
And Tooth and Nail maintains that Libel,
The *Alch'ran* 'gainſt the *Holy Bible*,
Yet Chriſtians ought to do no leſs
Than help the Heathen in Diſtreſs;
Therefore, within my ſelf, ſaid I,
He ſhall not in this Mis'ry lie;
Tho' he's a Turk, I'll give him Eaſe,
Let Turks uſe Chriſtians as they pleaſe.

So

So ſtep'd into his Preſence-Room:
Moſt mighty Prince, ſaid I, I'm come
To cure your Grievance in a Minute,
Or I'll be hang'd by this Day Se'ennight.
With that he gave a gracious Nod,
Bidding me do whate'er I wou'd,
And did ſo kind a Smile impart,
That ſhew'd him glad with all his Heart.
When thus the Grand and Mighty Turk
Had giv'n me leave to go to work,
This Plaiſter only I apply'd
Above his Rump from Side to Side,
Which in a Moment's Time reliev'd him
Of all the wracking Pains that griev'd him,
Whilſt thoſe about him ſtood amaz'd,
And on the Chriſtian Doctor gaz'd,
As if I'd been ſome Angel, ſent
From Heav'n to eaſe his Puniſhment:
With that the Seignior humbly bow'd,
I'm well, ſays he, by all that's good;
Then riſing from his Royal Chair,
He thank'd me for my Skill and Care,

And from his own left Side he drew,
And gave to me in publick View,
This Bucks-horn handl'd Scymiter,
Which, to my Honour, now I wear;
Beſides, a Purſe of Gold, I'm ſure,
That at my Lodgings coſt me more
Than ſix full Hours to tell it o'er.
A thouſand Wonders more than theſe,
This Salve has done beyond the Seas,
Beſides the mighty Cures at Home,
And other Parts of Chriſtendom;
But that I hate to tire your Patience
With long impertinent Relations.

Thirdly, Obſerve this little Paper,
Which, without Flatt'ry, Boaſt, or Vapour,
Contains, I juſtly may aſſert,
The very Miracle of Art;
That is, my *Pulvis Mineralis*,
Prepar'd from Hodge Podge *Infernalis*.
We Men of Learning, and of Skill,
Sometimes in crabbed Words muſt deal;

For

For ſhould we talk in Terms more plain,
How would th' illit'rate Vulgar then
Know we're more learn'd than other Men.
But as to this Vermatick Powder,
More fam'd in *Wales*, than *Owen Tudor*,
For curing thoſe that are afflicted
With Worms, to which they're much addicted;
Gen'rated chiefly from the Lees
Of ſtinking Leeks, and toaſted Cheeſe.
This very Med'cine, I aſſert, is
Worth the whole *Indies* for its Virtues;
For what avails the greateſt Wealth
To him that cannot purchaſe Health;
But note, that either Man or Woman,
Marry'd or not, reſerv'd or common,
Breeding or kibbed, ſick or lazy,
Maids, Jades, or Thornbacks, crank or crazy,
Green-ſickneſs Wenches, young or old Boy,
From ſwaddl'd Infant, to the tall Boy;
All Ages, Sexes, Rich or Poor,
If troubled with the Worms, I'm ſure
This Powder is a ſpeedy Cure.

If, I confeſs, implys a Doubt,
When not one Mortal lives without;
For Worms, as ſays the famous *Harvey*,
Are Epidemick as the Scurvy,
And deſtroy more, upon my Word,
Than Famine, Peſtilence, or Sword.
Pale languid Looks, and fainting Fits,
Falſe and Voratious Appetites,
Vomiting, Looſeneſs, Trembling, Griping,
Lazineſs, and immod'rate Sleeping,
Want of Digeſtion, craving Drowth,
Dull Eyes, dry Lips, and feav'riſh Mouth,
Unſav'ry Belches after Drinking,
Foul Stomach, and a Breath that's ſtinking.
All theſe are Symptoms, that will tell ye
You've crawling Inſects in your Belly,
Nor is it there alone, we know,
That theſe deſtructive Vermin grow,
But alſo in the Tail and Head,
That theſe inteſtine Monſters breed.
This makes young Wenches ſo unſettl'd,
When the Worm bites, their Rumps are nettl'd.

So Maggots, that in Brains lie lurking,
Who, like to Ants, are always working,
Prey on the Fibres by degrees,
As hungry Vermin nibble Cheese,
'Till, to the Patient's great Abuse,
They've let th' Immagination loose;
Which wanting Bounds, confounds, we see,
The Judgment, and the Memory.
This is the Cause of Mens Distractions,
And all their wild and wicked Actions.
Therefore, if you would guard your Senses
Against these dreadful Consequences,
Take this my Powder, and 'twill clean ye
From all those knawing Plagues within ye,
And purge off those Vermatick Juices,
And slimy Dregs, thro' Nature's Sluces,
That breed these Vermin, which we find
So daily fatal to Mankind.

Once in my Travels, I remember,
Thro' *China*, in the Month *December*,
The King of *Tunquin*'s eldest Daughter,
By eating Trash, and drinking Water,

Was troubl'd with ſuch griping Pains
About her Bowels and her Reins,
That not her Father's beſt Phyſician
Could judge the Cauſe of her Condition;
At laſt, ſhe hearing of the Fame
Of Doctor *Mendax*, that's my Name,
Sent to my Inn two Maids of Honour,
To beg that I would wait upon her.
With that I poſted to the Court,
Rev'renc'd by all the nobler Sort;
And when I'd felt her Pulſe, and view'd her,
I gave her but one Doſe of Powder,
Which in ſix Minutes time, or leſs,
Caus'd her to void, I do profeſs,
A Worm ſo like a Female Child,
That all the gazing Courtiers ſmil'd;
Whoſe monſt'rous Figure you may ſee
Portray'd in *Parey*'s Surgery.
Dutch Fro's in Numbers have I cur'd
Of Gripings ſcarce to be endur'd;

B' infuſing

B' infuſing this in Drams of *Nantz*,
I've cleans'd their Wombs, and ſcowr'd from thence
Whole Neſts of Suterkins at once.

On Rich and Poor about this Town,
Strange Wonders has this Powder done,
And by its Medicinal Strength,
Has brought forth Worms ten Foot in Length,
Whoſe true Deſcription you may ſee
In my renown'd Epitome
Of *Clark*'s Vermatick Hiſtory.

Therefore, if you would healthy be,
With this ſmall Paper you may free
Your Selves and Children in your Arms,
From theſe deſtructive Swarms of Worms,
Who elſe like Canibals will treat ye,
Deſtroy ye firſt, and after eat ye.

My laſt rare Med'cine, and the beſt,
Fam'd thro' the World above the reſt,
Is to all Courts and Kingdoms known
By th' Name of my *Orvieton*.
Within this Pot ſuch Virtues dwell,
Too num'rous for my Tongue to tell;

And if its Worth I can't explain,
I'm ſure no Mortal living can:
'Tis richer than a Mine of Gold,
Tho' 'tis but for a Trifle ſold.
'Tis ev'ry Med'cine you can name,
And will for ever be the ſame:
'Tis neither bitter, ſharp, nor fulſome,
But toothſome, and divinely wholſome,
Yet after all 'tis but a Balſam;
But ſuch I'd have the World to know,
That no Diſpenſary can ſhow;
For this has more Ingredients in it,
Than I could name by this Day Se'ennight,
And has more Gifts, or Virtues rather,
Than all their Med'cines put together.

In the firſt place, 'tis known of old
To expel Poyſons hot or cold,
As Arſnick, Vitriol, Antimony,
Tho' working ne'er ſo vi'lent on ye;
Mercury crude or ſublimated,
Dulcify'd or precipitated,

From Herbs or Inſects drawn or bruis'd,
Given mix'd, ſimply, or infus'd;
Cantharides or *Aqua Fortis*,
No matter what deſtructive ſort 'tis:
This inwardly apply'd, will cure
The dying Patient in an Hour,
Or elſe will I be found to forfeit
My All, and leave my ſelf with bare Feet;
And that's much more, my Servants know,
Than ſome Phyſicians have to ſhow.

All Bites of Serpent, Snake, or Adder,
Nute, Scorpion, Slow-worm, Toad, or Spider,
Pelonga, Noy, or Cockatrice,
That darts her Venom with her Eyes;
Of Baſaliſk, or Salamander,
Whoſe Coldneſs damps the burning Cinder;
Of Crocadile, or Aligator,
Or any other hurtful Creature,
That are by Nature Serpentine,
Or to that Helliſh Brood a kin:
Sting of a Hornet, Bee, or Waſp,
Nat, Bug, Tarantula, or Aſp;

Wound of a poyſon'd Launce or Dart,
Chew'd Bullet, tho' in any Part,
This Pot of Balſam, I'll maintain it,
By th' Herbs, Drugs, Oils, and Spices in it,
Will cure, to th' Patient's Heart's Deſire,
As ſure as Water quenches Fire:
Warm it but o'er a Candle's Flame,
So outwardly apply the ſame,
And if you find it does not do
The wond'rous Cures I promiſe you,
Then I'll be hang'd, and my Horſe too.

The King of *Siam*, by his Queen
Poyſon'd, becauſe behind the Skreen
She found he 'ad us'd ſome am'rous Sport
With a fair Lady of his Court;
Tho' ſwell'd as big, I dare rely on't,
As Elephant, or *Guild-Hall* Giant,
So that his Sides, in ſpite of Chaffing,
Burſt out, you muſt not think with Laughing;
Yet did this Balſam, I aſſure ye,
(The ſame that I expoſe before ye,)

In

In half an Hour his Health recover,
And made him full as ſound as ever;
For which I gen'rouſly was paid;
And if in *Siam* I'd have ſtay'd,
He would have given me a Penſion
Too tempting, and too large to mention.
Craz'd Lovers, poor dejected Varlots,
Old ſtarving Bawds, diſcarded Harlots,
Moaping Enthuſiaſtick Prieſts,
Mad Athieſts, and deſpairing Deiſts;
Ambitious States-men diſappointed,
Old Bankrupt Traders quite disjointed;
Young ſpendthrift Beaus, by Friends rejected,
Maids got with Child, and then neglected,
When poyſon'd by themſelves in Paſſion,
Mov'd by the Devil's Inſtigation;
This Antidote, upon my Word,
Has not alone their Health reſtor'd,
But brought 'em to their perfect Senſe,
As all the World can Evidence.

Therefore, if you preſerv'd would be
From all theſe Ills and Dangers free,

Win it, and wear it, buy it, take it;
Such Health you'll find in this ſmall Packet,
That in the worſt Diſtreſs, will never
Fail ye, but make you live for ever:
All for a trivial Sum I ſell ye,
So ſmall, that I'm aſham'd to tell ye,
For 'tis not Money that I value;
I travel for the Good o' th' Poor,
And ſcorn to aſk a Farthing more
Than one ſmall Six-pence for the four;
And four ſuch Med'cines, I am ſure,
So ſafe, ſo excellently pure,
So well prepar'd, ſo truly good,
Were never us'd ſince *Noah*'s Flood.
You that neglect, will wiſh you'd had 'em:
You're welcome, Sir. Your Servant, Madam.

FINIS.

BRITISH LIBRARY 15 63 AUG

N. B. Merry Andrew's *Packet will be open'd in the next Part.*

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part II. Vol. II.

CANTO II.

THE bouncing Quack's alluring Babble
Prevailing with the liſt'ning Rabble,
Old coughing Fools, and crazy Nurſes,
Began apace to draw their Purſes,
Hoping that now they ſhould be freed
From Corns, and Coughs, and aching Head,
And all the Plagues that wait each Day
On Age, hard Labour, and Decay,
Believing, as the Doctor ſaid,
They now ſhould be immortal made;

And that his univerſal Medly,
Were the Diſtemper ne'er ſo deadly,
Would cure 'em, and prolong their Breath,
In ſpite of Sickneſs, and of Death.
So eaſy is it to delude
A poor unthinking Multitude,
That if the Bait be but inviting,
The Angler need not fear their biting.
The wond'rous Hopes the Rabble had,
Made 'em whip Six-pences like mad.
Many amongſt the fooliſh Crowd,
Fond to promote the Doctor's Good,
Gave in at once the total Sum
They'd got about 'em, or at Home.
So have I ſeen at Country Wedding,
When Blockheads for the Gloves were bidding,
An oſtentatious Clown pull forth
His Pouch, and lay down all his Worth;
And when the tempting Prize he 'ad got,
Thraſh'd hard next Day to earn a Groat.

No ſooner had the buſy Quack
Diſpers'd his never-failing Pack
Of Remedies 'gainſt every Evil,
Brought to the Doctor by his Devil,
And fortify'd the Rabble Rout
With Plaiſter, Pill, and Antidote;
But thoſe, who to preſerve their Health,
Had ſwop'd their little Stock of Wealth,
Were moving each their diff'rent way,
Some to their Work, and ſome to Play;
Others more lazy, lewd, and common,
To ſtarve, beg, ſteal, or play the Woman:
But *Andrew*, wanting to entice
Their Stay, had fram'd a new Device
To fiſh for Farthings, when his Maſter
Had, by his Balſam, Pill, and Plaiſter,
Their Silver from the Braſs refin'd,
And only left the Droſs behind.
So the proud Sharper, very oft,
The better to effect his Craft,

His Lackey keeps thro' Oſtentation,
And paſſes for a Man of Faſhion,
Altho' he's often forc'd to make
A Meal upon a Mutton Stake,
Leaving his hungry Man to ſhift
With the poor Scraps himſelf has left:
So the Quack firſt ſecures the beſt,
Then *Andrew* fiſhes for the reſt.

The Fool, to ſtop their moving off,
Invites 'em back with commic Laugh:
Ya hoy, crys he, you're plaguy cunning;
Why, where the Devil are ye running?
I find you, like ungrateful Friends,
Turn Tail when you have gain'd your Ends.
So to a Feaſt ſhould I invite ye,
You'd ſtuff your Guts, and cry, Good bwi't'ye.
But hold a little, why ſo faſt?
Methinks you're all in woundy haſte.
Pray turn again, and hear the Tattle
Of two Town-Goſſips o'er a Bottle.

" Says Madam *Friſk*, Come, here's a Glaſs
" To him that loves a pretty Laſs,
" And dares to run thro' Fire and Water,
" To Kiſs his Neighbour's Wife or Daughter.
" Come, fill a Bumper; where's the Hurt?
" Is not this Tipling, pleaſing Sport?
" Says Madam *Pert*, I vow and ſwear it,
" Theſe Men live rarely o'er their Claret.
" Come, t'other Glaſs: Upon my Life
" The Devil would not be a Wife,
" To ſteal a merry Hour in Fear,
" Or ſit at Home, and drink Small Beer,
" Whilſt ev'ry Night our rambling 'Spouſes
" Shall tipple 'till they warm their Noſes.
" 'Tis very hard, ſays *Friſk* to *Pert*;
" But we as oft reward 'em for't;
" For when they're o'er the Bottle bleſt,
" Don't we provide a ſtanding Feaſt,
" Which makes our Female Hearts as merry
" As theirs o'er Claret or Canary?

" But ſtill, ſays *Pert*, a Cup o' th' Creature
" Makes ev'ry thing go down the better.
" Wine is the only Hug me t' ye,
" That makes the Lover briſk and free.
" Kiſſes, Love-Toys, and am'rous Prattle,
" Are all dry Meat without the Bottle.
" Says *Friſk*, Two good Things, I muſt own
" Are better by a deal than one;
" But if I can't have both, I'll rather
" Content my ſelf with one, than neither.
" But prethee put the Glaſs about;
" 'Gad ſa' me, who'd have thought 'twas out.
" Here, Drawer, bring us t'other Bottle:
" How this Wine makes us Women tattle!
" Could we but hear our Huſbands chat it!
" How their Tongues run, when they are at it!
" Their Bawdy Tales, when o'er their Liquor,
" I'll warr'nt would make a Woman ſnicker.
" But hold; the Drawer's coming up,
" Let's put to our Diſcourſe a Stop:

" Be ſilent when the Urchin enters,
" And look as grave as two Diſſenters.
" Come, now he's gone, let's take a Glaſs,
" The Minutes flee away apace.
" Name ſome obliging pretty Health,
" That we can only drink by Stealth.
" Says *Pert*, agreed; let's both be free,
" And drink like any Quality.
" Here's to the Two that Kiſs'd us laſt,
" Rememb'ring all our Pleaſures paſt;
" And wiſhing thoſe we have to come,
" May prove the beſt in Chriſtendom.
" Well done, ſays *Friſk*, ſuch a dear Girl
" Is worth th' Embraces of an Earl.
" I'll pledge thee, *Pert*, with all my Heart.
" 'Tis pity we ſhould ever part.
" I vow and ſwear 'tis charming Wine.
" Well, now I've drank, the Toaſt is mine.
" Come, fill your Glaſs, be briſk and airy,
" We've but a little Time to tarry.

" A Health to all thoſe merry Wives,
" That keep up their Prerogatives,
" And fearleſs dare, like us, purſue
" Thoſe Pleaſures which their Huſbands do,
" Without the Dread of Kicking, Cuffing,
" Or any jealous Cuckold's Huffing,
" And will at all times, Tooth and Nail,
" With Tongs or Ladle, Tongue and Tail,
" Maintain that Right which Nature gave 'em,
" In ſpite of thoſe that would enſlave 'em.
" Well toaſted, Faith, crys Madam *Pert*,
" Here's the good Health with all my Heart.
" Cuts Bobs, ſays *Friſk*, my Brains grow addl'd;
" Hick-up, crys *Pert*, I think I'm fuddl'd.
And when thus drunk, the giddy Huſſies
Reel'd Home to their cornuted 'Spouſes:
" Then, How now, Wife; why, what's the matter?
" My Dear, 'tis nothing but a Vapour.
" You're drunk, you Sow; you reel and ſlabber.
" You lie, you Hog, I'm ſick, but ſober.

" Get

" Get you to Bed, you ſtagg'ring Beaſt.

" I won't, you Buck, at your Requeſt.

" Go ſleep, I ſay, you drunken Quean.

" You croſs-grain'd Cuckold, what d' ye mean?

" Huſſy, how dare you thus abuſe me?

" Sirrah, how dare you thus miſuſe me?

" You Whore, be ſilent, or I'll kick ye.

" You Rogue, be civil, or I'll ſtick ye.

Rare merry Jades! upon my Life;
Who would not covet ſuch a Wife?

Now, ſtay a little, and I'll tell ye
What Rarities I've here to ſell ye,
Such Wonders will I make appear
From this poor little Packet here,
That have not hitherto been known
To any Conj'rer in the Town:
Yet I'm no upſtart Albumazer;
Altho' a Fool, no Planet-Gazer;
That in this Coat has made a Sally
From the ſix Steps in *Raven-Alley*,

In this Diſguiſe, to boaſt or brag on
My Female Fern-Seed, or Black Dragon;
For tho' I am a Fool, 'tis true,
That's nothing; be it known to you,
I am an exc'lent Doctor too;
Tho' I can't ſuch Merit plead
As worthy fam'd Sir *W*—— *R*——*d*,
Or help, like him, the Blind to Sight;
Yet, be it known to that Great Knight,
My Honour can both Read and Write.
What, tho' I cannot Sole a Shoe,
As ſome Aſtrologers can do,
Or skip and tumble thro' a Hoop,
As well as Doctor Nincumpoop:
But thus much I'll be bold to ſay,
Tho' they the Knave can better play,
Yet I'll be bound to play the Fool
In Coach, on Horſe-back, Stage, or Stool,
With the moſt topping, grave, and ſtately
Phyſician, tho' 'tis Doctor G——*tly*;

Yet did I ever ſcorn to boaſt
Of finding Silver Spoons when loſt,
Or making Sigils, to ſecure
The buxom Jade from turning Whore.
That Word, I know, ſounds ſomething rough;
But from a Fool 'tis well enough;
For we, altho' we paſs for no Wits,
Claim equal Licenſe with the Poets;
For Kings have Fools, that ſometimes ſpare not
To ſpeak what wiſer Subjects dare not.
In ſhort, I'm not about to cheat ye
With Juglers Tricks, or yet to treat ye
With Monſters, blazing Stars, or Commets,
But with ſtrange Powders, Pills, and Vomits;
Such that have yet been never heard on
By him that has the oldeſt Beard on.
In the firſt place, this very Powder
Deſerves *Fame*'s Trumpet, or a louder,
Becauſe, by its provoking Pow'r,
'Twill cauſe more Mirth in half an Hour,

Than all the Fidlers, Pipers, Songſters,
Young airy Harlots, Wits, and Punſters,
Were every one, to play their Parts,
And to their utmoſt ſhew their Arts.
Infuſe in Wine, in Ale, or Beer,
The twentieth part of what is here;
Give it to Widow, Wife, or Maid,
Old Thornback, or the ſqueamiſh Jade;
And tho' before ſhe ſeem'd to be
A Saint, all over Modeſty,
Pious, reſerv'd, moroſe, unkind,
Skittiſh, and coy, you'll quickly find
'Twill quite ſubdue her ſtubborn Nature,
And make her ſuch an am'rous Creature,
That be ſhe High-Church, be ſhe Whig,
She'll nuzzl' ye like a ſucking Pig,
And be ſo fond of him that gave it,
That tho' a Maid, 'twill make her crave it,
And plainly tell you, ſhe muſt have it.

'Twill

'Twill cauſe a Saint to quit her Pray'rs,
And dry up her repenting Tears;
To Love's Enjoyments ſo incline her,
That do but preſs her, and you'll win her
To turn a kind obliging Sinner.
In ſhort, 'twill make the Trades-man's 'Spouſe
Graft Horns upon her Huſband's Brows;
Betray him, cheat him by the by,
And pick his Pocket, to ſupply
Some ſtarving Stallion of the Town,
With Cloaths, and now and then a Crown.
'Twill make a D——s ſlight her Honour,
And let ſome Scoundrel live upon her;
Provoke Great Ladies to be Cullies
To brainleſs Beaus, and bluſt'ring Bullies.
This is the Charm that tempts rich Fools
To marry worthleſs Jilts and Trulls,
And draws the Man of G—— to wed
The Leavings of his Lordſhip's Bed.

This makes rich Fortunes from their Coaches
Fall head-long into Sharpers Clutches,
And prize the Dregs of their Debauches
Before the Man of Worth and Senſe,
That wants the other's Impudence.
'Twill op'rate, us'd as I have ſhew'd ye,
From the Court-Lady, to the Dowdy,
As well upon the Dame of Worth,
That boaſts of her illuſtrious Birth.
The Hypocrite, that's alwa[illegible]
For Honour, Modeſty, and [illegible]
As well as ſhe that's born to carry
The Milk-Pail from the Cow to th' Dairy.
'Twill make them all break *Vertue*'s Chains,
And prize Mens Backs much more than Brains.
Beſides, fair Dames, I'd have you know't,
'Twill op'rate on our Sex to boot:
On Scholars, Trades-men, Soldiers, Sea-men,
All ſorts of Men, as well as Women.

One Doſe will make a Fool deſpiſe
A vertuous Wife, that by him lies,
And give him a laſcivious Itching
To ramble o'er the Town a Bitching.
'Tis exc'lent good for Ladies Maids,
Their Women, or their Chamber-Jades,
To give their Lords, when they would bob
Their Ladies of a merry Job.
Did they but know what pleaſant Sport
'Twould make, it would be priz'd at Court
From the Great Leacher puff'd with Pow'r,
To th' humble P—— that guards the Door.
Let but the City Dame infuſe it,
So that her 'Prentice may but uſe it,
And I dare warrant for a Truth,
'Twill ſo inſpire the am'rous Youth,
That boldly, fearleſs of Diſaſter,
He'll make a Cuckold of his Maſter.
In ſhort, 'twill ſo improve the Senſe
With head-ſtrong Luſt and Impudence,

That by its Help, a Country Clown
May bear a Dame of Honour down;
And for his maſculine Approaches,
Be made thrice welcome to a Dutcheſs.
One Virtue more, which is not common,
It cures all Barrenneſs in Woman;
Removes what does Conception hinder,
And makes her touch and take like Tinder,
Provided ſhe'll be rul'd by Reaſon,
And be well plough'd and ſow'd in Seaſon.
Therefore, if any of you want
A briſk young Huſband, or Gallant;
Or any Spark, to bleſs his Life,
Needs a kind Miſtreſs, or a Wife:
Or if no Children you can bear,
But live in Pain to have an Heir,
Give but this Powder as directed,
Your Bus'neſs will be ſoon effected.
Both Sexes may ſupply their Wants
With Wives, Whores, Huſbands, and Gallants:

The poor Man's Houſe abound with Brats,
As Country Barn with Mice and Rats;
And Pariſhes be fill'd with By-blows
As thick as Butchers Stalls with Fly-blows,
When every blue-ars'd Inſect rambles
Abroad, to perſecute the Shambles.

The next rare Inſtance of my Skill,
Is th' only Wonder of a Pill;
It purges both the Guts and Brains,
And carr's off all thoſe pricking Pains
That ſhall at any time torment
The hide-bound Conſcience of a Saint.
It widens all thoſe narrow Rules
That check Enthuſiaſtick Fools,
And qualifies their Minds, to take
All ſorts of Oaths for Int'reſt ſake.
Warm coſtive Zeal it cools and ſupples,
And ſtretches all reſtraining Scruples;
Looſſens all Sacramental Ties,
And all their Holy Force deſtroys;

So that they may Commune with thoſe,
When Int'reſt leads them by the Noſe,
Whom in their treach'rous Hearts they hate,
And worſe than K——s abominate.
It alſo purges from within 'em
All Notions of the *Jus Divinum*,
And ſcowrs off all ſuch H—— C—— Matter,
As clean as *D*—— *F*——'s new Satyr:
But if without ſide you would be
From Fundament-Pollution free,
As my Pill works, and proves effective,
Be ſure you wipe with his Invective.
It alſo ſtops all Veneration
For ancient H—— C—— Ordination,
And raiſes an immortal Loathing
To B——s, and their S—— Cloathing.
It alſo ſtrengthens Head and Heart,
Tongue, Tooth, and Nail, and ev'ry Part,
And arms them with a woful Caution
Againſt C—— W—— and Devotion;

Strongly

Strongly inclines them to prefer
Dull Hodge Podge to the C—— P——,
Provokes them to reproach, deſpiſe
Guides, who are learned, grave, and wiſe,
And makes them follow prating F——s,
That cant like K——s, and hoot like O——s.

Beſides, as true as here we live,
'Tis a moſt rare Reſtorative
For any wav'ring He or She,
That's fall'n from their Hypocriſy.
'Twill make 'em ſigh, diſſemble, pray,
And Chapters read nine times a Day;
Yet ſhall they make it their Endeavour
To cheat and lie as bad as ever;
Look as demure as Saints, yet drive at
The worſt of Vices, when in private.
If Holy Sifter, wanting Grace,
By Chance ſupplies a Harlot's Place,
And takes a kind refreſhing Sh——
Upon the Bed of lawleſs Love;

This Pill, if ſwallow'd in due time,
Shall quite extenuate the Crime;
Expel the Dregs of her Tranſgreſſion,
And purge off the Abomination;
Reſtore her puritannick Face
To all its old diſſembling Grace,
And cauſe the Brethren to believe her
As good a true-blue Saint as ever.
If any Phariſee among ye
Should meet a Sinner, that ſhould wrong ye,
And fire the Tools of Generation
With ſome Venereal Inflammation;
Nay, tho' the vile Diſeaſe be rooted,
And you are ne'er ſo bad polluted,
Take this, 'twill qualify the Flame,
And ſmother all the burning Shame
So ſecretly, that none ſhall gueſs
Ye are defil'd with Wickedneſs.
This pow'rful Pill at firſt did I
Prepare for Saints, that trod awry.

Thouſands

Thouſands 't 'as cur'd, I do aver it,
Who've ſinn'd againſt the Holy Spirit,
And have been clapp'd in woful Caſe,
In ſpite of all reſtraining Grace.
Therefore I call it to this Day,
My *Pilula Fanatica.*

Thirdly, This ſmall *Venetian* Bottle,
So prim, ſo pretty, and ſo little,
Contains a Beauty-Waſh, not common,
The beſt that e'er was us'd by Woman;
Tho' ſhe be ninety Years, or more,
'Twill bring her back to twenty four,
And ſo repair old wither'd Maids,
And ſet off founder'd wrinkl'd Jades,
That Bawds at ſixty ſhall go down
With Country 'Squires at half a Crown.
Ladies or Dowdies, Wives or Laſſes,
With Scarlet or Pimgennet Faces,
Tho' caus'd by drinking much cold Tea,
Punch, Nectar, Wine, or Ratifea.

This-

This cures their Redneſs without fail,
And brings them to a charming Pale,
And ſo prevents all future Fluſhing,
That they may drink on without bluſhing.

Repreſenting Whores and common Drabs,
Pepper'd with Pocky Itch, or Scabs,
Who have for Years been never free
From the Venereal Leproſy;
Let them but waſh their Limbs or Features,
Diſgrac'd with theſe malignant Tetters,
And this will renovate their Faces,
Rectify all thoſe fretting Places,
That ſcar'd their Culls from their Embraces.

All Dandruff, Morphew, Scurff, or Tan,
Caus'd by Heat, Naſtineſs, or Man,
It fetches off from any Place,
And leaves the Skin as ſmooth as Glaſs.
All Country Jugs, with Sun-burnt Faces,
Brown Joans, and Wainſcot-colour'd Laſſes,

Droll Act'reſſes, Balcony Mounters,
Punks, Strolers, Market Dames, and Bunters,
Courſe *Wapping* Weather-beaten Trulls,
That ply amongſt the Oars and Skulls,
May all, by th' Help of this ſame Waſh,
Be made ſo beautiful and freſh,
That Sweet-hearts aft'r 'em will be crowding,
Like hungry Dogs to dirty Pudding:
Each Sea-Commander will be glad
To turn their Aprons up like mad,
Without conſid'ring, or regarding
Whether the Friggot he is boarding,
May prove a Fire-ſhip, to decoy him
On Board, to burn him, and deſtroy him.
Beſides the Virtues I have nam'd,
And for your Good aloud proclaim'd;
One more I am about to mention,
That moſt deſerves your grave Attention:
If any kind young pretty Maid,
Upon a Couch, Chair, Stool, or Bed,
Should chance to ſtretch her Maidenhead,

So that, if known, 'twould be by moſt
Good Folks ſuſpected to be loſt;
Let them in this but dip a F—t—r,
And rub it round their ſt——g L——r,
And they ſhall find that 'twill reſtore
What they believ'd they'd loſt before;
And do their Bus'neſs ten times better,
Than Doctor *N—n—ck*'s Allum Water.

Let any Mother of the Maids,
That deals at Court in Maidenheads,
But teach her Pupils this rare Art,
Which I ſo frankly here impart,
And the crack'd Veſſel may repair,
If briſk and young, her broken Ware;
And paſs her Maid'nhead, if ſhe's ſound,
To ſome lewd Fop for fifty Pound:
Nay, let her but repeat the ſame,
Change but her Eye-brows, and her Name,
And tho' a common hackney Jade,
This will reſtore the Punk a Maid.

Thus may ſhe daily live a Whore,
And ſtill cheat thoſe that do not know 'r.
Therefore I juſtly title this
My Stiptick *Aqua Veneris.*

If any Man, Wife, Son, or Daughter,
Wants my Pill, Powder, or my Water,
Now, now's the time for Saints and Sinners
To waſh off all paſt Miſdemeaners.
Old Leachers, Harridans, and Cracks,
To mend their Bellies, and their Backs,
Here's ſomething that I'm ſure will pleaſe
Wives, Widows, Maids, of all Degrees,
From lofty Whores, that ride in Coaches,
To thoſe that live by their Debauches.
Yet will they coſt you but a few Pence;
Take my three Prodigies for two Pence:
Buy 'em, they're yours for little Coin;
If not, they're ſtill the Fool's, that's mine.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 63
AUG

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part III. Vol. II.

CANTO III.

Autumn, that Raggamuffin Thief,
That blows down ev'ry fading Leaf,
And robs each fruitful Plant and Tree
Of all their pleasing Verdency;
Beginning now his searching Reign,
Which feeble Age endures with Pain;
Dreaded by all, whose old Debauches,
Have brought their crazy Limbs to Crutches,
And fill'd 'em with repenting Aches:

'Twas then, when *Auguſt* near was ſpent,
That *Bat*, the *Grilliado'd* Saint,
Had uſher'd in his *Smithfield*-Revels,
Where Punchionelloes, Popes, and Devils
Are by Authority allow'd,
To pleaſe the giddy gaping Crowd.
T' encreaſe the Numbers of the Fools
That thither flock'd in mighty Shoals,
I mov'd with the tumultuous Stream,
To view the Fair, that Devil's Dream,
In hopes to meet with ſome new Droll,
So Hyperbolically dull,
Play'd ſo prepoſt'rouſly and madly,
So wrong, ſo exquiſitely ſadly,
That I might praiſe it, when I'ad ſeen it,
For ſomething very odious in it,
As Ladies do thoſe ill-ſhap'd Creatures,
Dutch Maſtiffs, for their ugly Features.
No ſooner had I paſs'd the Gate,
Where fetter'd Villains dread their Fate,

And enter'd into *Gilt-Spur Street*,
But ſuch a Noſegay did I meet,
Ariſing from the Pig and Pork,
Of greaſy Cooks at ſweating Work,
Enough to 've made a faithleſs *Jew*,
Or freckly *Scotch*-man Keck or Spew,
Who are of Swine's-Fleſh much affear'd,
E'er ſince the Devil drown'd the Herd,
And brought the Hogs he had poſſeſt,
To a bad Market at the beſt.
Poor Creatures ſo to looſe their Lives!
But needs muſt, when the Devil drives.
At laſt I came into the Fair,
Where Crowds in ſuch Confuſion were,
Acting as if bereft of Wits,
Like ſo many looſe *Bedlamites*;
Some ſqueezing in amidſt the Rout,
And others elbowing to get out.
Fair Ladies clinging cloſe to Cullies,
Jilts guarded from Affronts by Bullies;

White-

White-Apron Whores in home-ſpun Dreſſes,
Link'd Arm in Arm by Pairs and Leaſhes,
Dogg'd by reforming Pimps, who watch 'em,
Hoping in ſome Intrigue to catch 'em,
That when detected, they might ſnack
The ſinful *Premium* each poor Crack
Had gladly earn'd upon her Back.
Laborious Alley-Slaves in Swarms,
Their Trulls with Baſtards in their Arms,
Squalling and roaring to be fed
With Apples, Pears, and Ginger-Bread.
Some pregnant Dames, well plough'd and ſow'd,
Or, as the *Scotch* will have it, mow'd,
Were ſtrutting with their Bellies big,
Longing, as I ſuppoſe, for Pig,
Brought thither to their Huſband's Coſt,
Leaſt *Hans en Kelder* ſhould be loſt:
For how uneaſy muſt their Lives
Be made, that ſtint great Belly'd Wives?

Young

Young am'rous 'Prentic'd Beaus and Blades,
Stoll'n out with Cooks and Chamber-Maids,
To view the Wonders of the Fair,
And next, upon a Tavern-Chair
To take a Taſte of Love's Delight,
And ſo walk home by Nine at Night,
One ſtepping in before the other,
Denying that they've been together.
So the young Laſs, that bends her Love
Tow'rds him her Parents diſapprove,
Steals out to Kiſs him by the by,
Then ſeals the Secret with a Lie.
Old Cits, with jolly Wives and Daughters,
Young Jilts, with gen'rous Fornicators;
Fair Concubines, with keeping Cullies,
And Rural Swains, with Jugs and Dollies,
Jumbling and joſtling to and fro,
Some from, and others to a Show.
Pick-pockets for a Booty diving,
Whores plying, Hackney Coach-men driving;

Cooks winding up their ratling Jacks,
Preparing Food for Culls and Cracks;
Some ſweating very hard at Work,
In baſting Meazly Pig and Pork,
Whilſt greaſy Pearls of *Serum* ran
From their Brows into th' Dripping-pan.
Who knows but Human Fat, tho' fulſome,
May make the Fleſh of Hog more wholſome?
Since 'tis allow'd extreamly good
In Med'cine, pray why not in Food?
Others ſtood buſy at their Doors,
In dirty Shirts, ſome fine, ſome courſe,
Tinctur'd beneath the Arm-pits, yellow,
By their own nauſeous melted Tallow,
Each crying out with Boatſwain's Voice,
Here's dainty Pig, and Pork that's choice,
Criſp, brown, and fine; moſt nicely ready:
You're welcome, Sir: Walk in, my Lady.
Then down he rubs his ſhining Hairs,
And drys his dripping ſweaty Ears

Next, ſtepping nimbly as a Grig,
With the ſame Clout he wipes his Pig:
Rare Pig and Pork, my Lads and Laſſes;
Walk in; ſtep up, and take your Places.
So the poor Nurſe, when ſhe's in haſte
To get her good Man's Dinner dreſt,
Does oft with ſhitten Diſh-clout clean
The greaſy Porridge-pot within;
Thus makes the Rag, that's once defil'd,
Serve both the Kitchen, and the Child.
Therefore 'tis ſaid by wiſe old Matrons,
Moſt Nurſes will be naſty Slatterns.

All ſorts of Noiſes blended were,
T' improve the Muſick of the Fair.
Drums ratling, Lott'ry-Trumpets farting,
And croaking Fools their Lungs exerting.
Young Flat-caps, with extended Throats,
Crying their Damſons, Pears, and Nuts.
Boys with their penny Cat-calls tooting.
The Mob at *Merry Andrew* ſhouting.

The Actors bawling to the Rabble.
A Riot here, and there a Squabble;
That twenty thouſand wild Cats ſqualling,
Met at one gen'ral Catterwowling,
With a large Pack of deep-mouth'd Dogs,
Mix'd with a Herd of grunting Hogs,
In Conſort could not have ſupply'd us
With Diſcord ſo confus'dly hideous:
Nay, *Hell* and *Bedlam* broken looſe,
Could ſcarce ſo damn'd a Noiſe produce;
Or in a truer Emblem ſhow us
The wretched State of thoſe below us.

Next, I the wooden World beheld,
That did ſuch various Wonders yield,
Built for imaginary Princes
To ſtrut in Buſkins, and in Tinſeys;
From whence Philoſophers might learn
To treat proud Majeſty with Scorn,
And gaze with a reproachful Eye
On all their Pomp and Vanity.

For if a ſtroling ſtrutting Ape,
Crept into an Heroick Shape,
Can to the Life, with graceful Art,
Perform a gallant Hero's Part;
And Punk, that lives by her Debauches,
Can repreſent ſome beauteous Dutcheſs,
Th' Originals, ſome fooliſh Puppies
May think no better than the Coppies,
So fancy Honour but a Whim,
Leſſen its Worth in their Eſteem,
And think all Grandure but a Dream;
For Peaſants nothing truly know
Of Greatneſs, but by outward Show.
Therefore, what Notions muſt they have
Of a King mimmick'd by a Slave,
Or haughty States-man by a Knave?
None can a Giant's Stature gueſs,
That only ſees his Picture leſs.

Thus gazing on the glitt'ring Trains,
Stoll'n out from bawdy Nooks and Lanes,

Where the lewd Punk and Jack of Dandy
Carouſe at Night o'er *Engliſh* Brandy;
And *Smithfield* Queens, diſrob'd of Pride,
In tatter'd Smocks their Honour hide,
'Till City Cull, with half a Crown,
Knocks all that Princely Greatneſs down,
That look'd ſo proud on ſlit-deal Throne.
At laſt, as ſtaring round about,
With Eyes advanc'd above the Rout,
A pompous Train, in great Decorum,
Popp'd out, with an old Fool before 'em,
And march'd in State behind the Tony,
The utmoſt length of the Balcony.
The Zany, grinning, danc'd along,
To pleaſe the much more fooliſh Throng,
That crowded Ankle deep in Dirt,
To laugh at *Merry Andrew*'s Sport,
Who labour'd hard t' oblige the Aſſes
With antick Tricks, and odd Grimaces.

A ſtrutting, frowning, Bullet-headed
Brawny Bravado, next ſucceeded;
Knit Brows and a Majeſtick Scorn
Did his ſtern Countenance adorn;
And when his Eyes vouchſaf'd to throw
One Glance upon the Fools below,
The Favour which the Tyrant ſhow'd,
Was with ſuch Inſolence beſtow'd,
As if ſome frenzical Conceit
Had made him, in Opinion, Great,
And crown'd the Bully, in his Fancy,
Monarch of ſome ſtrange Land beyond Sea.
So raving *Bedlamites* (poor Souls!)
On Beds of Straw in Piſs-burnt Holes,
When miſerably drawn beſide
Their Wits, by an Exceſs of Pride,
Believe, when moſt bereft of Senſes,
They're ſome ſtrange forreign Kings or Princes.
The Cap the ſtalking Hero wore,
Was ſet with *Briſtol* Jems before;

On top, ſtood mounted, moſt compleatly,
A Plume, to make him tall and ſtately,
Whoſe lofty cock'ring feather'd Pride
Nodded at each Majeſtick Stride.
Thus did he ſtraddle up and down,
Like ſtalking Cock with copple Crown,
Looking in his fantaſtick Gere,
Proud as the crowing Chanticlere.
To add an awful modern Grace
To his broad Shoulders, and his Face,
His Head was drown'd in Horſe-hair Wig,
Profuſely long, and hugely big,
Which o'er his Back diſhrevel'd lay,
To make his Majeſty more gay,
Hanging from's Head, that Brainleſs Lump,
Some Inches down below his Rump,
Like the long Locks of *Adam*'s Wife,
When painted by the Tree of Life.
His *Roman* Mantle, and his Dreſs,
Were ſo bedaub'd with Copper Lace,

That had the Metal been tranſlated,
Which made the Mimmick ſo conceited,
It would have prov'd (ſome Tinker's Thought)
Enough to 've made a Porridge-Pot:
But yet beneath his Robes of State,
His Britches ſeem'd of ancient Date,
New vamp'd, upon this grand Occaſion,
Againſt his Kingſhip's Coronation.
Nor did his Hands-Skoons well agree
With his Majeſtick Finery,
His Paws be'ng cover'd with a Pair
Of Gloves, clean waſh'd againſt the Fair,
Which look'd of ſuch a tawny Yellow,
Scarce fitting for ſo fine a Fellow.
But well ma' imaginary Lords
Grow ſaving, who have got no Hoards,
Since Quality uſe now-a-days
The very ſame penurious Ways.
Thus dreſs'd, with Buſkins round his Shanks,
He ſtalk'd along the yielding Planks

In

In Shoes, which by their clumſy Tread,
Seem'd lately ſoal'd, or under-laid.
A good Shift too! for I have ſeen
A ſtroling Monarch, and his Queen,
In Country Barn, the Hobs amuſe,
With but one Heel to both their Shoes.

A Princeſs next to her dear Bully,
Mov'd moſt Majeſtically ſlowly;
Yet at each leiſure ſtately Stride,
She ſtretch'd her ſelf moſt wond'rous wide,
To ſhew what Room there was between
Thoſe Legs, where many a Spark had been.
Her wither'd Face, long blown upon
By half the Rake-Hells of the Town;
Publick in Stews, as on the Stage,
Decay'd by Phyſick, more than Age,
Was now touch'd up with ſo much Air,
And painted ſo divinely fair;
Improv'd by Secrets ſhe had bought
In Viol, Box, and Gally-pot;

From

From whence, new Charms were plaiſter'd on,
To fit her for a *Smithfield* Throne.
Her Eye-Brows were to Arches turn'd,
Shap'd by a Cork in Candle burn'd,
Like *Cupid*'s Bows, from whence her Darts
Were ſhot, to wound unwary Hearts.
Her Lips of a Vermilion Dye,
Look'd ſo inviting to the Eye,
That ev'n the very Words ſhe ſaid,
Muſt needs be tinctur'd o'er with Red,
The Paint was ſo profuſely ſpread.
Her Cheeks, which knew not how to bluſh,
Were ſtain'd with ſuch a charming Fluſh,
That none could ſee, for Paint and Patches,
The Reliques of her lewd Debauches.
Her Bubbies, which ſhe forward thruſt,
Boil'd o'er her Stays with very Luſt,
That tho' ſhe lov'd, behind the Curtain,
To ſip off, now and then, a Quartan,

Yet none could view her, but muſt think,
O'th' two, ſhe'd rather Whore, than Drink.
Her feather'd Plumes, and borrow'd Locks,
Gave to her Charms, new Baits and Hooks;
With Diamonds ſticking round her Head,
In *Southwark*, at ſome Glaſs-Houſe made,
Which added to her plaiſter'd Face,
Such a true Play-Houſe Jilting Grace,
That her affected Looks, and Cloathing,
Would turn one's Liking to a Loathing:
For borrow'd Charms appear but Apiſh,
And Punks, in ſpite of Art, but Trapiſh.
Her Honour's Petticoat and Gown,
Were nicely made of blew Saloon,
Which had long ſince, without a Joke,
Lin'd ſome Lord's Coach-Man's Liv'ry Cloak;
which, thro' ſome botching Fool's Aſſiſtance,
Look'd moſt Refulgent at a Diſtance,
Embroider'd round with fine gilt Leather,
Or Tinſey pink'd, I know not whether;

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with here and there a Spangle,
That made her glitter like an Angel;
In which the ſcornful Gipſy trod
As ſtiff, as ſtately, and as proud,
As Dutcheſs at a Queen's Cor'nation,
Or Lord Mayor's Horſe in Grand Proceſſion.
Her Train, from her poſterior Grope-hole,
Was full as long as any Hop-pole,
Born by two Pages up, well known
To be both Baſtards of her own,
Being either big enough to trot
For Quartan, or for Ale-Houſe Pot,
Or watch the Door, upon Occaſion,
Whilſt Mother's at her Occupation,
Dealing to ſome young Cull above,
Twelve Pen'worth of her Luſtful Love.
Next came a Pack of mincing Jades,
Attending as her Grace's Maids
Of Honour, tho' alas! the Title
Avail'd the Baggages but little;

For when their waiting Hours were done,
Then, as you were, Whores ev'ry one.
Behind theſe, came two Bully Hecks,
With feather'd Cock'd up Cordebecks,
In Piſs-burnt Wigs, and tawdry Dreſſes,
Made fine with tatter'd Copper Laces,
From Skirts and Sleeves about the Edges,
Hanging like Sheeps Wooll torn by Hedges:
Theſe were in Sight of the Beholders,
To Fight in Jeſt, like Train-band Soldiers,
'Till one was Slain by Dint of Tilt,
Without one Drop of Blood being ſpilt.
Next theſe, there came two cringing Beaus,
Ordain'd by th' Poet, I ſuppoſe,
To repreſent a fawning Sort
Of Flatt'rers that attend a Court;
Who were to humour in the Droll,
King *Bounce*, and his imperious Trull.
Thrones muſt have Sycophants about 'em,
Alas! there's nothing done without 'em.

The reſt were ſneaking Pimps and Slatterns,
From *Tower-Hill*, *Wapping*, and St. *Kather'ns*,
Who look'd as if they were, within,
To act the ſame they'd always been;
Thus play the Parts of Rogues and Whores,
And never change their Characters;
For true low Comedy beſt ſuits
A ſtroling Pack of Knaves and Sluts:
For ſhe that is a Jilting Jade
By Education and by Trade,
Muſt needs to great Perfection play
The Part ſhe ſtudies ev'ry Day.
So he that's Roguiſh in his Heart,
Muſt well perform a Villain's Part,
Becauſe it is his conſtant Pains,
To practiſe what we think he feigns.
But when a Scoundrel repreſents
A Valiant and a Vertuous Prince,
The huffing, ſtrutting, ſilly Cur
Does ſo confound the Character,

And Vertue does ſo lamely ſhew,
'Twould make a ſkilful Audience Spew:
But when old *Smithfield* undertakes
To ſhew us Drunkards, Whores, or Rakes,
They play their Pranks ſo wond'rous well,
That they the Theatre excel;
Becauſe we ſee in ev'ry Part,
Their own true Nature, void of Art:
But if they're rais'd above their Sphere,
And in Majeſtick Robes appear,
Their Heroes they like Bullies paint,
And make the Devil of a Saint;
Whilſt R——s Slaves, or C——s Fools,
Well ſkill'd in old Dramatick Rules
Can alter both their Meins and Phizes,
Screw up to Kings, or ſink to Niſeys,
And be whate'er the Poet pleaſes.
Behind the ſtrutting Train, appears
A hung'ry Guard of Halbertiers,

Old,

Old, Craſy, Spindle-ſhank'd, and Tall,
Long Nos'd, thin Jaw'd, and Pale withall,
Looking, with Eyes ſunk into Sockets,
Like Ghoſts dreſs'd up in Yeomens Jackets.
Theſe were the ill-look'd Guard *du Cor'*
To Majeſty, ſtalk'd on before,
In all the Riſques the Hero run
Of Bayliff, Preſs-Gang, or of Dun;
Three Dangers, which his Royal Perſon
Ne'er car'd to Face, but turn'd his Arſe on,
Leſt th' Actions of ſuch wicked Men
Should put a Period to his Reign;
For ſhould they lay vile Hands upon him,
They'd firſt moſt ſhamefully Dethrone him,
Diſrobe him next, and after Bone him.
The Hero thus, with painful Struts,
Led up his tawdry Knaves and Sluts,
Mix'd to improve the pompous Show,
With here and there a Rakiſh Beau,

Attended

Attended, as before you've heard,
With an old Candle-Snuffing Guard;
All moving, to allure the Eye,
In a long Train, as Wild Geese fly;
Each strutting Ape, and jutting Strumpet,
Stepping in Consort with the Trumpet:
To add to whose *Bellonian* Sound,
A Drum was beaten on the Ground,
By an old Red-Coat tatter'd Scrub,
To imitate the Kettle Dub;
From whose inspiring Tub-like Tone,
The Bully seated on his Throne,
Might fancy 'mself to be the Thing
He represented, that's a King.
Thus in their Pomp I left the stroling
Prepost'rous Mimicks to their Fooling,
Squeezing along the Fair, to please
My self with some new Rarities.
At length I made another Stop,
To view the Dancers of the Rope;

Fond to oblige my wand'ring Eyes
With Lady *Betty*'s Legs and Thighs,
Exempt from any wicked Thought
Of Love's inviting Beauty-Spot,
Becauſe, tho' am'rous, 'twas obſcene,
To think of what was plac'd between:
Tho', when a Youth beholds the Punks,
In their alluring Smocks and Trunks,
I muſt confeſs, 'twould be no Wonder
For him to covet what was under.

Thought I, this is that Wooden College,
Where Impudence, inſtead of Knowledge,
Inſpires the Buffoon'ry Fool,
Uutaught in any other School,
To change his Comical Condition,
And Commence travelling Phyſician,
Who for one Fortnight in the Year,
Will ſtill his painted Doublet wear;
And all th' eleven Months beſide,
Does Quacking round the Country ride,

To kill the Sick, and darken quite
Thoſe Eyes that had but little Sight.
But why ſhould Men with ſuch Deriſion,
Scoff *Merry Andrew* turn'd Phyſician,
Since the learn'd Doctor, bred at School,
Repugnant to the common Rule,
Does *Vice verſa*, oft turn Fool?

When I had view'd the Ladies Limbs,
And all their Members, but their Whims;
Nicely examining their Faces,
Set off with *Bridewell* Charms and Graces,
Out popp'd a Damſel on a ſuddain,
In Colour like a Hog's black Pudding,
An *Ethiopian* merry Crack,
With Lady's Legs, but *Sampſon*'s Back,
Full Cheſt, broad Shoulders, Buttocks plump,
So ſtrongly built, from Neck to Rump,
As if a Score of drudging Porters,
Could not have tir'd her ſtrenuous Quarters.

Thought

Thought I, this black Infernal Maulkin,
Muſt needs entice the Mob to walk in,
For who'd not readily advance
A Sice, to ſee the Devil Dance.

The Male Performers Faces were
All ſtigmatiz'd with ſuch an Air,
No Man could gueſs but, by their Looks,
Their Fingers muſt be Fiſhing-Hooks.
So that had *T——r* view'd the Vermin,
It would have puzzl'd 'm to determin,
Which by their Phiz'nomy was chief
Of their Degrees, Quack, Fool, or Thief.
One Caperer above the Reſt,
In his high-flying Trouſers dreſt,
With Hat ſqueez'd down upon his Block,
Turn'd up into the Tyburn Cock;
Had ſomething in his Looks external,
So damn'd deceitful and infernal,
That in each Brow was plainly ſhown,
The Print of what he danc'd upon.

Thought I, if any thing there be
Of Truth in Phiziognomy,
As certain as that Forehead thine is,
So ſure will *Funis* be thy

FINIS.

N. B. *The Paſtimes of the* Muſick-Houſes, *and the Humours of the* Cloiſters, *ſhall be contain'd in the next.*

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the Firſt Volume, in Twelve Parts. Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewiſe the other Parts of this Volume, at 6*d.* each.

Reaſons for an Union between the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, *&c.*

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monſter* often found in *Holland.* To which is added, a merry Muſical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckold's-Point*, before a Grave Aſſembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part IV. Vol. II.

NEAR to this Hempen Dancing-School,
Where a fam'd Doctor play'd the Fool,
A Booth diminitive their ſtood,
Where Pigmy Actors, made of Wood,
Were leaning o'er a Canvas Clout,
And ſqueaking to the Rabble Rout.
As the two Puppets thus were ſporting,
Guided by Hands behind the Curtain,
Young *Coridon*, from Country Farm,
With *Phillis* hanging on his Arm,
Dreſs'd up in all their Rural Pride,
As fine as Bridegroom and his Bride,

Thought I, if any thing there be
Of Truth in Phiziognomy,
As certain as that Forehead thine is,
So ſure will *Funis* be thy

FINIS.

N.B. *The Paſtimes of the* Muſick-Houſes, *and the Humours of the* Cloiſters, *ſhall be contain'd in the next.*

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the Firſt Volume, in Twelve Parts. Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewiſe the other Parts of this Volume, at 6*d.* each.

Reaſons for an Union between the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, *&c.*

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monſter* often found in *Holland.* To which is added, a merry Muſical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckold's-Point*, before a Grave Aſſembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part IV. Vol. II.

NEAR to this Hempen Dancing-School,
Where a fam'd Doctor play'd the Fool,
A Booth diminitive their ſtood,
Where Pigmy Actors, made of Wood,
Were leaning o'er a Canvas Clout,
And ſqueaking to the Rabble Rout.
As the two Puppets thus were ſporting,
Guided by Hands behind the Curtain,
Young *Coridon*, from Country Farm,
With *Phillis* hanging on his Arm,
Dreſs'd up in all their Rural Pride,
As fine as Bridegroom and his Bride,

Were gazing round, to feaſt their Eyes
With the Fair's tempting Rarities:
No ſooner had they fix'd their Peepers
Upon the Life-leſs Whipper-Snappers,
But *Roger* jogging of his *Dolly*,
And pointing up, to ſhew his Folly,
Cry'd out, Wolaw! there's little Folk:
Ads Heart! how prettily they talk?
Did'ſt ever ſee two prattling Fairies
Before, ſo full of arch Figaries?
Look, look, *Joan*, how the Vezons fight!
Who'd think they were ſo full of Spite?
What woundy Polts one gives the other?
Nouns, how he mauls his little Brother.
Says *Joan*, a Murrain take 'em both,
E'en let 'em fight it out, in Troth,
'Till one knocks t'other on the Head.
No matter if they both were dead.
Theſe are the ugly Elves, that creep
At Night, and nip us in our Sleep.

I'm

I'm ſure their Fingers I may rue,
They've often pinch'd me black and blue.
Prethee, good *Roger*, let's paſs by 'em,
Methinks I tremble to be nigh 'em:
Faw, ill-look'd Urchins, out upon 'em;
Had I my Will, I'm ſure I'd Stone 'em.
Thus *Joan*, be'ng not content to ſtay,
Lugg'd *Roger* thro' the Crowd away.
There's no reſiſting Female Force,
Grey Mare will prove the better Horſe.

When thus the wrangling Clouts and Sticks
Had pleas'd the Rabble with their Tricks,
Out from a Door, or duſky Hole,
There popp'd a Head upon a Pole,
That had a much more frightful Phiz,
Than *Magog* over *little Eaſe.*
The Mob beheld with great Surprize,
The Paſte-board Noſe and painted Eyes,
Whilſt frighted Children trembling ſtar'd
On his huge Whiſkers, and his Beard.

The Hoop-ſtick Body, that was made
To anſwer this prepoſt'rous Head,
Was of ſo ſtrange a Muſhroon Nature,
That it improv'd its growing Stature
At leaſt ſix Foot in half a Minute,
By th' Help of ſome Device within it.
To this Gigantick monſt'rous Figure,
Great as *Goliah*, if not bigger,
A Centaur, to improve the Face,
Came in, half Man, and half a Horſe,
Like a Rehearſal War-like Trooper,
In Cloak that hid his Prancer's Crupper.
This little Mortal of a Fellow,
Scarce twice the Bulk of Puncheonello,
Mounted upon a Steed with two Legs,
That look'd moſt ſtrangely with ſo few Legs,
Such as *Droncanſo* oft has ſlain
By whole Brigades in *Drury-Lane*;
Arm'd like a Warrier, did appear
Fierce as Dragoon or Granadier.

This doubty Knight, in furious manner
Riding abroad in ſearch of Honour,
Meeting the Giant in his way,
Began a cruel Bloody Fray,
And in his bold robuſt Attack,
Flung him ſo hard upon his Back,
That made his Hoop-ſtick Bones to crack.
St. *George*, ſo fam'd in ancient Story,
Could never merit greater Glory,
Or ſtrut with more victorious Pride,
When he had thwack'd the Dragon's Hide,
Than did the little *Don Furioſo*,
Tho' he perform'd his Part but ſo ſo.
'Tis true, the Fight was fierce, but ſhort,
Th' unweildy Giant made no Sport;
Tho' arm'd with a ſtupendious Club,
Yet t'other gave him ſuch a Drub,
That did his Paſte-board Noddle wound,
And brought him head-long to the Ground;

At which, the Mob huzza'd for Joy,
And cry'd aloud, *Well done, my Boy!*
Thought I, what Monarch would be proud
O'th' nauſeous Flatt'ries of the Crowd,
Who thus beſtow their noiſy Shouts
On ſuch prepoſt'rous Sticks and Clouts?
When with much Pain the Front I'd view'd,
And elbow'd thro' the Multitude,
I rambl'd round into the Rear,
To ſee the hair-brain'd Doings there,
Where a young Fry of Mob I found
In Boats and Coaches, flying round
Between the Heavens and the Ground.
Thought I, this repreſents moſt truly
The Rabble's Giddineſs and Folly,
Who tho' they earn their Bread like Horſes,
Yet never fail to draw their Purſes
To feed the Knave, that finds a Way
To pleaſe 'em on a Holy-day.

Thus

Thus he, who by his Wit advances
New Whims, to rock their tott'ring Fancies,
May be aſſur'd to gain his Ends,
And make the giddy Fools his Friends.

The ſubtile preaching-gifted Saint,
That can but humour 'm in his Cant,
And lift 'em up into the Air,
But nearer Heaven than they were;
Tho' like theſe Jim-cracks, in the main,
He ſets 'em gently down again,
And leaves the Block-heads reinſtated,
Juſt as they were before he prated;
Yet, thro' their Ears, he finds a Way
To pick their Pockets e'ery Day.

So Politicians form Devices,
And raiſe new Whims, to pleaſe the Niſeys;
Then take th' Advantage of their Blindneſs,
And paſs an Inj'ry for a Kindneſs
So ſlily, that the fooliſh Throng
Shall hug the Man that does 'em wrong;

And with their loud Huzza's, proclaim,
In open Streets, his wond'rous Fame,
Tho' all his fair Pretences, tend
To gull and cheat 'em in the End.

CANTO IV.

HAving thus gratify'd my Eyes
With theſe external Vanities,
And, Squirril-like, with Hazle Nuts,
Both tir'd my Jaws, and ſtuff'd my Guts,
I ſqueez'd again into the Crowd,
Where Muſick-Booths in Cluſters ſtood;
Invited by the Organs Hum,
And Marſhal Sound of Kettle Drum,
With Trumpets, Fiddles, Hautboys, Flutes,
That pleaſe the Ear with Scrapes and Toots:
Thought I, if here I pitch my Tent
'Till half an Hour or more be ſpent,

Something

Something may offer worth my View,
Very ridiculous and new:
Beſides, beholding in the Entry,
A dancing Female ſtanding Centry,
Looſe rigg'd in Petty-coat and Smock,
With leach'rous Brow, as black as Crock;
Her Skin unwrinkled, plump, and fair,
Pretty her Face, and briſk her Air;
I could not ſhew ſo much ill Nature,
As to paſs by the tempting Creature;
But in I ſtepp'd, in hopes to pleaſe
My Eyes with her Performances;
Not doubting, but the active Laſs
Had more Inducements, than her Face,
That would our Admiration raiſe,
And merit the Spectator's Praiſe.
Thus ent'ring, am'rouſly I preſt
With gentle Hand, her tender Breaſt,
Which, thro' her Holland Smock, I found
Was ſo inviting, plump, and round,

That had ſhe in another Place
Appear'd in ſome more modeſt Dreſs,
I ſhould have thought the pretty Jade
To've been, as Times go now, a Maid.
Then, putting by the Tapſtry Skreen,
By Madam I was uſher'd in,
Where more wild Projects were in uſe,
Than *Hockley-Hole* could e'er produce,
In order to delight the Rabble,
Who crowding ſwarm'd at e'ery Table.
Sots for more Brandy-Wine were bawling,
Whores for more Cakes and Cyder calling;
Some Sparks with Madams very fine,
Were knocking, I ſuppoſe, for Wine;
Others for Pipes and Candles roaring;
The Tapſters in a Hurry ſcowring,
With Jugs and Bottles, here and there,
Confus'd like Helpers at a Fire,
Who are ſo eager at their Labour,
That one Man joſtles down his Neighbour:

The Trumpets farting, Bautboys tooting,
Some ſcraping, other Minſtrels fluting,
Strings breaking, and the Fidlers fretting;
All lab'ring, ſtinking, fizzling, ſweating;
Whilſt noiſy Crowds at Tables ſat,
And with the Muſick mix'd their Chat.

I'th' middle, Tumblers, Clowns, and Slouches,
Fools, Harliquins, and Scaramouches,
Were join'd with Dancers bred to hop,
Both on the Ladder, and the Rope:
So that ſhould *Fate* decree, that they
Should live and die the ſelf ſame way,
Their *Exit* muſt be in their Calling,
Either by Hanging, or by Falling;
For any Conjuror, that ſees
Their Looks, and their Performances,
Would gueſs, without much Calculation,
They're under the Predeſtination
Of dying ſome way in their Station.

No ſooner had I edg'd my Haunch
Upon a hard uneaſy Bench,
Amongſt a Crowd of Sots, half boozy,
With e'ery one his tattling Huzzy;
But from the Bar a nimble Imp,
Whoſe Countenance proclaim'd him Pimp,
Came ſcowring to me, and enquir'd
What ſort of Liquor I deſir'd?
I told him, Half a Flaſk of White,
Provided he could warr'nt it right.
Good, ſays the Raſcal, I'll maintain it.
Sir, you ſhall have it in a Minute.
But when he'ad brought it to the Table,
Hoop'd round with Straw as thick as Cable,
I gueſs, at moſt, there might be in't,
Of Wine and Water, half a Pint,
Such Stuff that ne'er had croſs'd the Ocean,
Each Glaſs more nauſeous, than a Potion;
A curſed Scandal to the Vine,
That drank like Phyſick, more than Wine.

Thus he that is ſo full of Folly,
As to miſpend his Time ſo dully,
Truly deſerves (if they deceive him)
No better Uſage than they give him.
I had not been two Minutes ſeated,
And by the Drawer thus out-witted,
But ſliding to my Table came
A ſtrapping Whore of *Amſterdam*,
With Buttocks like a *Flanders* Mare,
Dreſs'd in her Pendants, and her Hair,
Looking as maſculine and cloudy,
As any *Amazorian* Dowdy.
Madam, ſaid I, my Service t'ye.
Me thank you kindly, Sir, ſaid ſhe.
With that, I aſk'd her to ſit down,
Which ſhe conſented to as ſoon,
Diſplaying all her *Belgick* Charms,
In hopes to tempt me to her Arms:
But, Nouns, thought I, an *Engliſh* Harlot,
That ſtands the Tilt of ev'ry Varlot,

And turns up her inſatiate Tail
For Brandy, or for Bottled-Ale,
Is a dear Angel of a *Phillis*,
To this *Dutch* bulky *Amarilis*.
The Face of this *Batavian* Trull,
Look'd broader than the Moon at Full,
Invelop'd ſo with Rolls of Fat,
'Twas quite as round, if not as flat.
Her Udders look'd more large and flabby,
Than the ſoft Bum of ſucking Baby,
Swelling from Shoulder unto Shoulder,
Above her Stays, that ſcarce could hold her,
As huge Eaſt Dumplins, when they're hot,
Do o'er the Brim o' th' Porridge Pot.
Her nauſeons Breath ſtunk worſe than Carr'in,
Of oily Butter, and Red Herring,
So ſtrong, as if her Mouth above
Had lately kiſs'd the Lips of Love,
And brought from thence a fiſhy Stink,
Entail'd on that unſav'ry Sink.

When I had view'd the *Flemmiſh* Punk,
And prais'd my Lady *Vanderdunk*;
For Whores, tho' homely and ill-natur'd,
Are ne'er too ugly to be flatter'd.
Madam, ſaid I, we often hear
There's a ſtrange Diff'rence, you know where,
Between a true-born *Engliſh* Laſs,
And ſhe that is of *Flemmiſh* Race:
Pray therefore let me truly know,
Whether Love's Cabinet below,
For which we have ſuch Veneration,
Varies an Inch in Situation?
Myn Heer, replys the ſmiling Fro,
If you the Difference would know,
Let us in private but repair
To ſome ſnug Tavern in the Fair,
And you ſhall freely, out of hand,
Be ſatisfy'd how Matters ſtand.
Madam, ſaid I, you're kind and pleaſant,
But truly I'm engag'd at preſant,

Or elſe I ſhould be glad to find,
To which o' th' Parties you're inclin'd;
Since you are free to let me know,
Whether your Whim be high or low,
Or that, like Trimmers now-a-days,
(Whom Knaves delude, and Blockheads praiſe)
You equally extend both ways.

The Fro believing from my Joaks,
I fancy'd not her Butter-Box,
Cock'd up her Head, took leave in Scorn,
To ſeek one fitter for her Turn;
And as the ſwanking Trull march'd off,
I view'd the moving Kitchen-Stuff;
But in my Life ne'er ſaw the Fellow
Of ſuch a broad-ars'd Blowzabella.

The Fidlers, with their Chaplets crown'd,
Now gave the Mob a *Cheſhire*-Round,
To which, a Sloven paw'd the Floor,
And us'd the ſame Steps o'er and o'er,

Scraping

Scraping with's Feet the dirty Boards,
Like Dung-hill Cock o'er Stable Turds,
'Till the whole Company were tir'd,
And he alone by 'mſelf admir'd.
Next came the Miller, with his Wife,
And wanton Trull, that bred much Strife,
All hopping to ſome Tune about,
'Till with her Rival, *Joan* fell out,
And left her Dancing, to attack
The Rigging of her Spouſe's Crack.
Betwixt 'em now, there was ſuch Howling,
Such Clawing, Tumbling, and ſuch Rowling,
So pleaſing to the gazing Crowd,
That all the Rout laugh'd out aloud.
By which a wiſe Man may deſcern
The Temper of the Mob, and learn,
That nothing more delights the Brutes,
Than Battels, Quarrels, and Diſputes.
The Dame of Honour next advanc'd,
Jutting along, as if ſhe danc'd,

Dreſs'd up in good old *Engliſh* Stuff,
Set off with Fardingale and Ruff,
Such as good Huſſifs, to their Praiſe,
Put on in old Queen *Beſs*'s Days,
When Peace and Plenty bleſs'd the Nation,
And Honeſty was more in Faſhion.
At length ſhe ſtretch'd her Lanthorn Jaws,
And ſung a Ballad, with Applauſe,
In which the liſt'ning Crowd were told
What noble Ale ſhe brew'd of old,
And what brave ruby Noſes won her,
When Madam was a Dame of Honour.
The Step, the Swinging of her Train,
The Jut, the Motion of the Fan,
The Bows, the Coupies, and the Faces,
The Wiles, the Smiles, and other Graces,
Which the arch Gypſy put upon it,
Were ſo adapted to her Sonnet,
That none knew which had moſt Delight,
The Senſe of Hearing, or of Sight:

Beſides, ſhe look'd as if ſhe cou'd,
Like other Female Fleſh and Blood,
Oblige the Feeling at a Game
Which Modeſty won't let me name.
Next theſe Diverſions, in there came
A Man of Metal, and of Fame,
Dreſs'd up in Trunks, that gave us Hope
He'd work ſome Wonders on the Rope,
Tho' ſoon we found his Talent lay
A diff'rent, tho' a dang'rous way.
On's Shoulder he a Ladder bore,
So near his Neck, that many ſwore,
One Time or other it would coſt
The Knave a Fall, if not his Laſt.
No ſooner, with an active Slight,
He 'ad fix'd his Ladder bolt upright,
But up he ran, and made no more on't,
Than *la Bee* does to dance a Courant:
He ſkipp'd, and leap'd, and friſk'd about,
And ſo amaz'd the gaping Rout,

That all the Women were in Pain,
For fear a Slip ſhould prove his Bane.
Well might they be ſo, ſince the Ladder
Has turn'd off many a handſom Padder,
And left the Wretches paſt all hope
Of Mercy, to the fatal Rope.
Next, a tall Slattern of a Blowz,
Pot-belly'd, like *Weſtphalia* Sows,
Came dancing on the yielding Boards,
Arm'd in each Mutton-Fiſt with Swords,
Which, by the Help of Candle-Light,
Glitter'd ſo terribly and bright,
That *Jove*, with his refulgent Beams
Of Light'ning, bundl'd up in Streams,
Or Furies, with their Scorpious Rods,
Stol'n out from their accurs'd Abodes,
Could not be better ſtor'd with Arms,
Or furniſh'd worſe with Female Charms.
To 'er Eyes, her Noſe, her Mouth, her Cheſt,
She preſs'd the Points, that on her Breaſt

Such Pricks appear'd, which had they been
Elſewhere, the Marks had ne'er been ſeen;
For many ſtand a Puſh, that find
The Weapon leaves no Scar behind.
Upon her Toes, the nimble Crack
Turn'd, like the Flyer of a Jack,
That the Wind caus'd her Coats to ſwell
In Compaſs like a Tennor Bell,
Which wanted nothing, but a Clapper,
To make her twang at e'ery Caper.
Thus round as any Top ſhe ſpun,
For half an Hour, before ſhe 'ad done;
Then, with a Curtſy, ſtopp'd her Dance,
And peep'd about for ſcatter'd Pence.
Beſides theſe various Whims and Humours,
Devis'd to entertain all Comers,
There were abundance more, not worth
Deſcribing here, or ſetting forth;
As a Song, ſung by an old Woman,
So ill perform'd, 'twould pleaſure no Man.

An *Indian* Dance, with tomb'ry Baſſes,
Was ſpoil'd by four black ugly Faces,
With Time ſo falſe, and Steps ſo bad,
As if the Fools were drunk, or mad.

Four *Dutch*-men, of a bulky Stature,
As clumſy as they are by Nature,
With Bottles full of Brandy ſtor'd,
(The only God they e'er ador'd;)
By their ſides, Knives for *Snick-a-ſnee*,
Whoſe bloody Weapons well agree
With old *Amboyna*'s Cruelty.
Theſe friſk'd about, and danc'd together,
Like pamper'd Hogs in windy Weather.

We alſo had, to gratify us,
A Quaking Song from *Ananias*,
Who ſung it as a Man may ſay,
His *Chorus* being, *Yea* and *Nay*.

Two Punches next, with wond'rous Vigour,
Perform'd a Dance in double Figure;

Tho'

Tho' I have ſeen, ſome Years ago,
The Fools out-done in Puppit-ſhow,
Shame on ſuch clumſy Fleſh and Blood,
That are ſo far excell'd by Wood.

Next, the fair Lady climb'd the Rope,
Of whom I had ſuch wond'rous Hope,
And ſhew'd her pretty Legs and Thighs,
To pleaſure the Spectators Eyes:
But as ſhe ſhook her nimble Feet,
The Rope, being full of damn'd Deciet,
Gave way, and let the Gypſy drop,
Moſt treach'rouſly, from off the top:
But *Merry Andrew*, ſtanding ready,
Made ſhift to ſave the falling Lady;
Tho' ſome were apt to think, that ſhe
Fell down by Choice, to let us ſee
How lofty Madams, full of Charms,
Oft tumble into Blockheads Arms.

Old *Roger* next, his Maggots ſhew'd,
To farther entertain the Crowd;

Perform'd, as *Fame* is pleas'd to ſay,
By that rare Artiſt *de la Hay*:
Tho' I confeſs, for ought I ſee,
A Clown may dance as well as he:
But 'tis too common to admire,
That *Fame* ſhou'd prove an arrant Lyar.
To crown the Show, we 'ad Tumbling, Vaulting,
Mimick'd by *Merry Andrew* haulting;
And many other quaint Devices,
To win Applauſe from gaping Niſeys,
Who, fond of Nonſence, and of Noiſe,
Puniſh their Guts, to pleaſe their Eyes.
Thus tir'd with all their vain Delights,
Their nauſeons Dances, Songs, and Sights.
I pay'd three Shillings, in a Huff,
For my half Pint of liquid Stuff;
And to refreſh with ſomething better
Than this confounded Wine and Water;
To honeſt *M——les*'s I repair'd,
Where, from true Judges I had heard,

His Entertainments, like his Wine,
Were very good, and very fine.

FINIS.

Errata. *Part* 3. *Vol.* 2. *Pag.* 4. *Line* 2. inſtead of, *the Grilliado'd Saint*, read, *th' excoriated Saint.*

N.B. *The Humours of the* Cloiſters, *ſhall be contain'd in the next.*

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the Firſt Volume, in Twelve Parts. Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewiſe the other Parts of this Volume, at 6 *d.* each.

Reaſons for an Union between the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, &c. Price 1 *s.*

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monſter* often found in *Holland.* To which is added, a merry Muſical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckolds-Point*, before a Grave Aſſembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
63
AUG

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part V. Vol. II.

NO ſooner had I paſs'd the Curtain,
Which from the Rabble ſkreen'd their Sporting,
But all things nobly did appear,
As in the *Royal Theatre.*
The Booth with Tapſtry hung all round,
Down from the Corniſh, to the Ground;
Which did, to pleaſe the Sight, contain
Stories, both Sacred and Profane.
Each Figure with ſuch Art was wove,
They look'd as if they'd Pow'r to move;
And that they'd ſtole away together,
From ſome illuſtrious Pallace, thither,

To grace the Revels of the Fair
With ſomething marvellouſly rare.
Candles in order ſhone on high,
Like Conſtellations in the Sky,
Whilſt gazing Mortals, with Delight,
Sate wond'ring at the glorious Sight.
The Muſick was ſo well perform'd,
That every Tune the Fancy warm'd,
And ſo engag'd the liſt'ning Crowd,
That not a Word was heard aloud;
But by their Silence, I could ſee
The whole were charm'd with Harmony.
Thus pleas'd, the Huſtings did I mount,
Where Perſons of the beſt Account,
In Crowds were ſeated, with Deſign
To feaſt with Muſick and with Wine.
As ſoon as I my ſelf had plac'd
Commodiouſly amongſt the reſt,
For noble Red I gave the Word,
Which ſoon was brought me to the Board;

Good Meaſure, and delightful Wine,
That needed neither Buſh nor Sign;
So briſk and fine, that better Claret
Is no where ſold, I do aver it.
By th' time I'ad liquor'd down my Gullet,
And with two Glaſſes pleas'd my Palate,
A Brood of Swans came hopping in,
With *Indians*, to improve the Scene,
In order, and due Time performing
A Dance ſ' amuzing, and ſo charming,
That all th' wond'ring Crowd ſeem'd frighted,
And at the ſelf-ſame time delighted.
Next came a Set of Clowns or Slouches,
Dreſs'd up in Black, like Scaramouches,
Attended with three moving Chairs,
That danc'd like Ladies, not like Bears;
Why not? for Ladies have but two Legs,
Yet they can caper with ſo few Legs:
No Wonder, therefore, Chairs with more Legs,
Should dance as finely upon four Legs.

Beſides theſe many wond'rous Feats
Of Men transform'd to Birds and Seats,
We'ad *Scaramouch* and *Harliquin*,
As well perform'd as e'er was ſeen;
A Dance that does the Diff'rence ſhow
Betwixt the High Fly'rs, and the Low;
Concluding with a zealous Speaker,
That out-cants *Francis B——g*, the Quaker.
A nimble pretty Maid, that capers
With a whole Magazine of Rapiers,
Enough to arm a Troop of Soldiers;
With which, to th' Wonder of Beholders,
She does a thouſand pretty Fancies,
And picks her Teeth the while ſhe dances,
From any Rags of Meat or Crumbs,
And never pricks or hurts her Gums;
Turning her Body on the Ground
With all her Swords, as ſwiftly round,
Nay, and much faſter, I may ſwear,
Than Spinning-Wheel in full Carear;

But

But who can view her, and not ſmile,
To think what's finely fann'd the while.
A Dance perform'd by Granadiers,
Where their whole Exerciſe appears;
Done with ſuch Spirit, one would think
The Knaves had rather fight, than drink.
Amongſt the reſt, a ſpritely Youth
Danc'd with ſuch Comlineſs and Truth,
That ſure no Pupil of his Age,
Like him could e'er adorn the Stage;
For Shadow-like, himſelf he threw
From Place to Place, as if he flew:
In every various Paſs and Bound,
Such ſtrange Variety we found,
That each new Step fore-run Deſire,
And gave us ſomething to admire.
But if ſuch Praiſes we allot him,
Pray what muſt he deſerve, that taught him.
Rope-Dancing to a great Perfection,
Tumbling ſo fine, beyond Correction;

With more delightful Shews of Art,
Than I have Leiſure to inſert:
From Noiſe, and all Diſorder free,
Perform'd with ſo much Modeſty,
That even Quakers ventur'd in,
And thought the harmleſs Sport no Sin;
But ev'ry Perſon, when they went
Away, expreſs'd ſo much Content,
That no Man grutch'd the Coin he ſpent.

CANTO V.

REviv'd with Muſick, and with Wine,
I mov'd, about the Hour of Nine,
From thence, into the neighb'ring Cloiſters,
Where Bullies, full of Oaths and Bluſters,
And well kept Punks, of high Degree,
Were mix'd with Rakes of Quality.

Cullies

Cullies flock'd into Shops in Crowds,
With Jilting Beauties, mobb'd in Hoods,
Who join'd to purchaſe ſome new odd Thing,
A Snuff-Box, Thimble, or a Bodkin:
Then on the Compter, or a Table,
They raffl'd for the Silver Bauble.
The Beaus the greateſt Hazard run;
The cunning Punks had two to one;
For when they could not win the Prize
By the kind Fortune of the Dice,
They'd Arts to crave it with their Eyes:
For ſoothing Ladies, when they long
For what's improper for the Tongue,
Their very Looks will make Complaint,
And tell us what it is they want.
Thus, as I elbow'd too and fro,
Like Country Hob at Lord May'r's Show,
Viewing the Shops on ev'ry ſide,
Where Laſſes, in their utmoſt Pride,

Sate dizen'd up, to pleaſe the Sight
With borrow'd Charms, by Candle-light;
Painted and patch'd like Play-houſe Queens,
And ſmooth'd by other artful Means,
That thoſe who were to Shops confin'd,
Might look as tempting and as kind,
As Ladies ſtrol'd from Nooks and Allies,
Reaking from Highway-men and Bayli's,
Whoſe Vices bluſhing in their Faces,
Gave Colour to their wanton Graces.

Amongſt the ſtrange promiſcuous Crowd,
That dreſs'd in Quirpo, hither flow'd,
Non-fighting Bullies, Cloth'd in Red,
Fit only for a Lady's Bed,
Swagger'd about from Punk to Harlot,
To pay their Compliments in Scarlet.
Women and Mackrel, ſome Folks ſay,
Are to be caught the ſelf ſame way;
Bait but your Hook with Soldier's Cloth,
And you may eaſ'ly take 'em both.

Theſe Marſhal, ſtrutting, Bully Huffs,
Sniffing their faſhionable Snuff,
Stunk worſe of naſty *Portugueſe*,
Than Beggars do of Bread and Cheeſe;
Whilſt beauteous Punks, in gaudy Plumes,
Refreſh'd the Air with their Perfumes,
Borrow'd to help offenſive Nature,
And make their tainted Breaths the ſweeter,
From Orange, Flowers, Gums, and Spices,
To cheat the Noſes of their Niſies;
Or from the odorif'rous Sweat,
(Occaſion'd by a luſtful Heat)
That drips, as common *Fame* relates,
From th' Arſes of *Moſcovy* Cats.
Hard Fate! that Woman ſhould not prove
Sufficient to excite our Love,
Without ſuch ſtudy'd Charms as theſe,
Deriv'd from foreign Brutes and Trees.
Madam, crys one Sir *Foplin Fumble*,
Your Ladyſhip's moſt very Humble.

Faith, my dear Child, altho' it's Night,
Your charming Beauty ſhines more bright
Than all this dazling Candle-light.

Laud, Sir, replies the Jilt, 'tis pitty
A Man, ſo handſome and ſo witty,
Should ſpend his Eloquence to flatter
Such an unworthy ſilly Creature,
Who has no Merits to induce
Your Fancy to be thus profuſe.

Madam, ſays he, I vow and ſwear
I'm taken with your very Air.
Prethee, my Dear, let's go and tattle,
For a few Minutes, o'er a Bottle;
For Beauty, when inſpir'd with Wine,
Does always moſt refulgent ſhine;
It adds a Livelineſs that's wanting,
Like Varniſh to a piece of Painting;
Beſides, a merry Cup o'th' Creature,
Yields great Advantages to Nature;

Heightens our am'rous Inclinations,
And gives a Fillip to our Paſſions.
Come, lend's your Hand, let's march, my Dear;
There's nothing but Confuſion here.
Dear Sir, ſays Madam, let me court ye
To take a Coach, becauſe it's dirty.
For certain, Lady, crys the Cully;
And ſo away he led his Dolly,
To run the Hazard, I ſuppoſe,
Of both his Pocket, and his Noſe.
Dear Angel, crys another Fop,
Let's ſtep into yon Raffling Shop;
Methinks you look with ſuch good Nature,
And ſhew ſuch Luck in ev'ry Feature,
That if you'll throw the Dice, inſtead
Of me, I'll venture on your Head.
Sir, replies *Phillis*, ſince you gueſs
That I'm attended with Succeſs,
My beſt Endeavours will I uſe,
But don't you blame me, if I looſe;

For whatſoe'er depends on *Fortune*,
Is very doubtful, and uncertain:
You know ſhe's of the fickle Gender,
And ſometimes little Things offend her.
Howe'er, I'll try with all my Heart.
Madam, ſays he, I thank you for't.
But, Sir, returns the merry Jade,
Tho' Woman lends her utmoſt Aid,
Yet, thro' ill Luck, we often find
Things will not happen to our Mind:
However, if you pleaſe to try me,
I'll ſhake the Box, if you'll ſtand by me.
Thank you, my Dear, the Spark replies;
Do you but huſtle well the Dice,
And tho' I looſe, as I'm a Sinner,
Your pretty Self ſhall be a Winner.
So ſtepping in, where Punks and Beaus,
With *Satan*'s Bones were vying Throws,
Amongſt the Gameſters, that were ſporting,
They crowded in to try their Fortune,

By way of Preface to a Game,
Which Modeſty won't let me name.

Thus ſome with merry Cracks were tatling,
Others the Devil's Ribs were ratling:
Young Harlots ſaunt'ring, Bullies huffing,
Beaus ogling ev'ry Jilt, and ſnuffing.
Some very humbly bowing down
To common Strumpets of the Town,
Whoſe higheſt Price was half a Crown;
But would not ſhow themſelves unwilling,
In theſe hard Times, to earn a Shilling.
Theſe curts'ing, in Return to thoſe,
Who tip'd their Fingers to their Noſe,
Seeming by theſe their ſly Behaviours,
To thank the Ladies for their Favours,
Which they'd ſo lately been poſſeſſing;
They could not yet forget the Bleſſing;
So gave that Item, by the by,
Aſſiſted with a winking Eye,

As the moſt private thankful Token
For what's to fulſome to be ſpoken.
Thus Bullies, Cullies, Knaves, and Fools,
Campaigners, Gameſters, cringing Owles;
Town-Sharpers, Divers, Beaus, and Boobies,
Pimps, Panders, Stallions, brawny Loobies,
Were mix'd with ſundry Sorts and Sizes
Of trading Punks of diff'rent Prizes:
Old Harradans, young tempting Jades,
Wives, Widows, but alas! few Maids;
Jilts, Shoplifts, Files, and brimſtone B——es,
Old Bawds, worſe wrinkled than old Witches,
Cloking their Coives with modeſt Dreſs,
And outward Signs of Holineſs;
With each a young Jilt following after,
Who paſſes for the darling Daughter;
But he that trys, is ſure to find
The Bawd before, the Whore behind.
Amongſt the reſt o'th' revel Rout,
Two crazy Watch-men crawl'd about;

The Beadle, with his Staff, before 'em,
To keep the Crowd in due *Decorum*;
For in ſo dangerous a Place,
Where Men want Honour, Women Grace,
'Tis fit, if they'd prevent a Pother,
To ſet ſome Knaves to watch the other.
At laſt, when I, with much ado,
Had ſqueez'd and ſhuffl'd almoſt thro',
Within a Shop at that ſame End,
That does tow'rds *Little Brittain* tend,
I ſaw a Crowd of Beaus and Ladies,
Young ſpend-thrift Heirs, and grave old Daddies;
All helter ſkelter, cloſely mix'd,
With Butchers here and there betwixt:
Without ſide, Pennyleſs Beholders,
Leaning o'er one another's Shoulders,
To ſee who *Fortune* bleſt or croſt;
What Sharper won, what Blockhead loſt.
I crowded in amongſt the Rakes,
And ſtood behind the Gameſters Backs,

Looking with Pain on tip-toe over,
That I their Paſtime might diſcover;
At laſt, with very much ado,
Stretching my Neck, I gain'd a View,
And found the Whim was ſomething new;
A Bite more knaviſh than the Oak,
That has ſo many Hundreds broke:
But I'll ſay that for *Engliſh* Men,
Tho' bubbl'd ne'er ſo oft, 'tis plain
New Cheats will gull 'em o'er again.
This Fraud, to humour Human Folly,
Had the *Dutch* Name of, *Rowly Powly*;
And if the bleſs'd Invention came
From *Amſter*, or from *Rotterdam*,
Sure 'twould make all, but Men of *Gotham*,
Miſtruſt ſome Rog'ry in the Bottom;
For what new Projects can we borrow
From *Holland*, but to *England*'s Sorrow?
'Tis true, the Table, ſome will ſwear,
Is Mathematically fair,

And does conceal as little Guile,
As we can find in Croſs and Pile.
What then? Let half a Score go play,
With ten Pounds each, for half a Day,
And they ſhall ev'ry one, for certain,
Come Looſers off, in ſpite of *Fortune*;
For he that keeps the gainful Bauble,
Whoſe Judgment's to decide each Squabble,
Who runs no Hazard, but of kicking,
For falſe, or for untimely ſpeaking.
His Odds of Twelve-pence in the Seven,
Will make the Gameſters Moneys even;
And in Succeſs of Play, his Fee
Will break 'em all inſenſibly.
Therefore, altho' the Table's fair,
The Figures plac'd upon the Square,
The Ball unbyaſs'd in its running,
Yet ſtill the Keeper's bloody cunning.
Then ſince out-witted I muſt be,
If once I play; what is't to me,

Whether the Board be foul, or him
A tricking Knave, that keeps the Whim:
If in the main I'm chous'd and cheated,
What matt'r is't where the Rog'ry's ſeated:
Since betwixt both there is a Juggle,
In vain with *Fortune* do we ſtruggle.
The Lucky have but one ſure way
To ſave themſelves, that's not to play.

The Time I thus ſtood gazing by,
Paſs, or no Paſs, was all the Cry.
Some Looſers ſcrew'd, like angry Apes,
Their Faces into ugly Shapes,
Whilſt others bit their Nails for Madneſs,
To ſee ſome Rivals win with Gladneſs.
A Butcher, plac'd amongſt the reſt,
In greaſy Frock of Canvas dreſt,
As fat and frouſy, I may ſwear,
As *Hampſhire* Hog, or *Indian* Bear,
Sweating and reaking like a naſty
Horſe Dung-hill in a Morn that's froſty:

His blubber Cheeks with Claret dy'd,
And ruby Jems ſo beautify'd ;
His Face with ſuch a Noſe adorn'd,
Whoſe Colour vary'd as he turn'd ;
And borr'wing diff'rent Rays of Light,
Look'd like a Rainbow to the Sight,
Changing its Beauty to the Eye,
As the Camelion does her Dye :
Sometimes 'twould, at a lucky Throw,
Like new-blown lighted Charcoal, glow :
But when ill *Fortune* turn'd the Scale,
The Snout, as Luck declin'd, grew pale ;
Then by degrees would change as blue
As Damſons varniſh'd o'er with Dew.
A Wig he'ad on, ſo very fair,
Made of Cow-Tails and Horſes Hair,
Such as your Sweet'ners us'd to wear,
Whoſe yellowiſh Caſt, gave ſuch a Grace
To his ignif'rous Platter Face,

That

That as a Bonfire, I may ſay,
Well lighted on a joyful Day.
His Head appear'd the very ſame;
His Face the Coal, his Wig the Flame;
Or rather like a Beacon fir'd
Upon a lofty Pole aſpir'd,
Becauſe it truly may be ſaid,
That bright and glowing Pile, his Head,
Was plac'd, or it deceiv'd my Eye,
On brawny Shoulders, ſix Foot high.
Next to this hockly greaſy Beaſt,
Stood a young Beau, moſt nicely dreſt.
The Fop ſo ſcented, and ſo neat,
The Kill-Calf ſo beſmear'd with Sweat,
That 'twixt the Slouch and his Reverſe,
The two Extreams begot a Farce.
The melting Sloven cough'd and ſlabber'd,
And wip'd the Sweat from off his gray Beard;
Then haulk'd and ſpit, and blow'd his Noſe,
Cleaning his Fingers on his Cloths.

Under his Arms, or on his Britches,
Rememb'ring that the Proverb teaches,
Who hoards up Muck, ſhall come to Riches.
The ſqueamiſh Spark, in Pain and Labour,
Stood neſtling by his beaſtly Neighbour,
Looking upon him, now and then,
With ſo much Anger, and Diſdain,
As if, like *Canibal*, or *Hog*,
He could have eat the naſty Dog;
Sometimes he'd damn the Board and Ball,
Confound his Stars, his Luck and all;
But all the while he curs'd ill *Fortune*,
He meant the Butcher, for a certain;
For whenſoe'er he was enrag'd,
His Eyes tow'rds him were ſtill engag'd,
As if he fear'd the Sloven's Frock
Worſe than the Devil, or ill Luck:
Sometimes, to be the more at Eaſe,
He'd neſtle from him by degrees.

The Butcher ſtill would follow after,
And rub him, to provoke our Laughter.
At laſt his Choler being fir'd,
His Paſſion up, and Patience tir'd;
You ill-bred Sloven, crys the Beau;
What makes you ſhove your Betters ſo?
You're not equipp'd to thus appear
Amongſt us Men of Faſhion here:
You're only fit for that rough Sport,
Where Fellows, like your Self, reſort.
The Butcher ſtaring at the Beau,
Provok'd to be affronted ſo,
With Voice as hoarſe as double Curtal,
Crys, Who are you, you ſmock-fac'd Mortal?
You taudry Fop, with Diamond Ring;
You little Thingum of a Thing;
You cow'rdly Cony-groaping Imp;
You little Lap-dog of a Pimp;
You Coxcomb buckl'd to a Sword;
Give me another ſawcy Word?

And I'll, in Sight of the Beholders,
Knock off your Noddle from your Shoulders.
With that, Sir *Courtly Nice* withdrew,
And bid the Company adieu,
Shuffling away in Fear and Haſte,
Mutt'ring theſe Threat'nings as he paſt:
I'll find you out in *Leaden-Hall*;
Your Noſe will light me to your Stall.
I'll mark you for a Raſcal, Sirrah,
Some other Time, if not to Morrow.
Which Words, the Butcher over-hearing,
Fell into a damn'd Fit of Swearing,
Concluding with, Good Night, you T——d;
I fear no Blockhead, nor his Sword.
So ill does gentle Breeding ſute
With the moroſe unpoliſh'd Brute,
That ſhould not Laws beget a Fear
To curb the Hatred that they bear,
Like the *Pelonga*, and the *Noy*,
They'd ſtrive each other to deſtroy.

No ſooner had the ſpruce young Blade,
Biting his Thumbs, his Exit made,
And giv'n a very timely go-by
To the Gygantick angry Looby,
But to the Cloiſters I withdrew,
And walk'd to take a ſecond View,
Hoping, amongſt the Crowd, to find
Some new Adventures to my Mind;
But juſt as I the Board had quitted,
And left the Fools to be out-witted,
Amongſt the Rout I heard a Cry
Of, D——n you, Sir, I ſay you Lye;
Draw, Sir; I ſay ſhe is my Wife;
You never knew her in your Life.
Nouns, draw, tho' you are ſome Town-Bully;
I'll make you know, Sir, I'm no Cully.
Says t'other, You're a Scoundrel, Sirrah;
You dare not meet a Man to Morrow,
But only rattle here to Night,
Where no Man ought to draw or fight.

I tell you, Sir, I know your Creature;
I ſay, Sir, ſhe's a Whore, no better,
And you're a Pimp to vindicate her.
At theſe provoking Bugbear Words,
Amidſt the Crowd both drew their Swords:
Sirrah, ſays one, engage me fair;
Make Room, ſtand by, pray have a Care.
The Ladies ſqueak'd, the Beaus all drew:
In ſhort, there was the Dev'l to do.
Thought I, by the ill Language given,
They're Rogues, as ſure as Light's in Heaven;
And only make this noiſy Racket,
That their vile Gang may pick a Pocket:
Therefore I wiſely fac'd about,
And homewards mov'd, to ſhun the Rout,
Leaving thoſe Fools to ſee fair Play,
Who had ſo little Wit to ſtay,
And run the Hazards of a Fray.

FINIS.

Advertisements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the First Volume, in Twelve Parts. Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewise the other Parts of this Volume, at 6 *d.* each.

Reasons for an Union between the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, &c. Price 1 *s.*

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiss. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monster* often found in *Holland.* To which is added, a merry Musical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckolds-Point*, before a Grave Assembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All sold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noster-Row.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 AUG

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part VI. Vol. II.

CANTO VI.

UPON that Day, when City Mayors
Lead up the Aldermen by Pairs;
And when mechanick Dolts, to please
Their gazing Wives, and 'Prentices;
Creep dagling in the Dirt about,
Surrounded by the Rabble Rout,
Who move, in Tumults, to and fro,
To wonder at the Raree-Show;
'Twas then that I, t' improve the Jest,
Made up one Fool among the rest;

Without ſide warm, within ſide merry,
By th' Help of Wine, and Drab de Berry;
For he that trudges, to behold
The pretty Sight in Dirt and Cold,
And has no Right to be a Gueſt
To ſpoon up Cuſtard at a Feaſt,
Had need have Wool and Wine together,
To ſave him from the piercing Weather.
Thus arm'd, the better to ſuſtain
My ſelf againſt the Wind and Rain,
In Caſe the Elements ſhould frown,
And piſs upon the ſ—— Gown;
Thro' dirty Kennels did I wade,
To view the pompous Cavalcade,
Beheld with Pleaſure and Amazement,
From Saſh Balcony, and from Caſement,
I came at length into *Cheapſide*,
Where beauteous Dames, in all their Pride,
Appear'd aloft, to grace the Show,
That march'd along in State below.

Heads upon Heads, were pil'd above,
To ſee the grand Proceſſion move;
As if each Knot of fair *Belinda's*,
That peep'd in Cluſters out at Windows,
Had been a *Hidra*, that was ſtaring
To ſee the C—— go a May'ring;
Gazing ſo wiſh'ly at the Sight,
From out of e'ery unglaz'd Light,
As if each Lady, by her Eyes,
Expected to obtain a Prize,
And win ſome jolly ſtrong-back'd Lover,
To pleaſe her, when the Show was over.
No ſooner was I crowding come
Within the Sound of Kettle-Drum,
But to my Poſt I did proceed,
(Which was a very Poſt indeed)
Where ſtrugling with ſome little Hardſhips,
I waited, to behold their Lordſhips,
Inviron'd with a Crowd of Fellows,
For nothing fit, but Sea or Gallows,

Who

Who did ſo ſqueeze me, as they paſt,
Joſtling along in mighty Haſte,
Hugging me up againſt my Poſt,
Provoking with each Mobbiſh Thruſt,
My Chriſtian Patience to a Paſſion,
'Till e'ery Rib fear'd Diſlocation;
Crying at every Puſh they gave me,
All fair. Thought I, as G——d ſhall ſave me,
You lye like Rogues; but was affear'd
To ſay ſo to the Scoundrel Herd;
For no Man, in his Wits, would ſquabble,
Or vex a giddy Hair-brain'd Rabble,
Leſt he would hazard Mortal Drubs
From their unconſcionable Clubs:
Therefore, the Man that has more Grace
Than that infernal curſed Race,
And mixes with thoſe Sons of Thunder,
To gaze at any Sight, or Wonder,
Fooliſhly ventures Life and Limb,
To gratify an idle Whim.

I had not tarry'd very long
Amidſt the rude unpolliſh'd Throng,
Leaning, for greater Eaſe, on Top
Of my defenſive Wooden Prop,
But there advanc'd, before the reſt,
A Set of Trumpets, richly dreſt;
Their Coats belac'd, from Skirt to Collar,
Like a Bride's Wedding Shoes, or fuller;
With two great Leading-ſtrings behind,
As if to put the World in Mind,
That tho' we now to Men are grown,
Yet once we could not go alone.
Theſe led the Van, each crown'd with Feather,
Tooting harmoniouſly together,
Adapting to the pretty Show,
A Tune, call'd, *Cuckholds all a Row.*
Behind 'em came a Porter ſweating,
Loaded with Kettle-Drum, for beating,
And dagling at his brawny Rump,
A Maſter of the Martial Thump,

Who,

Who, to delight the liſt'ning Mob,
Gave now and then a ſullen Dub,
That with the Trumpets bore a Bob;
Producing, at the Porter's Crupper,
Much ſweeter Muſick, than a Cooper,
When round an empty Tub he dances,
And plays us twenty pretty Fances;
Tho' 'tis, by jolly Trouts, confeſt,
The Caſk that ſounds the leaſt, is beſt;
For by our drinking, 'tis a Sign,
The Muſick which we think Divine,
Lies not i'th' Hooping, but the Wine.

Next theſe, a Gang of R——s, in Blue,
Came creeping on by two and two,
In piſs-burnt Wigs, and flapping Hats,
Looking as rough as Counter Rats;
Some ſeeming drunk, and others drowſy,
Fing'ring their Collars, as if louſy.
Thus greater Vermin will purſue
The leſſer Vermin of the two,

And

And, full of Malice and ill Nature,
Puniſh the little eight-legg'd Creature
For biting thoſe decreed by Fate
To bite the poor Unfortunate.
A Louſe, thought I, ſhould Mercy find
From Serjeants, above all Mankind,
Becauſe both live by one baſe Knack
Of catching others by the Back.
Therefore, ye Debtors, tell me, why
Should one be ſav'd, and t'other die,
Since all the World, in joint Concurrence,
Deteſt 'em both with like Abhorrence?
O let the Louſe forſake the Soldier,
To dwell upon the Bayliff's Shoulder!
And curſed be the horny Thumb,
That parts the Vermin and the Bum.
Behind theſe *Compter*-Caterpillars,
Theſe Hawk-ey'd Shoulder-dabbing Dealers,
A gilded Mace, and monſt'rous Sword,
Were born, in Honour to my L——d;

A Sword, which, if a Man could weild
The Maſſy Blade in open Field,
'Twould ſmite our Foes, whom we defy,
Like *Sampſon*'s Jaw-bone, Hip and Thigh:
But ſince it is too big by far
For Human Arm in bloody War,
We'll leave the huge pacifick Sword
To awe the Mob, and guard my Lord
To Church, or, if he thinks it fitting,
To the Jews Synagogue, or Meeting.
For ſince the Ruff of Moderation
Is brought of late ſo much in Faſhion,
I ſhall be careful how I ſteer
My Betters, either here or there,
But let 'em free from Poet's Quill,
Be d——d or ſav'd, which way they will.

The Man that bore this mighty Weapon,
Had got ſo fam'd a Cuſtard Cap on,
That when I view'd the hairy Whim,
All Crown, without one jot of Brim.

The

The Man, thought I, that does advance
With this huge Cap of Maintenance,
Seems to the Rabble, in the Street here,
As if he was my Lord's Cole-Meeter,
Becauſe he had, as ſome Folks ſaid,
The ſtandard Buſhel on his Head;
For truly 'twas, in Shape, moſt like
That Meaſure which we call a Strike.
Behind this comely graceful Figure,
(No Dutcheſs could deſire a bigger)
The ſcarlet Train, in mighty Pomp,
Moſt richly dreſs'd from Head to Rump,
Rid on by two and two, and made
A very ſtately Cavalcade.
The Lordly Brethren firſt advanc'd
On Nags, that to the Muſick danc'd,
And carr'd their Heads with much more Pride,
Than thoſe that did the Beaſts beſtride.
Next theſe, to make the Show more pretty,
Came all the Elders of the City,

In Gowns, to make the Crowd adore 'em,
That bluſh'd for ſome of thoſe that wore 'em,
And hid at once, like Cloak of Trooper,
The Rider, and his Prancer's Crupper,
In order to defend together,
Both Man and Horſe from Wind and Weather:
For Men of Mercy, you muſt know it,
Will even to their Cattel ſhow it;
For 'tis a Sin, without Diſpute,
To uſe ill Nature to a Brute,
Becauſe bad Uſage ſhows Diſhonour
To him that is the Creature's Donor.
A Chain, at leaſt four Cubits long,
Round ev'ry Elder's Collar, hung
Down from the double Chin to Navel,
Put on in Print, to pleaſe the Rabble.
From each wiſe Noddle, hung a Wig
S' extravagantly long and big,
That each grave Don had twice more Hair
Upon him, than a *Greenland* Bear:

On top of which, in Quirpo, ſat
A broad Umbrella Pot-lid Hat,
Which bore the Print of Bruſh and Rubber,
To ſhow 'twas newly furbiſh'd over.
So Greens, to pleaſe the active Bowlers,
Derive a Smoothneſs from their Rowlers;
By which it eas'ly may be ſeen,
Where, and where not, the Stone has been.
The ſumptious Trappings of each Horſe,
Hung down in Pomp, from Head to Arſe,
That 'twould be difficult to anſwer,
Whether each Rider, or his Prancer,
Did moſt contribute to the Show,
Or which was fineſt of the two.
Some cry'd, *Look how Sir* Humphry Waddle
Sits like a Hog upon a Saddle!
Whilſt others, more intent upon
The Horſes, than the Men thereon,
Cry'd, *There's a pretty Nag, how well*
He carr's his Head, and waves his Tail!

'Tis true, the Women in the Crowd,
Would now and then cry out aloud,
There goes a handſome Man, I'll ſweer,
Pointing with Finger to the M——r;
Paſſing that Compliment of Old,
Which ev'ry weeping Oyſter Scold
Does on each whining Wretch they ſee
Drawn backwards to Eternity.
Thus ſome commended thoſe that rid,
Others the Beaſts that they beſtrid.
So that I found my ſelf unable
To gather from the gazing Rabble,
Which of the two gain'd moſt Renown,
The bridl'd Brute, or ſcarlet Gown;
Nor is it wonderful in Nature,
To find the Beaſt the wiſer Creature,
As well as of a ſtronger Stature,
Since *Balaam*'s Aſs foretold much more
Than e'er his Rider knew before;

And

And in his ſtrange, conciſe, pathetick
Oration, ſhew'd himſelf prophetick,
Therefore if in thoſe pious Days,
An Aſs (be't ſpoken to his Praiſe)
Could teach his Maſter to be wiſe
By ſupernat'ral Propheſies,
What modern Wonders may we then
Expect from Beaſts, inſtead of Men,
Who ſucking Poyſon from their Nurſes,
Are fond of new degen'rate Courſes,
And lead more Brutiſh Lives, than Horſes?
Thus the tremendious awful Troop,
Each Gennet's Noſe in t'other's Poop,
With all their Mermydons before 'em,
Jogg'd on in State, and great Decorum;
Each with a Foot-man by his Side,
More for their Safety, than their Pride,
Whoſe Bus'neſs was, to catch their Maſters,
In caſe of unforeſeen Diſaſters,

And keep their Courſers in their Ranks,
If ſubject to unlucky Pranks:
For well may Horſe-men ride in Fear,
Who mount their Steeds but once a Year;
Eſpecially ſince one kind Brother
Broke's Neck, as Warning to each other.
For this ſame Cauſe, about two Couple
O' th' wiſer Elders, made a Scruple
Of riding o'er the rugged Stones,
To th' Hazard of their crazy Bones;
So left their Steeds lock'd up in Stable,
To th' Diſappointment of the Rabble,
And came more ſafely in their Coaches,
Where Age, tho' lame with old Debauches,
Lolling, ne'er finds the Want of Crutches.
So wary Snails, that ſlowly crawl
From Cabbage Leaf, up Garden Wall,
To ſave their ſlimy Heads and Horns
From rugged Boughs and froſty Morns,

Travel

Travel with Houſes on their Backs,
Like *Northern* Pedlars with their Packs.
Next came a Set of whiffling Fellows,
Trick'd up in Ribbons, Blues, and Yellows,
Which, like the Belt of Round-head Soldier,
Hung dangling from the dexter Shoulder
Down to the ſiniſter Supporter,
About a Span below the Garter;
Each having in his clumſy Hand,
A Rod, like a Magician's Wand,
As if the Emblem was deſign'd
To ſhew what Conj'rers came behind;
For he that ne'er has been a Gazer
In *Ptolomy* or *Albumazer*,
May be well ſkill'd in Scenes, as Tragick,
And Helliſh Arts, as black as Magick;
Or elſe ſome Men, with grumbling Gizzards,
Could never act ſo much like Wizards.
Theſe were ſucceeded by a Noiſe
Of Trumpets, blown by Men and Boys,

With Drums, more terrible than Thunder,
Ratling, to raiſe the Rabble's Wonder.
Streamers, on Sticks like *Kentiſh* Hop-poles,
As thick and tall as Country May-poles,
Were born aloft by brawny Fellows
In Jackets, dreſs'd like Puncheonello's;
Thoſe ſweating Slaves to City-Barges,
For Silver Badge and ſorry Larges,
Who live like the amphibious Otter,
Partly by Land, and partly Water:
Theſe mov'd along with painful Stride,
Loaded with Heraldry and Pride,
Curſing the weighty Pomp they bore,
That made their Backs and Shoulders ſore:
For tho' that Philoſophick Slave,
Old *Epictetus*, was ſo brave,
His Maſter's Cruelty diſdaining,
To bear all Pain without complaining;
Yet *Engliſh* Slaves are ſtubborn Fools,
That ſcorn ſuch Philoſophick dull Rules.

Good

Good Uſage only makes them humble,
For when they're hurt, they always grumble.

Behind theſe wrangling Sons of Oars,
(Miſtake me not, I mean not Whores)
The Maſter, Ward'ns, and better Sort,
That make up the Aſſiſtance Court,
March'd on in Gowns well lin'd within
With Fur, tho' ſome ſay Coney-ſkin,
Becauſe that Name, amongſt the Wiſe,
Sometimes, in merry Mood, implies
A pretty little charming Creature,
That yields the richeſt Fur in Nature,
Or elſe no J——, to make Repairs
For the bare Loſs of five poor Hairs,
Would gravely give, upon the B——,
Five Guineas to the plunder'd Wench.

Behind the old paternal Dons,
Whoſe Riches lay in Banks and Loans,
The Liv'ry Train, moſt grave and dull,
By two and two, walk'd Cheek by Jole,

Like Oxen yoak'd, who gently drag on,
By leiſure Steps, a loaded Waggon.
Next, ſome with Hats cock'd up, to ſhow
The Pertneſs of a City Beau;
Treading as nicely with their Legs,
As if the Streets were pav'd with Eggs,
And that they fear'd their weighty Heels
Should crack or incommode the Shells.
So have I ſeen a gaudy Fop,
Fit only for a Lady's Lap,
Dance croſs a Street with ſo much Pride,
As if, at ev'ry Bound and Stride,
He ſcorn'd his dirty Grannum Earth,
From whence old *Adam* had his Birth,
Yet has his proud fantaſtick Grace
Fall'n down at laſt i' th' naſty'ſt Place.
Others, amongſt this City Herd,
That in their ſhort-back'd Gowns appear'd,
Lugg'd down their Beavers o'er their Faces,
And leering, made ſuch odd Grimaces,

As if they copy'd ſome grave dull Pate
They'd heard in Independent Pulpit,
Where Block-heads learn, we daily ſee,
More Poſtures, than Divinity.

Others, more modeſt than the reſt,
In bluſhing Looks their Shame expreſt,
To ſee their Pageantry and Splendor
Only become the Rabble's Wonder,
Whilſt thoſe of Senſe, the better Sort,
Made the dull Op'ra but their Sport.
Theſe, by their Smiles, let others know
How much themſelves deſpis'd the Show,
Tho' with their Company they muſter'd,
Not for the ſake of Pride, but Cuſtard;
Therefore, like honeſt Men, they thought,
In common Juſtice, that they ought
To creeping, daggle with the reſt,
And ſhare the worſt, as well as beſt.
So he that loves a Laſs that's coy,
And would the luſhious Feaſt enjoy,

Before he's welcome to be doing,
Muſt undergo the Plague of Wooing.

In this fine Order they proceeded,
The Grave, the Wiſe, the Bullet-headed,
The Old, the Young, the Rich, the Needy,
The pidling Puny, and the Greedy;
The Tall, the Small, the Fat, the Meagre,
The clumſy Lout, and Man of Figure;
The Craſy, Gouty, and the Corny,
The Cuckhold-maker, and the Horny;
The Spendthrift, and the plodding Looby,
The Nice, Sir Courtly, and the Booby;
All mix'd, to let the Rabble ſee
What wonderful Variety
The City can at once afford,
To give Attendance to my Lord;
Tho', 'tis believ'd, ſome hungry Sinners
Aſſembl'd rather for their Dinners,
Juſt as to Church the Beggar moves,
Not for the Lord's ſake, but the Loaves.

In the ſame Order all the reſt
Came after, in like manner dreſt;
Therefore, if you would underſtand
What farther Show there was by Land,
I pray let this Account content ye,
That two times Twelve makes Four and Twenty,
Becauſe that Number does no leſs
Than all their Campanies expreſs;
And if but one you chance to ſee,
In all their Pomp and Vanity,
The reſt appear but juſt the ſame,
Diſtinguiſh'd by another Name,
The Colours that their Whifflers wear,
And diff'rent Enſigns that they bear;
But ſtill each ſev'ral Brotherhood
Are ſo alike, ſome bad, ſome good,
That none, but by their Streamers, knew
What Hall they did belong unto.
Therefore in my deſcribing one,
You've all; and ſo by Land I've done.

But, by the way, ſome Folks may think
I'm ſparing of my Pen and Ink,
Becauſe my Muſe forbears to write
Of Pageants, to improve the Sight;
But if you'd truly know the Reaſon,
They're Popiſh Jimcracks, out of Seaſon;
Abominations, that diſpleaſe
The Saints in pious Times, like theſe,
And by the Dolts, are held to be,
Full as prophane as Poetry;
Tho', I believe, if Truth was known,
The Cits are ſuch good Huſbands grown,
That, to retrench their Charge, they made none,
And that's the Reaſon that they had none.

When I had ſtay'd to ſee the laſt,
And all the pompous Train were paſt,
To warm my Toes, I trotted a'ter,
To view the glorious Sight by Water:
Down to the *King's-Bench Walk* I haſted,
Where many a Sharper's Hours are waſted,

And by thoſe odorif'rous Huts,
Where reeling Students eaſe their Guts,
I ſtarving ſtood amidſt a Throng,
To ſee the Barges ſkud along.
At laſt the noble Fleet ſet out,
Huzza'd by all the Rabble Rout,
Who ſtay'd on Shore, to wiſh my L——d
A proſp'rous Voyage, when on Board;
And that no Rock, or bluſt'ring Storm,
Might croſs his Hopes, or do him Harm.
No ſooner had they left the Land,
And took a Farewel of the Strand;
But Drums and Guns began to rattle,
As if engag'd in diſmal Battel;
Some firing from the *Southern* Shoar,
Did, like a Storm of Thunder, roar,
As if they fear'd the floating Hoſt
Deſign'd to land upon their Coaſt.
Small Tenders did in Numbers wait
Upon the bold tremendious Fleet,

Who dreading neither Wind nor Weather,
Row'd on undauntedly together,
Defying all the frightful Flame
That from thoſe loud-mouth'd Engines came,
Which ſpouting lay upon the Beach,
Altho' they ſail'd within their Reach.

His L——p, in a firſt Rate Barge,
Profuſely fine, and very large,
With double Grace and Courage bleſt,
Rid as High Adm'ral o'er the reſt.
The painful Hands he had on Board,
Were worthy of ſo Great a Lord;
For e'ery ſhort, tho' ſtrenuous, Stroak,
The Gally Slaves in Triumph took,
We, the Spectators, could diſcern,
Left the reſt farther ſtill on Stern.
Thus with their Trumpets, and their Hoi'boys,
Sounding like Lott'ry-men and Show-boys,
Drums beating, and their Streamers flying,
All Dangers of the Deep defying,

They

They plough'd that boiſt'rous Ocean, *Thames*,
Without their Daughters, or their Dames;
Who, as it was believ'd by ſome,
Found more delightful Sport at Home.
Away the Heroes ſkudding went,
As proud as *Godwin* Earl of *Kent*,
When up the River, long ago,
He made a moſt Rebellious Show;
And did his Hoſt in Barges bring,
To fight his Father, and his King.
Thus all the Way they row'd by Water,
My Eyes were ſtill directed a'ter,
'Till they arriv'd at *Palace Stairs*,
The Place of Landing for our May'rs;
From whence they crep'd along in State,
To Swear, I vow I know not what.
Thus almoſt ſtarv'd with Wind and Weather,
I left 'em marching all together,
To ſee his L——p kiſs Calves Leather.

Therefore,

Therefore, if any curious Sinner
Would know how they got back to Dinner,
I think I may preſume to ſay,
That they return'd the ſelf ſame Way,
About as Wiſe as they went thither,
As near as I can gueſs or gather.

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the Firſt Volume, in Twelve Parts. Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewiſe the other Parts of this Volume, at 6 *d.* each.

Reaſons for an Union between the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, &c. Price 1 *s.*

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monſter* often found in *Holland.* To which is added, a merry Muſical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckolds-Point*, before a Grave Aſſembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part VII. Vol. II.

CANTO VII.

OH! the ſad Day, when *Guido*'s Crew
Had like to've blown up God knows who!
And by a diſmal Powder-Plot,
Deſtroy'd, no mortal Man knows what!
Then who can ſing the Tragick Scene
That might in ſuch a Caſe have been,
Since none can poſſibly declare
The Fate of Things that never were?
So, tho' 'tis likely there may be
Some ſtrange, myſterious Verity
In old bifarious Propheſy,

Yet we the Truth can ne'er diſcover,
Until the Things foretold, are over.
How then ſhould we, in doleful Verſe,
Thoſe ſad Calamities rehearſe,
Which would have follow'd, ten to one,
In Caſe the Miſchief had been done?
But the vile Plot was diſappointed
By th' Lord, or elſe the Lord's Anointed,
Who, as ſome People do ſuppoſe,
Had got ſo excellent a Noſe,
That he could ſmell out Powder-Treaſon,
Like a Jack-daw in Cherry-Seaſon,
Who is too ſhy to be undone
By ſudden Pop of Gard'ner's Gun:
Therefore the Plot they were deſigning,
Jacobus ſmelt from its beginning,
And knew as well how they had laid it,
As thoſe vile Jeſuits that made it:
So that the Powder ne'er took Fire
According to the Pope's Deſire,

Becauſe there chanc'd a happy Slip
Betwixt the Goblet and the Lip.
Thus, ſince the lighted Match in vain
Was laid to the infernal Train,
We, that in after Ages live,
And ſwallow what Account they give,
Should think it difficult to know
The Truth of Things ſo long ago,
Since wicked Plots of later Date,
Betwixt the People and the State,
Have puzzl'd many a prudent Man,
To find by which they were began,
Becauſe each wiſer Head may ſee,
In every great Diſcovery,
The Fox, who is the crafty Finder,
Does oft project, as well as hinder,
And as our Highway-men now do,
Proves Actor and Diſcov'rer too.
Thus cunning Knaves the Miſchief lay,
Draw others in, and then betray.

However,

However, whether known or not,
How 'twas begun, the Plot's a Plot,
That ſerves the Rabble to remember
Upon the fifth Day of *November*;
A pions Time when ragged Popes,
With Paſtboard Crowns, and Paper Copes,
Are hoiſted on the Rabbles Shoulders,
To pleaſe fanatical Beholders;
Who, tho' they in Oblivion bury,
The thirtieth Day of *January*,
Yet is their due Abhorrence ſhown
Of e'ery Plot, except their own;
And as for thoſe, if they miſcarry,
They turn the Handle quite contrary;
By which diſſenting Subtility,
They keep themſelves from Scandal free,
And fix the Blame on Popery:
For Saints too cunning are, to boaſt
Their Plots, when the Succeſs is loſt,

Tho' none can glory more, we ſee,
Than they in proſp'rous Villany,
Or look with greater Scorn upon
Thoſe Suff'rers they have once undone.
Juſt ſo the fierce and cruel Cat,
That catches Mouſe, or conquers Rat,
Does with her trembling Victim play,
And triumph o'er her dying Prey.

When jangling Bells from e'ery Steeple
Proclaim'd aloud to all good People,
That now the joyful Day was come,
That freed the Nation from the Doom
Pronounc'd againſt the Land by *Rome*;
The Mem'ry of which Powder-Plot,
Made all the Rabbles Brains ſo hot,
That tow'rds the Ev'ning, Men and Boys
Fill'd e'ery Street with hideous Noiſe,
All threat'ning, by their brutiſh Rudeneſs,
Much Miſchief, and exceſſive Lewdneſs;

That by their Actions, we might ſee,
The good Reverſe of Popery.
'Twas then, about the Hour of ſix,
When Boys were ſtealing Tubs and Sticks,
And luſtier Mob, to pleaſe their Maggots,
Were begging Pence to purchaſe Faggots,
That I was jogging Home, to ſhun
Thoſe Revels which were juſt begun:
But as I walk'd along, tho' Night,
Each Window ſhone ſo very bright,
By Dint of Ruſh and Cotton Light,
That when our late *Dutch* Sov'reign came
From *Amſter*, *Brill*, or *Rotterdam*,
The City Saints could not conſume
More Tallow, ſure, to light him Home;
Which ſhew'd, when he Abroad had been,
Vent'ring his Corps, which was but lean,
That we as forward were to burn
Our Fat, to welcome his Return.

I gaz'd about from ſide to ſide,
To view the City's Zeal and Pride,
Expreſs'd in Candles, ſhining round,
From four, to twenty in the Pound,
Mounted in Candle-ſticks of Clay,
Which juſt before o'er Bung-hole lay;
But now were model'd into Sockets,
For flaming Lights, that ſhone like Rockets.
Theſe, by the City Maids and Dames,
Were ſtuck upon their Window-Frames,
From the firſt Story, to the Garret,
For all the noiſy Mob to ſtare at.
The Candles in each ſhining Pile,
Like Soldiers ſtood in Rank and File,
To ſhow us how the Dames within
Were ſkill'd in Marſhal Diſcipline;
And tho', perhaps, not quite ſo fair,
That yet like *Venus*, they could bear
The Onſets of the God of War:

For leſſer Beauty's, by their Charms,
May foil a valiant Man at Arms;
Since only thoſe, at Kick and Cuff,
Are beat, that cry they have enough;
But when at Puſh a Pike we play
With Beauty, who ſhall win the Day,
Her Courage ſo profuſely great is,
That ſtill we find her *Nunquam ſatis*.

Lighted on e'ery Side, along
Amidſt a ſtrange infernal Throng
I ſail'd, in this tempeſtuous Flood
Of Mob, as ſafely as I cou'd,
Who, like rebellious riſing Slaves,
Were arm'd with ſuch unlawful Staves,
As if, like *Naples* ſtubborn Rabble,
They'd quarrell'd with ſome Tax or Gabel,
And were reſolv'd to chuſe a Fellow,
To rule the Roaſt like *Maſſanello*.

At laſt, before a Houſe I came,
That made no Show of Candle Flame;

Whatever Light there was within,
No glim'ring Cranny could be seen,
But all appear'd as black without
As a Dark-Lanthorn closely shut.
So ho, my Lads! crys Captain *Tom*,
Where are you, Boys? Pray hither come,
This House, I'm sure, without a Light,
Belongs to some damn'd *Jacobite*,
Or else, upon a Day so blest,
He'd put out Candles, like the rest:
Thump at the Door, demand the Reason,
Why they forget the Powder-Treason?
Command 'em, on this grand Occasion,
To put out some Illumination;
Or, by my Club, if they deny,
And will not readily comply,
We'll make the Popish Rogues remember
Their Powder-Plotting in *November*.
No sooner had this Babe of Grace,
With brimless Cap, and colly'd Face,

His great Command moſt proudly given,
But to the Door ſtept ſix or ſeven,
And with the Knocker, and their Kicks,
Their ſhort Battoons, their Staves and Sticks,
They gave the Door ſuch Bangs and Drubs,
That fifty Coopers hooping Tubs,
Were Jews Trumps, to their noiſy Clubs:
But ſtill no mortal Soul appear'd,
In Anſwer to the ſcoundrel Herd.
When Captain *Tom*, and all his Rout,
Perceiv'd the Garriſon ſo ſtout,
They'd not capit'late with his Forces,
He ſtorm'd 'em then with Oaths and Curſes,
And upwards caſt an Eye, to ſee
What Glaſs-Works there aloft might be,
But the Beſieg'd had been ſo wiſe,
To guard themſelves againſt Surprize,
And by ſtrong Shutters, fix'd without,
Secur'd their Windows from the Rout,

Who otherwiſe, with Dirt and Stone,
Had ſoon unglaz'd 'em e'ery one.
But when they found the Houſe defended
Againſt thoſe Miſchiefs they intended,
And that in vain they caſt their Pellets,
(Hard Words were Shot, inſtead of Bullets,
The old fanatick Way to rail,
When other Plots and Projects fail,
For Scandal will ſometimes obtain
That End, which Violence cannot gain;
'Tis that of late, inſtead of Force,
That ſets the Cart before the Horſe,
Does Virtue daily overthrow,
And keeps induſtrious Merit low;
Whilſt thoſe that uſe the ſhameful Means,
Grow fat, like Hogs in others Beans.)
The Rabble finding that their Sport,
Which only lies in doing Hurt,
Was diſappointed by the Craft
Of thoſe that ſat within and laught,

They

They damn'd all Papiſts in a Rage,
And quitted their ſucceſsleſs Seige.
Thus in a hurry they retir'd,
With Low-Church Indignation fir'd,
To think they could not uſe their Spite
To him, who for the want of Light,
Was branded as a *Jacobite*.
Thought I, before I farther go,
I'll, by Enquiry, try to know
Upon what Faith this Man's Reliance
Is, who durſt bid the Mob Defyance?
And without changing of my Ground,
I ſoon inquiſitively found,
The Family ſo much ſuſpected
Of being Popiſhly affected,
Were, to the Glory and the Praiſe
Of *W*——*m P*——*n*, all Yea's and Nay's,
And therefore wiſely thought it right
To only mind the inward Light,

And

And not prophane their Habitation
By outward vain Illumination.
Thought I, thoſe Quaking Saints, I ſee,
That do not with the Crowd agree,
Muſt bear a Portion of the Wrongs
That daily flow from wicked Tongues;
Therefore what Credit can be given
To th' Scum of Earth, and Scorn of Heaven,
Since ſober Men, that hate the Rude
Diſtractions of a Multitude,
Muſt ſuffer in ſome odious way,
Becauſe they're not as mad as they?
How fooliſh, or at leaſt, how knaviſh?
How domineering, or how ſlaviſh
Muſt they appear, who mind the Babble
Of ſuch a curs'd fanatick Rabble,
Who're taught, with Crys of Popes and Devils,
To juſtify their own baſe Evils,

Encourag'd

Encourag'd purely to enſlave
The Wiſe, the Virtuous, and the Brave,
Who ſcorn the Fool, and hate the Knave?

From hence the giddy World may ſee
The honeſt Man, that can't agree
In every Folly with the reſt,
Muſt live deſpis'd, and much oppreſs'd.
Nor is the Cant of Moderation
Deſign'd to ſoberrize the Nation,
But a meer Plot, profoundly laid,
To make us all alike run mad:
And he that will not ſacrifice
His Reaſon to the grand Device,
Muſt fall a Victim to the Rage
Of cunning Knaves, who mount the Stage,
And madly with the reſt engage.
'Tis true, the Scene is Reformation,
A Picture very much in Faſhion,
And tho' alive it ſeems to be,
'Tis but dead Col'ring that we ſee.

So Temples, Woods, and Groves appear
At Diſtance in the Theatre;
But if we once ſo near approach,
That we the painted Cloth can touch,
We then diſcover the Deceit,
And find it but an artful Cheat.

Thus walking, full of Care and Thought,
As Men that live by Thinking, ought;
At length I met a frantick Crowd,
Roaring in Triumph very loud,
Ratling their Clubs above their Noddles,
And kicking Dirt from miry Puddles;
To diſoblige each other's Rags,
That hung in Tatters, and in Jags;
I' th' Front ſat mounted on a Bier,
A Pope for Children to admire,
Condemn'd, as I ſuppoſe, to th' Fire;
His Face was ſuch a frightful Vizard,
That look'd more ghaſtly than a Wizard,

His holy Noſe b'ing ſomething greater
Than that which grac'd our late Salvator;
Beneath which Member, hung a Chin,
As long as *Tuffen*'s, and as lean;
To which was tagg'd a Horſe-Hair Beard,
That made each gazing Child affear'd,
And caus'd him, in Surprize, to fly
From ſtern Infallibility.
A tripple Crown the B——p wore,
Built up three Story high, or more,
Guilt o'er, to ſhow the Pride of thoſe
That lead whole Kingdoms by the Noſe;
Thoſe Enemies to human Eaſe,
That plague the Publick as they pleaſe,
And triumph o'er Mens Conſciences.
In Spite to th' Whore of *Babylon*,
Th' 'ad put the holy Puppit on
A Surplice, made of ancient Smocks,
Fit only for the Tinder-box

Given

Given by Female Saints, to cover
His ſcare-crow Holineſs all over;
Who, tho' without, he ſeem'd to be
The Image of rank Popery,
Yet were his Antichriſtian Guts
Stuff'd with fanatick Rags and Clouts;
Which ſhews, altho' ſome Men diſpence
With wearing Popiſh Ornaments,
Yet could their Inſides but be ſeen,
You'd find 'em Puritans within;
Or elſe no falſe diſſembling Brother
Would look one way, and row another;
Or would the Papiſts, Tooth and Nail,
Add Weight to the fanatick Scale,
Were not their Inſides near related
To thoſe by whom we think they're hated;
When, if we ſearch 'em, we ſhould find
Both were exactly of a Mind;
And tho' they are ſometimes at Strife,
Like a proud Man, and haughty Wife,

Who give each other Scars and Scratches
In Conteſts, who ſhall wear the Breeches;
Yet will they lovingly unite,
And join their Forces and their Spite
Againſt the Man, who in the Hurry
Steps in to reconcile their Fury,
Who quarrel for no other Ends,
But to become the greater Friends.
So the old *Babylonian* Blouze,
And her demure fanatick Spouſe,
Altho' they rave, and ſeem to quarrel,
Like Tinkers o'er a ſtrong Beer Barrel;
Yet can they readily agree,
And ceaſe their wonted Enmity,
To pull down thoſe that ſtand between 'em,
As once already we have ſeen 'em:
Therefore 'twould ſurely be a Crime,
Not to beware the ſecond Time,
Since fighting Dogs will quit their Hold,
To worry what's their Game of old.

Behind this Papal Image, ſtood
A Devil made of Fleſh and Blood,
Some little ſooty Chimney-ſweep,
Who, with the Cry of *Faſt aſleep*,
Us'd to awake the drouzy Maids,
And early raiſe the lazy Jades;
This little Imp ſuch Geſtures ſhow'd,
That caus'd much Laughter in the Crowd,
Who were ſo tickl'd, and ſo pleas'd,
To ſee his Holineſs ſo teaz'd,
As if they thought the Dev'l was meant
For Paſtime, more than Puniſhment;
And that each noiſy Raggamuffin
Believ'd the black infernal Ruffin
Was deſtin'd for their Sport, to be
A Scaramouch to Popery;
And that his Darkſhip was unable
To terrify an *Engliſh* Rabble,
Secure beneath the Nomination
Of Proteſtant; to which Profeſſion

As well as to its ſacred Name,
They're both a Horror, and a Shame.
Behind this *Babylonian* Whore,
About the Streets in Triumph bore
A younger Fry of mobbiſh Vermin,
The Sons of Porters, and of Carmen,
With Paper Miters round their Skulls,
Walk'd on in State, as Cardinals;
Each in his dirty right Hand bore
Croſs'd Lath, inſtead of Croſier,
And from their left a Necklace hung,
By their fanatick Mothers ſtrung;
And to their forward Children lent,
Thro' Zeal, with a devout Intent
To ridicule the Popiſh Way
Of uſing Trinkets when they pray;
Altho' the little heath'niſh Race,
So void of Senſe, as well as Grace,

Perhaps were ſo untaught, that they,
Their *Pater-Noſter* could not ſay
With Beads, or any other Way;
For in this pious Chriſtian Nation,
There is a vip'rous Congregation
Inſtructed daily to forbear
Our Father, as a Popiſh Pray'r:
Therefore, what Wonder can it be
For righteous Men to weep, and ſee
Religion made the Ridicule
Of e'ery canting Knave and Fool?
Who wear it in no other Places,
But in their Geſtures, and their Faces;
And think it of no other Force,
Than fit to be a ſtalking-Horſe
To Wordly Int'reſt, and their Pride,
And many vicious Ends beſide;
Nay, uſe it as the very Hinge,
On which they open their Revenge,

And ſhut Preferment's heavy Gate
Upon the Heels of thoſe they hate;
Such who're too conſcious to agree
With e'ery pious Villany,
And ſcorn to bend their honeſt Wits
To painted Frauds, and holy Cheats.

In Triumph, thus the Popiſh Bauble
Was carry'd by the ſcoundrel Rabble,
Attended by a ragged Crew
Of Link-boys, and the Lord knows who!
Made Cardinals for this good Night,
The more t' improve the frantick Sight,
That reeling Saints, as drunk as Rats,
Might leer beneath their Pot-lid Hats,
And laugh to ſee their Tools, the Rabble,
So fit, ſo willing, and ſo able,
To pull down what they deem as *Babel*;
For thus our Puritannick Friends
Accompliſh their revengeful Ends;

They

They trembling firſt, proclaim a Fear
Of ſome ſtrange Popiſh Danger near,
And under this demure Pretence,
Devoutly labour to inſenſe
The giddy Mob, thoſe heath'niſh Creatures,
Againſt the Pope, and his Abettors:
And when the Saints have thus prepar'd
The *Hydra* for their Body-Guard,
They boldly then dare ſtrike their Blow,
To drive that Nail they mean ſhould go;
And he that durſt oppoſe their grand
Deſign, and their Intrigues withſtand,
'Tis but their crying, He's ſuſpected
Of being Popiſhly affected,
And ſoon the baſe unthinking Crowd
Will cry the Infamy aloud,
And by the Help of common Fame,
So fix the Antichriſtian Name,
That all Efforts ſhall prove in vain
To cleanſe him from the odious Stain;

For as he waſhes, ſtill they watch him,
And fling more Dirt where e'er they catch him;
So that in freſh Attacks they caſt
Their Lies and Calumnies ſo faſt,
That make him truckle, and decline
Oppoſing every baſe Deſign
Carr'd on againſt the publick Safety
T' advance the Godly and the Crafty:
Nor do they ſtop, 'till they exclude,
By th' Clamours of the Multitude,
Thoſe Perſons whom they fear or hate,
From all Employments in the State.
By *Machiavillian* Arts like theſe,
The Saints accompliſh what they pleaſe,
And gain more Footting by degrees.
So angry Stateſmen, to foment
Our Jealouſies of Government,
Fill with falſe Tales the Rabbles Mouths,
Who eccho round the baſe Untruths,

And make the giddy Vulgar fear
Evils remote the Lord knows where,
Whilſt in the Graſs a Serpent lies
Obſcur'd by Shams from common Eyes,
Deſign'd to overturn the State,
And make the vile Projector Great.
If therefore you'd be free from Wrongs,
Ne'er liſten to the Rabbles Tongues;
For all Diſtractions and Confuſions,
Domeſtick Wars and Revolutions,
Are elbow'd on by thoſe vile Wretches,
Whom Heav'n abhors, and Hell bewitches.

Shouting and Roaring in the Streets,
Like drunken Sots, or *Bedlamites*,
The noiſy Rake-hells march'd along;
Surrounded by a gazing Throng,
Who, like true Proteſtants, beſtow'd
Their Pence according to the Mode,
That all the Standers by might ſee
How much they hated Popery.

Thought I, as these an Idol frame
Of Rags, and fix the frightful Name
Of Pope thereon, that all who see
The Bugbear's sad Catastrophe,
May triumph, in Despite to *Rome*,
O'er Puppit Grey-beard's Martyrdom.
Just so the Saints ill Names devise
For those who do their Cant despise,
And make them next their Sacrifice.

FINIS.

Advertisements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the First Volume, in Twelve Parts. Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewise the other Parts of this Volume, at 6 *d.* each.

Reasons for an Union between the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, &c. Price 1 *s.*

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiss. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus*. Price 6 *d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monster* often found in *Holland*. To which is added, a merry Musical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckolds-Point*, before a Grave Assembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All sold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noster-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part VIII. Vol. II.

CANTO VIII.

ABout that Seaſon of the Year,
When Rebels, void of Shame and Fear,
Did at one ſad infernal Blow,
Their Fury, Pride, and Malice ſhow;
And when the Sons of Decolation,
To manifeſt their Approbation
Of all thoſe Mis'ries and Diſorders,
Thoſe Treaſons, Rapines, Spoils, and Murders,
By their vile Fathers done long ſince
Upon their Country, and their Prince;

Do meet together, and contract
The Guilt of e'ery wicked Act
Upon themſelves, by giving Glory
To ſuch a black and diſmal Story,
And making Royal Blood and Slaughter,
The Subject of their ſcornful Laughter.
'Twas near that Time of *January*,
When Calves-head Miſcreants grow merry,
To think how Rebels once could wound
The Church, and Monarchy confound,
Abuſe the Laws, ſubvert the State,
And make themſelves unjuſtly great,
That I by Bus'neſs, was induc'd,
To drink where factious Zealots us'd,
Such whoſe rebellious Tongues could dare,
To juſtify that Civil War,
And all the Evils that aroſe
From thoſe Domeſtick cruel Blows,
Whoſe diſmal Truths no Man can learn
From Story, but with deep Concern,

Except

Except th' Approvers of ſuch Evils,
Whoſe Conſciences are ſear'd like Devils:
For Rebels glory in their Shame,
And praiſe what loyal Subjects blame;
Deſpiſe the Pow'r they can oppreſs,
And meaſure Juſtice by Succeſs.
So Rogues, when fortunately baſe,
Support their Projects with a Grace,
As if their Crimes were Scandal free,
When flatter'd with Proſperity.

Stepping one Night into this Houſe,
Where tipling Saints ſtrong Ale carouſe,
And aged Sots, with ſhaking Hands,
Liquor at once their Lips and Bands;
Whilſt raving Hot-ſpurs, void of Reaſon,
Infect the ſmoaky Room with Treaſon:
Such Doctrine, that in Times of *Tore*,
Each Babler muſt have ſuffer'd for,
Tho' now 'tis made the common Cant
Of e'ery democratick Saint;

Who

Who talks of Sov'reign Crowns and Scepters,
Of Rev'rend Biſhops, Deans, and Chapters,
Not onl' as if they did not love 'em,
But that they gladly would remove 'em,
To ſet their worthleſs Selves above 'em:
For Saints, thro' their abounding Grace,
Have Right not only to diſplace
The Wicked and Prophane, but alſo
To pull down thoſe they're pleaſe to call ſo,
Which are all ſuch, that honour Merit
Above the Grumbling of the Spirit,
And ſcorn to ſee ſuch Knaves and Fools
Make honeſt Men their Slaves and Tools;
Whoſe Fall, their Tribe muſt firſt deviſe,
Before themſelves can hope to riſe;
For Merit muſt be driven low,
E'er Ign'rance can to Power grow.
The Cap can never brave the Crown,
'Till Juſtice firſt is trampl'd down;

Nor

Nor Blockheads into Pulpits creep,
(Thoſe Wolves that prey upon their Sheep)
'Till Learning's huſh'd and lull'd a ſleep.
I ſat me down amidſt a Crew
Of Old and Young, the Lord knows who!
Some puffing Sot-weed o'er their Glaſſes,
In one another's Parchment Faces,
Which were of tawny Colour dy'd,
Like *Yarmouth* Herrings, ſmoak'd and dry'd;
Shrivell'd with Envy, and with Age,
Like Witches on the Play-houſe Stage,
Such as their Daughters us'd to ſee
In ſome old diſmal Tragedy;
Others ſat pinn'd in little Boxes,
Driv'ling, as Sinners do in Fluxes,
Each raiſing, as he loll'd at Eaſe,
His Salivation by Degrees,
With ſucking his *Virginia* Fuel,
And drinking Ale like Water-Gruel,

Which

Which might, no Doubt on't, do as well,
For by its Colour, none could tell
Which was the beſt for fluxing Throats,
This brew'd of Malt, or that of Oats.

Others, more jolly, briſk and young,
A Calves-Head Hymn in Conſort ſung,
The frothy, rude, unpoliſh'd Strains
Of ſome dull jingling Rebel's Brains,
Who was of Rhimes enough a Maſter,
To be a Calves-Head Poetaſter;
For to that Club of Imps ſo hated,
Deſpis'd, condemn'd, abominated,
His Ballads all were dedicated,
And practis'd here by wicked Apes,
That mimmick Hell in Human Shapes,
Againſt that ſad and bloody Time,
Not to be nam'd without a Crime,
That their vile Tongues might perfect be
At their accurs'd Solemnity,

In yelling with their croaking Throats,
Thoſe Tragick Songs in joyful Notes,
That fill th' Infernal Shades with Wonder,
And make the Devils tremble under.

Others there were, whoſe odious Tongues,
Mov'd by the Breath of poys'nous Lungs,
Pour'd out ſuch Venom on the Duſt
Of Kings, ſo merciful and juſt,
That none but Rebels, void of Shame,
Could injure their Immortal Fame,
And nip thoſe Bloſſoms with their Lies,
That from their fragrant Aſhes riſe;
Whoſe Praiſes, and whoſe patient Wrongs,
Diſtilling from impartial Tongues,
Will fructify their injur'd Clay,
Reſtore their Vertues freſh and gay,
And make 'em flouriſh o'er their Urns,
'Till Mercy ſmiles, and Envy mourns,
And Malice ceaſes to degrade
The living Actions of the Dead.

But when thoſe happy Times will be,
Not even *P——ge* can foreſee,
By all his vile Aſtrology;
Nor gifted Saint, of greater Merit,
Who boaſts Pre-knowledge by the Spirit:
For he that is ſo weak and blind
To truſt in either Knave, will find
One's Impudence, and t'other's Rules,
Are only Baits to fiſh for Fools.
But this I know is a Digreſſion,
I attone therefore by Confeſſion:
However, you ſhall quickly ſee
I'll reaſſume my Company.
But Poets, ſure, when Whimſy dances,
May ſtray a while, to pleaſe their Fancies,
Without incurring the Aſperſion
Of Vagrancy, or Theme Deſertion,
Since trimming Saints, and Moderators,
Vary from Church for ſlender Matters,

And

And ſo return, upon Diſcretion,
As they themſelves ſhall ſee Occaſion.
Thus, Tinker like, I've made a Pother,
To mend one Hole, and make another.
Seated as you before have heard,
Liſt'ning and ſtroaking down my Beard,
Surrounded by Rebellious Sots,
Hugging their Glaſſes, Pipes, and Pots,
In Puritannick Bands and Dreſſes,
Full as ill-favour'd as their Faces,
Whoſe Wrinkles, Lines, and long-hair'd Moles,
Betray'd the Baſeneſs of their Souls,
That Men, judicious, might diſcern
Moroſneſs in their Looks, and learn,
By outward ugly Signs and Features,
The damn'd Perverſeneſs of their Natures.
So he who peeps in Bull-Dog's Face,
Deſcended of Bear-Garden Race,
May, by his ſullen Leers, compute
The ill Conditions of the Brute,

And in his ſurly Phiz, diſcover
Of what rough Game he is a Lover.
At laſt a ſwarthy dub-nos'd Fellow,
With Cheeks like ruſty Bacon, yellow,
And Saucer-Eyes, not quite ſo ſmall
As thoſe we ſee at *Leaden-Hall*,
In Bullock's Head, at Butcher's Stall,
Began to ſtretch his envious Jaws
In favour of the good old Cauſe,
And ſpeak profuſely in the Praiſe
Of *Nol* and *Bradſhaw*'s bleſſed Days;
Commending, at a publick Table,
Each cruel ſanguinary Rebel,
Who ſat in that Infernal Court,
That made their ſuff'ring King their Sport,
Extolling all their barbarous Crimes
For Juſtice in thoſe pious Times,
Stiling 'em Saints of Preſervation,
Rais'd up to ſave a ſinking Nation

From

From Pop'ry, Tyranny, and Slav'ry,
Church-Perſecution, and Court-Knav'ry,
And all the wretched Plagues that fell on
This Kingdom from their own Rebellion;
Moſt vilely charging all the Guilt
Of Blood in thoſe Diſorders ſpilt,
Upon the Throne, altho' the Stain
Does on their curſed Tribe remain,
Like that which God once fix'd on *Cain*.
No Wonder, ſince they ſtill, we ſee,
Retain their ancient Policy
In charging Plots themſelves invent,
On others that are innocent.

Their preſent Miſchiefs all are laid
Upon thoſe Perſons they invade.
They can't oppreſs, but muſt accuſe
The injur'd Suff'rers they abuſe,
Of Ills their Party only uſe.
By cheating thus, they win the Game,
And make the Looſer bear the Blame.

So ſubtle Thieves, at Night purſu'd
By th' buſy Snow-ball Multitude,
Mix with the Crowd, run on their Way,
And cry *Stop Thief*, as well as they.
After I'd ſat a while in Pain,
To hear this Monſter of a Man
Belch out his wicked vile Excurſions,
And all his frantick baſe Averſions,
I could no longer ſit in Silence,
To hear ſuch Infamy and Vi'lence
Us'd to the Mem'ry of a King
So mild and juſt in e'ery Thing,
So conſciencious, and ſo good,
That none but ſuch a Vip'rous Brood,
That ſtung his Royal Breaſt to Death,
Could poys'n his Aſhes with their Breath.
Therefore, tho' very well I knew
My ſelf ſurrounded with a Crew
Of Imps and Furies, that could ſhow
More Spite than thoſe that dwell below,

Yet I reſolv'd to let 'em ſee
A true, tho' ſhort, Epitome
Of the baſe Uſage they had given
To the bleſs'd Martyr now in Heaven,
Which they endeavour'd to diſguiſe
And paliate with their odious Lies.
Unwilling that their falſe Reproach
Should any liſt'ning Ear debauch;
Provok'd and vex'd, I thus began
With him, whoſe Tongue ſo long had ran.

Sir, with much Patience have I heard
Your Malice wag your picked Beard,
Endeav'ring with your ill-bred Lips,
To injure, blacken, and eclipſe
That vertuous King's Immortal Fame,
Whoſe Suff'rings magniſy his Name,
And raiſe his Glory, and your Shame.
But now, to let you ſee what Errors
You've baſely broach'd among your Hearers,

I'll

I'll prove the Mis'ries of those Time
All owing to your Party's Crimes;
Those Rebels, from whose Loyns, I doubt,
Your envious self was hammer'd out.
Why, how now, crys the spiteful Saint,
What angry High-Church Disputant
Have we got here? Some Popish Priest!
Or *snarling* Jacobite *at least!*
Said I, *No matter what I am*
To any here, or whence I came:
The naked Truths I shall declare,
I'd have your Calves-head know, I dare
To publish here, or any where.
Hear him, crys some, *the Lord forbid*
That Truth should lye in Darkness hid.
What have we done, that we deny,
And dare not boldly justify.
No Villany, thought I, *that can be,*
But what you've Impudence to stand by;

For,

For, Satan *like, 'tis ſtill your Nature*
To back one Evil with a greater.
However, theſe, for fear of broken
Noddle, were Sentiments unſpoken:
For what at Foot-ball we ſuppoſe
Are Odds, muſt be the ſame at Blows.
So looking round the glaring Brood,
I open'd, mildly as I cou'd,
My Charge againſt thoſe pious Devils
That glory in the worſt of Evils.
Said I, *When firſt thoſe diſmal Days*
Began, which I have heard you praiſe,
And bold Mechanick Miſcreants
Set up themſelves for preaching Saints,
Who in dark Holes, in ſpite of Laws,
Gave Succour to your good old Cauſe,
And nurs'd the monſt'rous cruel Beaſt,
'Till grown too big to be ſuppreſt;
Did you not then corrupt, or find
A H—— of C—— to your Mind,

Who did with braſen Fronts withſtand
Their Prince in e'ery juſt Demand,
'Till they had drove him, by Delays,
To lawful, but uncommon Ways,
Of raiſing Money, to ſupply
His Government's Neceſſity?
For who, that bears ſupream Command,
Can give Protection to a Land,
If they that only Current ſtemm,
That muſt preſerve both him and them?
But when they found the Throne had made
A preſent Shift, without their Aid,
Did they not clamour and abuſe
The Means they'd forc'd the King to uſe,
And charge that Fault upon the Crown,
Which long Delays had made their own?
For if a Prince declares his Want
To thoſe whoſe Duty 'tis to grant,
And they, thro' Obſtinance, deny
The Sov'reign Pow'r a due Supply,

And he a needful Sum ſhall raiſe
By ſome impracticable Ways;
Thoſe that obſtruct the common Spring,
Abuſe the People, not the King.
When by Refuſals and Complaints,
The Houſe, regardleſs of his Wants,
Had brought his Majeſty to Streights,
And plagu'd him with their vile Debates;
Did they not dayly grow upon him,
In order to at laſt dethrone him?
And hire the Scots *t' invade the* Land
With thirty thouſand Pounds in hand?
Which Sum (that all the World may ſee
Their Impudence and Villany)
They added to the King's Account,
As if Rebellion could amount
To meritorious Service done
The Kingdom, or the ſinking Throne?
The Rabble may as well untile
A Houſe againſt the Owner's Will,

Then make him anſwer their Demands,
For the vile Labour of their Hands.
Did they not next torment and teaz
The Throne with baſe Remonſtrances,
Falſe and rebellious, with intent
To ſcandalize the Government,
And make the People look awry
On the ſupream Authority?
For Calumny's the piercing Sting
That at a Diſtance wounds the King,
And is the only Tool in Play,
By which Rebellion cuts its way?
When by their baſe reproachful Arts,
(As falſe and trayt'rous as their Hearts)
And by their ſawcy proud Petitions,
They'd fill'd the Nation with Suſpicions,
Did they not then in Triumph bring
The Rabble, to inſult their King
With Cries of Juſtice at his Gates,
(The common Cant of Reprobates)

When

When all their baſe inglorious Ends
Were firſt to ſacrifice his Friends,
That they with Eaſe might ſack the Throne,
And make the Regal Pow'r their own?
For Rebels can no King betray,
'Till firſt they ſnatch his Friends away;
But when that's done, altho' he may
Stand for a little Time at Bay,
Yet muſt he periſh in the Cloſe,
A Victim to his cruel Foes?
So the fat Buck, that rules the Herd,
And treads as if he nothing fear'd;
Yet, when he's ſingl'd from the reſt,
And by the Hounds too hardly preſt,
Diſpairing of his Force or Speed,
He groans, and ſo ſubmits to bleed.
When thus the Righteous Band of Saints
Had ſpread their Clamours and Complaints,
And by their canting Pulpiteers,
Had fill'd the Land with Doubts and Fears;

(For no Rebellion e'er could riſe
So high, to give a King Surprize,
Without their Holy Exerciſe)
Then flush'd with Hopes of their Succeſs,
They chas'd the King from Place to Place,
With Libels humbly call'd Petitions,
And Treaſons ſtil'd their Propoſitions,
So ſmoothly penn'd, ſo well deſign'd,
So modeſtly expreſs'd, ſo kind,
That they inſiſted on no more
Than all the Right of Sov'reign Pow'r;
Which, if his Majeſty would grant,
O! then no Money ſhould be want;
Meaning, that when they'd got his Head,
He no Supplies would need when dead;
For 'tis the old fanatick way,
When they've uſurp'd the Sov'reign Sway,
To murder thoſe they ſhould obey.
And that you may more plainly ſee
The Drift of all their Treachery,

First hear, then judge ye as ye please,
By their Propoſals, which were theſe,
That what the Commons ſhould inſiſt
Was Law, the King was not to queſtion.
That very Article alone
Sets Parliaments above the Throne,
And gives Rebellion Pow'r to play
The Devil with their Kings each Day.
That Precedents (as uſeleſs Readings)
Should give no Bounds to their Proceedings.
From hence a Man may clearly ſee
What curſed Tyrants they would be,
Who make their Wills, to Malice bent,
Their ſtanding Rules of Government.
That for the publick Good, they might
Diſpoſe of King or Subject's Right;
And that alone the Parliament,
Without the King, or his Aſſent,
Were Judges of the State o' th' Nation,
And e'ery Thing, that bore Relation
To th' People's Good or Preſervation.

Pray,

Pray, is not this to plainly ſay,
That they have Pow'r to take away
The King's or any Subject's Right,
When e'er themſelves ſhall think it fit?
For if they vote the Publick Good
Requires your Fortune, or your Blood,
What Man, that is of Lands poſſeſs'd,
Altho' he has no Law tranſgreſs'd,
Can vouch, at this unhappy Rate,
His Life's his own, or his Eſtate?

That no good Member ſhould, for Treaſon,
Or any other Crime, or Reaſon,
Be troubl'd, 'till the Parliament
Should judge the Fact, and give Conſent,
(If they ſhould ſee ſufficient Cauſe)
He ſhould be puniſh'd by the Laws.

Traytors by this, are made ſecure
Againſt the Gripes of Sov'reign Pow'r,
That Rebels, with a bolder Grace,
Might ſpit in Monarch's Royal Face,

And ſpur on with more Heat and Paſſion,
Thoſe ill Deſigns in Agitation.

That the whole Sov'reign Pow'r and Sway
Alone in both the Houſes lay;
And that the King had no ſuch Choice,
As a denying Vote or Voice.

This ſhews their Villany unpainted,
And tells us plainly what they wanted,
That Pow'r ſupream, and nothing leſs,
Would ſatisfy their Greedineſs;
For if the King muſt give Aſſent
To Laws that bear an ill Intent,
And cannot, when there's juſt Occaſion,
Deny his Royal Approbation,
Such Majeſty is but a Mouſe,
Leſs than a Member of the Houſe;
For he, without Reſtraint, can ſhow
His Choice in voting Yea or No.

That levy'ng Forces in the Land
'Gainſt the King's perſonal Command,

Tho' preſent in the Houſe, when they
His Royal Pleaſure diſobey;
Yet 'tis not ſuch a wicked Thing,
As raiſing Arms againſt the King,
But levy'ng War (a pretty Trick)
Againſt his Perſon Politick.

A quaint Device, contriv'd to cripple
The Underſtandings of the People,
And make 'em think, that they might fight
Againſt the Crown with all their Might,
Yet ne'er intend one evil Thing
Againſt the Perſon of the King;
As if to give their Sov'reign Chaſe,
And drive him from his Royal Place;
Making his Troubles but their Sport,
Was not to mean his Perſon Hurt.
Or as if Kings could looſe their Right
Of Pow'r, and ſuffer nothing by't.
The Lord preſerve us in our Wits
From ſuch baſe Logical Deceits;

Which

Which ſure could never find a Place
In Men of either Senſe or Grace.

That no Man can commit a Treaſon
'Gainſt the King's Life, for other Reaſon,
Than that he's truſted with the Throne,
And all Things that depend thereon;
Nor longer than he rules aright,
Not in the Lord's, but People's Sight;
For that the Parliament have ſtill
The Power to judge, when e'er they will,
Whether he governs well or ill.

If, right or wrong, the Houſe ſhall ſay
The King abus'd the Sov'reign Sway,
Then all his Subjects may diſpenſe
At once with their Allegiance,
And buffet him, if they ſee Cauſe,
Without the Danger of the Laws;
Becauſe the Houſe has Pow'r to tell,
Whether the King rules ill or well.

If they ſay ill, then all are free
To pull down Popiſh Tyranny,
Tho' themſelves acted in the State
The very Things they ſeem'd to hate;
And as their Fury made it plain,
Rul'd more like Devils, than like Men.

That with the King they may ſuch Meaſures
Uſe, as beſt ſuit their Wills and Pleaſures:
And when themſelves ſhall think it meet,
Diſpoſe of him as they ſee fit.

This laſt Propoſal, tho' expreſt
Conciſely, ſums up all the reſt;
And plainly ſays, That when they will,
They may diſpoſe of (that is, k—ll)
The King; which doubtleſs was their Senſe,
As we may judge by th' Conſequence.

To be concluded in the next Part.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 63 AUG

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part IX. Vol. II.

DID not these Tres'nable Petitions
Contain most humble Propositions,
For pious Saints of Reformation
To offer tow'rds Accommodation
Of all those Mischiefs, and Confusions,
Occasion'd by such vile Enthusions,
Who had already robb'd the Throne,
And made the Sov'reign Pow'r their own?
Yet, were not easy, or content
With their rebellious Government,
Without the King (too wise to do it)
Would grant 'em better Title to it,

And by an Art, beneath his Nature,
Make them the ſupream Legiſlator?
So the rich Knave, that once has gain'd
Poſſeſſion of another's Land,
If th' injur'd Perſon wants a Purſe
To guard him againſt Fraud and Force,
The wealthy Rogue, to be more ſure
Of what's already in his Pow'r,
Takes (as the Rebels did, we ſee)
Th' Advantage of Neceſſity,
And tempts the other for a Trifle,
To give up all his Right and Title.
When the good injur'd King, like one
Divinely worthy of a Throne,
Had giv'n the ſawcy Saints an Anſwer
Becoming Anna's *Royal Grandſir,*
And with juſt Indignation fir'd,
Refus'd the Kindneſs they deſir'd;
Did they not teaze him o'er and o'er,
With nineteen Propoſitions more,

Stil'd with a counterfeit Submiſſion,
Their humble (tho' their proud) Petition?
Not with Deſign to ſhow Allegiance,
Or the leaſt Glim'rings of Obedience,
But that all Rebels might diſcern
Their damn'd Hypocriſy, and learn
From them the Rulers of the Nation,
The Art of vile Diſſimulation;
A Talent by the Saints allow'd of,
And is a Gift their Prieſts are proud of,
Eſpecially when not abus'd,
But to ſome baſe Advantage us'd:
For all Deceits of Holy Friends,
Are lawful to obtain their Ends
Againſt thoſe People, which the picked
Beard ſhall mark out to be the Wicked:
For if, ſay they, it is no Evil
To be too cunning for the Devil,
It is no Sin to cozen, ſure,
His Subjects, that ſupport his Pow'r:

And by an Art, beneath his Nature,
Make them the ſupream Legiſlator?
So the rich Knave, that once has gain'd
Poſſeſſion of another's Land,
If th' injur'd Perſon wants a Purſe
To guard him againſt Fraud and Force,
The wealthy Rogue, to be more ſure
Of what's already in his Pow'r,
Takes (as the Rebels did, we ſee)
Th' Advantage of Neceſſity,
And tempts the other for a Trifle,
To give up all his Right and Title.
When the good injur'd King, like one
Divinely worthy of a Throne,
Had giv'n the ſawcy Saints an Anſwer
Becoming Anna's *Royal Grandſir,*
And with juſt Indignation fir'd,
Refus'd the Kindneſs they deſir'd;
Did they not teaze him o'er and o'er,
With nineteen Propoſitions more,

Stil'd with a counterfeit Submiſſion,
Their humble (tho' their proud) Petition?
Not with Deſign to ſhow Allegiance,
Or the leaſt Glim'rings of Obedience,
But that all Rebels might diſcern
Their damn'd Hypocriſy, and learn
From them the Rulers of the Nation,
The Art of vile Diſſimulation;
A Talent by the Saints allow'd of,
And is a Gift their Prieſts are proud of,
Eſpecially when not abus'd,
But to ſome baſe Advantage us'd:
For all Deceits of Holy Friends,
Are lawful to obtain their Ends
Againſt thoſe People, which the picked
Beard ſhall mark out to be the Wicked:
For if, ſay they, it is no Evil
To be too cunning for the Devil,
It is no Sin to cozen, ſure,
His Subjects, that ſupport his Pow'r:

For how ſhould Holy Zion *flouriſh,*
Unleſs the Sons of Darkneſs periſh?
From hence the Saints have Right to plunder,
And turn old Satan's *Kingdom under;*
Which Place, the Righteous take for granted,
To be where e'er themſelves are planted;
For none e'er knew 'em reſt, (God love 'em)
Until they'd pull'd down all above 'em,
And rais'd their Holy Tribe aloft
By Treaſon, Cruelty, and Craft;
As we may prove by a Review,
Both of Old England, *and of* New.
When thus the craving modeſt Saints
Had to the King declar'd their Wants,
Which were much more, you may believe,
Than he had Will or Pow'r to give;
For pious Rogues ne'er mince their Matters,
Or aſk by halves, like fearful Traytors,
But when they durſt their Sov'reign teaz
With craving Importunities,

'Tis their good Conſcience to inſiſt,
If not on more, on all at leaſt:
For thrifty Rebels muſt be greedy,
Becauſe all Pow'r uſurp'd, is needy
Of more, to guard what's got already.
But that which does extend, and make
Their Impudence appear more black,
They're angry, if the Throne denies
To give, or do as they adviſe;
Tho' what they aſk's ſo out of Reaſon,
That 'tis no leſs than downright Treaſon.
So Ruffains, who, with Crows and Betties,
Break Houſes, when it dark and late is,
After they've gagg'd and bound in Bed
The Servants from their Maſter's Aid;
At laſt they gently to him creep,
Surprize him from his harmleſs Sleep,
And threat'n him, if he don't reſign
His hidden Plate, and hoarded Coin;

Nay,

Nay, beat, torment him, and abuſe him,
And with their utmoſt Malice uſe him,
Becauſe, perhaps, he don't relieve 'em
With more than he has Pow'r to give 'em.

By this Time having warm'd the Crew
Of Zealots I was talking to,
A meagre Saint, as full of Spite
As glowing *Phœbus* is of Light,
Fix'd on my Face his glaring Eyes,
Like Cat of Mountain in Surprize,
And having ſtudy'd what to ſay,
He made theſe Queries by the way.

Says he, *Did not that Popiſh Prince*
God humbl'd for his Sins long ſince,
Begin the War that brought the Nation
Within Aumes Ace *of Deſolation,*
In order, by his Army's Brav'ry,
And his Adviſers hidden Knav'ry,
To bring in Popery and Slav'ry.

Said I, *a Man may eas'ly ſee*
From whence you draw your Hiſtory;

Not

Not from the Chronicle, but Pulpit,
Where ſome Enthuſiaſtick Dull-pate
Has labour'd, by the Dint of Lying,
Set off with Groans, and painful Sighing,
To make the Malice of his Heart,
(Diſguis'd with all his Holy Art)
And the baſe Venom of his Mouth,
Paſs current for authentick Truth.
Therefore, could you but lay aſide
Rebellious Prejudice, and Pride,
Your Queſtions I could anſwer ſoon,
And make the Point as clear as Noon:
So, if you'll give my Tale a Hearing,
You may, or kiſs it, that's no Swearing.
When the mild King *had been for Years*
Teaz'd with Rebellious Scoffs and Fears,
(For each Petition, or Addreſs,
The Godly offer'd, ſeem'd no leſs)
At laſt, he having granted more
Than any Faction could implore,

But such who proudly thought a King
A servile, or a useless Thing.
Then looking with a just Contempt
On all the Libels that they sent,
Couch'd with the Titles of Petitions,
Advice, Remonstrance, Propositions,
And fifty Rebels Tricks beside,
To shew their Arrogance, and Pride,
The King *resolv'd, when he had found*
Such Usage, now to stand his Ground,
And not dishonour God's Anointed
With such Concessions as they wanted;
For ev'ry Thing they gain'd upon him,
Was but in order to dethrone him.
And what good Prince, so wise as he,
That could their base Design foresee,
Would further his approaching Ruin,
And lend a Hand to's own Undoing?
That's giving Cudgel to a Foe,
Who means to tender you a Blow,

And then be forc'd, with naked Arm,
To bear off the approaching Harm.

Therefore, ſince Rump, *by Dint of ſitting,*
Reforming, coz'ning, and out-witting,
Had forc'd the King, *thro' Pride and Malice,*
To wander from his Royal Palace,
And in his Troubles, to depend
On thoſe that did his Cauſe befriend,
Whilſt Rump *was dayly ſtill ingroſſing*
That Sov'reign Pow'r the Throne was looſing;
The King, *with a judicious Eye,*
Beholding Danger very nigh,
Thought it high Time to be prepar'd
'Gainſt Rebels with a better Guard,
That's Perſon might have Preſervation
From Bondage, or Aſſaſſination;
Having, by what had paſs'd, good Reaſon
To be ſecure againſt their Treaſons:
For pious Saints, that undertake
To pull down Kings *for* Jeſus *Sake,*

Will do all Villanies beſide,
To gratify their Holy Pride:
For all Rebellions in a Nation,
Built on Religious Reformation,
Can ne'er perform the Work o' th' Lord,
Without much Blood-ſhed by the Sword.

The buſy Rump, *diſpleas'd to ſee*
The King *in ſuch Security*
Amidſt thoſe Northern *Troops, that ſtood*
A Safeguard to his Royal Blood,
Voted, the King *made War againſt*
His Sov'reign Lords, the Parliament;
For ſo, by what they did, we ſee
They look'd upon themſelves to be.
Great Comfort, ſure, ſuch Madneſs brings,
When Knaves turn Prieſts, and Rebels Kings,
In pious Times of Reformation,
When Villains triumph'd o'er the Nation,
And moſt Men ran in Queſt of Freedom,
Arſe foremoſt, as the Rump *would lead 'em!*

The common People, void of Thought,
Muſt be well govern'd, and well taught,
When Crowds of Tyrants made the Laws
Subſervient to their wicked Cauſe,
And preaching Saints, with flippent Tongues,
Baſe Principles, and poys'nous Lungs,
Made Treachery and Treaſon glorious,
And black Rebellion meritorius.
The jealous Rump, *in woeful Pain*
To hear of theſe new liſted Men,
Began to ſtink, like fizling Tail,
For Fear the King *ſhould turn the Scale,*
Who had, as I have ſaid before,
Rais'd a few Men, which were no more
Than juſt a fitting Guard du Cor:
But well might the rebellious Herd,
At ſuch a ſmall Allarm, be ſcar'd,
Since Traytors always are afear'd,
Like trembling Rogues, who rob by Night,
That ſtart at e'ery glim'ring Light;

Our

Or hiding Knaves, that bolt from Alleys,
Who fancy all they meet, are Bayly's.

The Rump *thus frighted at a Feather,*
Began to lay their Tails together,
And to debate in Houſe of Office
The raiſing Sums for Men and Trophies,
Declaring, that the King's *Intent*
Was to attack the Parliament.
Suppoſe he had began the War,
It was no more than what was fair;
For if his Subjects do moleſt him,
And of his Government diveſt him,
It muſt be lawful then of Courſe,
Either by Stratagem, or Force,
To vanquiſh Rebels, that detain
The Throne, where he has Right to reign;
Or how ſhall he protect a Nation
From Innovation, and Oppreſſion,
And from Diſorder, and Confuſion;
Preſerve its ancient Conſtitution;

Support the Church, defend the Faith
Eſtabliſh'd, from Fanatick Wrath;
Our Freedoms, and our Lives ſecure;
Diſtribute Juſtice to his Pow'r;
Uphold the Laws, and guide the Throne,
As other Kings *before have done?*
I ſay, how ſhould a Prince make good
This ſacred Compact as he ſhou'd,
That has no Right, by Arms, to quell
Revolted Subjects, that rebel,
And with a Trayterous Intent,
Controul him in his Government?
How ſhou'd a King *diſcharge his Truſt,*
And to his ſolemn Oath be juſt,
That cannot lawfully defend
His Right of Pow'r to this great End?
And when requir'd, with Warlike Blows,
Chaſtize his refractory Foes,
Who, for baſe Ends, ſhall allienate
Their due Obedience from the State?

How ſhall a King *bear Sov'reign Sway,*
Unleſs the Subjects do obey?
And what can bind 'em, if they won't,
But Pow'r to force 'em, when they don't?
Yet, after all, I may aver,
The King *did not begin the War;*
The Rump *alone incurr'd the Guilt*
Of all the Blood in Battel ſpilt,
And by the Saints, thoſe kind Abettors,
Thoſe ſanctify'd fool-hardy Traytors,
Were all thoſe horrid Miſchiefs done,
'Twixt fifty eight, and forty one.
Suppoſe a Gang of Rogues unite
To rob you of your lawful Right,
And, tho' unarm'd, they bid you ſtand,
And boldly do your Purſe demand;
But you refuſe to let 'em have it,
Becauſe they have no Right to crave it;
And they diſmount you from your Horſe,
Next rob you, tho' by gentle Force;

And, for their Safety, turn a drift
Your Nag, and leave your ſelf to ſhift:
I hope, if you the Country raiſe,
To ſeize 'em in their crooked Ways;
And when you meet, you fall upon 'em,
Attack 'em, kill 'em, over-run 'em,
Take 'em, that Juſtice may be done 'em.
You that are robb'd, are not in fault,
The Villains made the firſt Aſſault;
And all the Ills that happen in it,
Are due to them that did begin it.
Beſides, if two Men chance to quarrel,
And fight 'till one receives his Farewel;
Since both were drawn, no matter who
Was the moſt nimble of the two:
He's the Aggreſſor in the Laws,
That gave the firſt provoking Cauſe:
For no Man can receive more Wrong,
And live, than from a ſpiteful Tongue.

Thersore, when War's in Agitation,
'Tis common Safety, no Tranſgreſſion,
To make the earlieſt Preparation.
The firſt chief Cauſers of the ſame,
In Juſtice, ought to bear the Blame,
Becauſe the primitive Offences
Produce the evil Conſequences;
And that the Rump, *by their Invaſion*
Of the King's *Right, were the Occaſion*
Of all thoſe ſad inteſtine Jars,
Thoſe Rapines, Spoils, and bloody Wars.
Their baſe Proceedings are enough
To give the World ſufficient Proof;
But Truth and Reaſon, looſe their Forces,
With Men more ſtubborn far than Horſes.
No other cogent Arguments,
But Int'reſt, will convince the Saints,
That darling Eccho, which they follow,
As one Owl does another's Hallow.

The

The Rump, *with pannick Fear confounded,*
In e'ery Vote to Battel Jounded,
Declaring, that the King's *Intent*
Was to make War with's Parliament;
And therefore order'd, that each Round-head,
Should be prepar'd againſt the Crown'd Head;
And that forthwith the Saints ſhould run
To th' Exerciſe of Pike and Gun,
That when expert in Arms, they might
Exert their Malice, and their Spite,
Thoſe puritanick Spurs, that make
Men fight like Devils, for God's Sake,
And are of greater Uſe by far
Than Courage in domeſtick War,
Becauſe the latter Qual'fication
Gives Room for Mercy, and Compaſſion,
When Malice will no Pity ſhow,
But ſtab a conquer'd, gen'rous Foe;
And when they've won the bloody Day,
Denying Quarter, cut and ſlay;

For ſtubborn Saints, inſpir'd by Zeal
To draw Enthuſiaſtick Steel,
Ne'er limit their victorious Swords
I' th' Battel, which they call the Lord's;
But wicked to the worſt Degree,
Crown all Succeſs with Cruelty.
Their canting Teachers now take care
(Thoſe holy Firebrands of the War)
To give the People ſtrange Alarms,
And in their Pulpits groan to Arms,
Beating up Voluntiers on Cuſhions,
With double Fiſt, to ſhew their Paſſions;
Baſely applying the Athalian
Murder, to juſtify Rebellion;
Inferring wickedly from thence,
That God's moſt choſen Lambs, the Saints,
Might dip their Hands in Royal Blood,
When e'er they thought 'twas for their Good.
Thus Treaſon never wants a Text
To back it, when the Saints are vext;

Example,

Example, tho' it's ne'er ſo bad,
Is a good Licenſe, when they're mad,
For them to act the worſt of Evils
That e'er was done by Men or Devils:
It is enough for them to ſhew
A Precedent for what they do,
Eſpecially, if 'tis but ſcrew'd
From Scripture, then the Action's good:
Altho', perhaps, recited there
To ſhew how wicked ſome Men were,
And not to teach us how to run
Into thoſe Evils we ſhould ſhun:
As if the killing Amaziah,
Or David's *Treach'ry to* Uriah,
Jehoiada's *Command to ſlay*
Th' Apoſtate Queen Athaliah,
Were for the Saints a righteous Plea
For Murder, and Adultery,
Or good authentick holy Reaſons
For them to copy the like Treaſons.

'Tis true, ſuch Doctrine often ſuits
Th' Atchievements of fanatick Brutes,
Who never are ſo much at Eaſe,
As when Rebellion flouriſhes,
And crafty Hypocrites bear Sway
O'er lawful Pow'rs, they ſhould obey:
The Reaſon's plain, becauſe Dominion,
In their wild frenſical Opinion,
Alone, forſooth, in Grace is founded,
And Grace giv'n only to the Round-head;
A Mercy by the Saints ingroſs'd,
Pretended to by Knaves the moſt.
So Bawds, and Midwives, never want,
At publick Meetings, Scripture-Cant,
But always talk with large Pretence
To Grace, to hide their Impudence.
The Saints now urg'd by preaching Tories,
To bring in both their Plate, and Moneys,
And to extend their beſt Aſſiſtance,
To give tyrannick Pow'r Reſiſtance,

Were

Were ſoon prevail'd on to reſign
Their Silver Beakers, and their Coin;
That ſuch a juſt and holy Striſe
Might want no Wealth to give it Life:
For who, but Papiſt, Jew, or Turk,
Would not aſſiſt the Godly Work,
And lend the Saints a helping Hand
To over-run the promis'd Land?
The needy Crowd flung in their Doits,
And pious Widows toſs'd their Mites;
The Servant-Maids look'd up their odd Things,
And gave their Thimbles, and their Bodkins,
That the good Work might be effected,
And end in Glory, as expected.
Nay, Sums by holy Guides were given,
Who love their Mammon, more than Heaven;
That from each pious Knave's Example,
The Fools might make their Gifts more ample.
So Miſers, who deny their Wealth,
To purchaſe wholeſome Food for Health,

Unbind their Hoards, and feed the Laws,
To ſpur on a revengeful Cauſe.
The Rump *now having ſerv'd their Wants,*
By fleecing their fanatick Saints,
Who ne'er refuſe a needful Sum,
When ſweet Rebellion is in Bloom;
Had quickly rais'd a powerful Force
Of ſpiteful Men, and able Horſe,
To fight, O wretched, curſed Cant!
For th' King, *and eke the* Parliament;
Meaning by King, *the Pow'r Supream,*
Not veſted now in him, but them:
So, that Altho' they did oppoſe
His Perſon, and his Friends, as Foes,
And labour'd Tooth and Nail, to beat 'em,
Where e'er they could o'ertake, or meet 'em;
Yet, in a Senſe Enthuſiaſtick,
Or elſe bifarious, and fantaſtick,
By Fools miſtaken, for Scholaſtick;

Againſt

Againſt the King *it was no warring,*
But fighting Vice verſa *for him.*
Rare Logick! to ſupport their Treaſon,
In caſe 'twould bear the Touch of Reaſon.
By the ſame Rule, when doing Evil,
They're ſerving God, and not the Devil;
Or that rebelling 'gainſt the Lord,
Is fighting for his holy Word,
And myſtically ſtrugling ſtill,
In due Obedience to his Will.
'Tis true, by all their wicked Crimes
Tranſacted in thoſe pious Times,
Falſe Logick, and falacious Quibling,
So us'd in Preaching, and in Scribling,
Were Arts on which the Saints rely'd,
Inſtead of Scripture, for their Guide.
For holy Writ was never us'd,
But when diſtorted and abus'd,
Becauſe God's Word, in which we truſt,
So exquiſitely good and juſt,

Could never ſerve, unleſs 'twas maim'd,
That wicked End, at which they aim'd;
Therefore, when Evil they purſu'd,
To make it look as if 'twas good,
They ſtretch'd the holy Scriptures to't,
As Criſpin *does a Shoe or Boot.*
So Witches, in their Invocations,
Turn Godly Pray'rs to Imprecations;
Apply 'em to Deſigns moſt evil,
And ſay 'em backwards to the Devil.
Howe'er, the Rump, *by Arts like theſe,*
Still proſper'd in their Villanies,
And rais'd an Army fit to do
The worſt of Miſchiefs in their View,
Made ripe, by Diabolick Canting,
For all rebellious Parts of Sainting,
Theft, Murder, Treaſon, Rapine, Spoil,
And e'ery Crime that's capital,
Which Saints, by holy Teachers back'd,
May take the Priviledge to act;

For when their Oracle declares
His Will, it muſt be God's and theirs.
The injur'd King, *in great Diſtreſs,*
Beholding all their Forwardneſs,
His Army ſmall, his Hopes no greater,
And little Coin to raiſe a better;
Had loſt no Time to be prepar'd,
But found his Diſappointments hard;
For Loyalty, when Kings *decline,*
Like handl'd Glow-worms, ceaſe to ſhine;
And Money'd Friends, when Foes prevail,
Creep on but ſlowly, like a Snail:
Altho' the King *had, Day by Day,*
Sent out Commiſſions of Array,
Yet was the Royal Cauſe neglected
By many, whom the King *expected.*
But Kings, *like other Men, we ſee*
Are ſlighted in Adverſity:
Court Flatt'rers ſeldom ſtand their Ground,
When Dangers do the Throne ſurround;

But when a threat'ning Storm appears,

Like ſluggiſh Aſſes, hang their Ears;

Or, if they act, they're never hearty,

Except to the prevailing Party.

FINIS.

*** The Author could not conclude upon this Subject in this Part, as he intended, but hopes to do it in the next.

Advertiſements.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the Firſt Volume, in Twelve Parts, Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewiſe the other Parts of this Volume, at 6 *d.* each.

Reaſons for an Union between the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, &c. Price 1 *s.*

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6 *d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monſter* often found in *Holland.* To which is added, a merry Muſical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckolds-Point*, before a Grave Aſſembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part X. Vol. II.

THE King thus wanting Men and Coin,
Proceeded to his Magazine,
The ancient Northern Town of Hull,
Where Hotham mounted on the Wall,
With bold rebellious Impudence
Deny'd the Ent'rance of his Prince;
Who, much offended at the Matter,
Caus'd him to be proclaim'd a Traytor.
Small Puniſhment for ſuch a Crime
Committed at ſo ill a Time!
Unleſs his Sov'reign Juſtice cou'd
Have hang'd the Traytor where he ſtood;

Becauſe,

Becauſe, when Rebels rule the Roaſt,
The Brand of Infamy is loſt;
For, by the Saints, a Man is priz'd
The more for being ſtigmatiz'd,
'Cauſe each Diſhonour whet's his Spleen,
And makes his Malice ſtill more keen
Againſt that Pow'r that does diſown him,
And puts the evil Mark upon him.
Beſides, the greateſt Proof of Zeal,
That Saint can give for Common-weal,
Is, (when he finds a proper Seaſon)
To do ſome bold ſucceſsful Treaſon;
For he who 'as forfeited his Life,
To carry on rebellious Strife,
And knows, if Juſtice once prevails,
There is no Mercy in her Scales,
Will, for his Safety, forward run,
To finiſh what he has begun;
For he that backward looks, muſt find
His Fate perſuing cloſe behind.

Thus

Thus Rebels toil beneath the Curſe
Of propping, with their utmoſt Force,
Their wicked Actions ſtill with worſe.
So tim'rous Villains, when they're robbing,
Proceed thro' Fear, from Theft to Stabbing,
In Hopes, by Murder, to prevent
Their being brought to Puniſhment.

After the King, *to gather Aid,*
His Progreſs round the North *had made,*
That injur'd Majeſty might move
His Subjects to obedient Love,
By giving them a feeling Senſe
Of all his ſuff'ring Innocence,
From thence, with ſlender Force, he came,
For more Supplies, to Nottingham,
Hoping the Juſtice of his Cauſe,
Deriv'd from Heav'n, and Human Laws,
Might influence e'ery loyal Heart
To take their injur'd Sov'reign's Part;

But found Rebellion ſtill had got,
In ſordid Minds, ſo deep a Root,
That few, as yet, appear'd to be
So truly fix'd to Loyalty,
As to be ready to perform
Their Duty in ſo ſad a Storm;
But rather fearful of their Lives,
Their Lands, their Children, and their Wives,
Stood nuter for a While to ſee,
Who firſt ſhould gain a Victory;
That when Succeſs had once been try'd,
Tho' given to the Rebels Side,
They might with Safety join the ſtrong-
-Eſt Party, whether right or wrong,
Reſolv'd to judge that Cauſe the beſt,
Which with the moſt Succeſs was bleſt,
Believing that the longeſt Sword
Still fights the Battel of the Lord,
And that they're moſt belov'd of Heaven,
To whom the Victory is given.

So when a Prince uſurps a Throne,
And makes another's Crown his own,
Fools, Knaves, and Cowards, always boaſt
His Right to rule that's uppermoſt,
Forgetting, that if Juſtice bore
No other Scales, than thoſe of Pow'r,
That then each Villain, who by Force
Could rob a Houſe, or take a Purſe,
Might plead an equal Right to plunder
All thoſe he could by Strength bring under;
For Juſtice no more Licenſe gives
For *Kings* to rob, than common Thieves,
The Highway-man, or brave Commander,
The Pyrate, or great *Alexander:*
If alike wicked, All are even
That break the ſtanding Laws of Heaven,
Which make no Diff'rence in th' Offences,
Of petty Knaves, or pompous Princes,
But puniſhes the evil Doer,
Without Reſpect to Rich, or Poor.

The King *with Croſſes half confounded,*
And with important Cares ſurrounded,
Diſplay'd his Standard, to invite
His loyal Friends to do him Right;
That is, ſuch ſpeedy Aid to lend,
As might be able to defend
His Royal Perſon, and the Throne
From thoſe, who did his Pow'r diſown,
And labour'd daily to o'erthrow,
And bring their lawful Sov'reign low.
But the vile canting, wicked Babble,
Preach'd up in Hovel, Barn, and Stable,
Had ſo miſled the common Crowd,
From all Things that were juſt and good,
That Loyalty was deem'd to be
A leading Vice to Slavery,
And ſweet Rebellion only thought
A Saint-like Vertue, as 'twas taught.
So that the King, *as yet, could find*
Small Comfort for his troubl'd Mind

Amidſt thoſe Sorrows that oppreſt,
His penſive, but undaunted Breaſt,
Prepar'd with Vertue, to ſuſtain
The worſt Afflictions of his Reign.
For ſacred Innocence ne'er feels
The Tongue that wounds, or Sword that kills,
But with a Martyr-like Content,
Bears nobly what it can't prevent.
Whilſt wicked Men, o'ercome with Fear,
Can bravely no Misfortune bear,
But ſink with Horror and Diſpair.
The fizling Rump, *who now, by Virtue*
O' th' preaching Blockheads of their Party,
Had rais'd malicious Men and Coin
Sufficient for their baſe Deſign,
Began to cock their Tails, to ſee
They'd got the Start of Loyalty,
And that their Scripture-Quacks, by Canting,
Diſſembling, Whining, Sycophanting,

Had ſo invegl'd Knaves and Fools,
That both were fond to be their Tools,
And to extend a helping Hand,
To plunder and enſlave the Land.
Thus were the giddy Crowd prepar'd
To cauſe thoſe Mis'ries that they fear'd,
And thro' blind Zeal, to hurry on
Thoſe Ills they arm'd themſelves to ſhun.
So *Lucifer*, when ſwell'd with Pride,
Drew winged Legions on his Side;
But all the Time his Angels fought
For Pow'r and Glory, as they thought,
They only labour'd to encreaſe
Their own eternal Miſeries,
And for their dire Rebellion, fell
From Heav'n to everlaſting Hell.
Therefore, if ſuch ſeraphick Rebels
Were chang'd from Angels, into Devils,
What Curſes muſt reward the Merits
Of Saints, that mock ſuch wicked Spirits?

When Nottingham, *that tainted Town,*
Remiſs in Duty to the Crown,
Had, to their Scandal, diſappointed
The Meaſures of the Lord's anointed,
The King *to* Shrewſbury *proceeded,*
Where he ſoon rais'd what Force he needed,
Believ'd ſufficient to oppoſe
At preſent, his Rebellious Foes,
Commanded by a noble P——r,
Who did ſuch forked Antlets wear,
As if he meant to brow-beat thoſe
That ſhould the Rebels Cauſe oppoſe,
With Buts, inſtead of man-like Blows:
Altho' a P——r, ſo baſely fitted,
And by a Female Tail outwitted,
A Man would think Revenge ſhould take
Againſt one Rump, *for t'other's Sake.*
As he that thinks he has a Friend,
But finds him treach'rous in the End,

Taking Averſion to the Name,
Will credit none that bears the ſame.
But tho' one *Rump* a Cuckold made him,
And to the horned Plague betray'd him;
Yet t'other *Rump*, to tip the Creſt
That mark'd him for a Woman's Beaſt,
Made the *Buck* Gen'ral o'er the reſt.
Thus from a C———d, was he made,
Of Round-head Rams, the horned Head,
As if he hop'd, as ſome do gueſs,
With greater Shame, to hide the leſs.
Now give me Leave to light my Fuel,
And ſip a little Derby *Gruel;*
And when refreſh'd, I'll make appear
Thoſe farther Truths you hate to bear.

CANTO IX.

BOTH Parties being now impower'd
To try their Valour by the Sword,
One ſpur'd by Duty, t'other Spite,
Seem'd equally prepar'd to fight;
So that 'twas difficult to gueſs,
Which Army ſhould obtain Succeſs,
The Side with Loyalty inſpir'd,
Or thoſe which were with Malice fir'd;
Both Motives greatly do engage,
But the laſt bears the keener Edge;
For Love and Duty, tho' they make
The Gen'rous bold, for Juſtice Sake;
Yet, by the Mercy which they uſe,
The End propos'd they often looſe,
When Malice always wants a Will
To ſpare, when it has Pow'r to kill,

And

And does by Cruelty, obtain
The very End it hop'd to gain.

The King *now join'd with able Force,*
Conſiſting both of Men and Horſe,
Commanded by a Loyal Peer,
Of noble Birth and Character;
His March from Shrewſbury *began,*
Attended with his warlike Train,
Moving tow'rds London, *where the Godly,*
Half dead with Fear, look'd very odly,
Leaſt pious Rump *ſhould now be thrown*
From Sadle, which they thought their own;
And from that Pitch, to which they'd ſoard,
Tumble like PRIDE *into a T—d.*
No ſooner had the King *made Way,*
And march'd by where the Rebels lay,
But their brave General Cornutus,
With Head like Buck, *and Heart like* Brutus,
Brandiſh'd his Horns before the Herd,
And cloſely follow'd whom he fear'd.

The

The King *conceiving that the* TUP
Deſign'd to block his Army up
Betwixt the Round-heads and the Town,
Thoſe equal Rebels to the Crown;
With Princely Courage fac'd about,
And put Cornutus *to the Rout,*
Prepar'd before by loving Wife
For Heaven, in caſe he'ad loſt his Life;
Perhaps on purpoſe that he might
With greater Zeal and Courage fight.
For if a Man, before he dies,
Is certain to ſurmount the Skies,
How can he fear the Loſs of Breath,
That's ſure of Heaven after Death?
When loyal Friends, by Fortune's Wheel,
Had won the Battel at Edghil,
The King, *with all his Force, inclin'd*
Tow'rds Town, as he before deſign'd,
Which ſet the Saints in ſuch a Trembling,
It almoſt put 'em by Diſſembling.

And

And made them in good Earneſt pray,
Inſtead of Feſt, their common Way:
Their buſy Leaders hung their Ears,
And all their Hopes were chang'd to Fears:
Their Coin, belov'd above their Souls,
They hid in Corners, and in Holes;
Shut up their Shops, for Preſervation,
As in the Time of Viſitation.
The Saints all looking ſo forlorn,
As if they now had Cauſe to mourn
Some other Plague, beſides the Horn:
However, tho' in ſorry Pickle,
When once chear'd up at Conventicle,
They reaſſum'd their former Spite,
And ſtill were Rebels to the Height.
When Guides had thus, by holy Arts,
New-ground the Malice of their Hearts,
And made the Saints Revenge as keen,
As ever it before had been;

Another Army ſoon ſprang up
From Workhouſe, Warehouſe, Stall, and Shop,
That made the Rebels Force more great,
Than what the King *before had beat:*
Enthuſiaſticks flock'd in Shoales,
To fight, not for their Lives, but Souls;
For ſome believ'd their Cauſe ſo good,
That he who ſacrific'd his Blood,
To propagate the Int'reſt of it,
Should merit Heaven for his Profit,
To make amends for Loſs of Life
In ſuch a glorious holy Strife.
A youthful Fry were join'd to theſe,
Of giddy crop-ear'd 'Prentices,
Who thought no more of Death or Wounds,
Than Hares new kindl'd, do of Hounds;
But ſpurr'd by Maſters, and by Parents,
Were blind, but reſolute Adherents,
Who turn'd not wicked out of Conſcience,
But follow'd others, not their own Senſe,

Thinking no more of Heaven or Hell,
Than that 'twas ſinful to rebel:
Theſe, tho' they wanted Skill or Brains,
Had youthful Vigour in their Veins;
So that their Folly made 'em bolder,
Than ſome much more expert and older.
For he that does himſelf betake
To Arms, for only Fighting's Sake,
And does no other End propoſe,
But the Deſtruction of his Foes;
Much Malice, and but little Wit,
Will make him for the Purpoſe fit;
For too much Foreſight, we have found,
Have made ſometimes the Wiſe give Ground,
When Clod-ſkulls, at the worſt o'th' Lay,
By brutal Rage, ſhall make their Way,
And blind to Danger, win the Day.
When thus the train-band Ninconpoops,
Join'd with auxiliary Troops,

Were

Were arm'd, and in a ready Plight
To march, to plunder, or to fight,
Cornutus, *willing ſtill to head 'em,*
By Night crept into Town, to lead 'em,
In Hopes, by this fanatick Hoſt,
To gain that Honour he had loſt:
But the good King, *who now had ventur'd,*
To march ſo near the Town, as Brentford,
Foreſeeing, with Concern and Pitty,
The headſtrong Baſeneſs of the City,
And that they were ſo well prepar'd
To ſtand on their rebellious Guard;
Return'd to Oxford, *when inform'd*
How Malice had the City warm'd,
B'ing not adviſeable to try
Againſt ſuch Odds, for Victory;
Tho' by an unexpected Blow,
He gave a fatal Overthrow
To three bold Regiments of Rebels,
That fought for wicked Rump, *like Devils;*

That Rump, *which now upon the Brink*
Of Danger, ready was to ſtink.
Thus was that bloody War begun
I' th' fatal Year of Forty One;
Not by the King, *but by the crafty*
Saints, who had forc'd him, for his Safety,
To do moſt juſtly what he did,
To ſtop their Cruelty and Pride;
Which laſtly, notwithſtanding, wrought
The King's *Deſtruction, which they ſought.*
For ſay, Fanaticks, what you can
To palliate that Rebellion,
The bloody Scenes, in which it ended,
Shew'd plainly what the Saints intended.
The Kingdom thus with War oppreſs'd,
From North *to* South, *and* Eaſt *to* Weſt,
That all Things tended in the Nation,
To Ruin, Spoil, and Deſolation,
Look'd as if Heav'n was now beginning
To ſcourge the wicked Land for Sinning,

And

And humble the Rebellious-hearted,
By Judgments which themſelves had courted;
For Juſtice very oft has granted
The Sons of Wrath thoſe Things they wanted,
On purpoſe, that the ſad Event
Might prove their earthly Puniſhment,
That they at laſt, with Shame might ſee
The Fruits of all their Villany,
And with repenting Horror fill'd,
Bemoan the Blood of thoſe they'd kill'd,
And all their cruel Wrongs they've done
By Murder, and Rebellion.
For tho' they proſper in their Evil,
'Tis not from God, but from the Devil;
For Heav'n, we ſee, does oft permit
The ſordid Ruffain in the Street,
To ſtab, and quench his bloody Thirſt,
But ſtill he's but the more accurſt;
For tho', by pow'rful Friends, perhaps,
The ſhameful Gallows he eſcapes,

Yet muſt he live beneath the Guilt
And Horror of the Blood he ſpilt,
Which makes each Moment of his Breath,
Much worſe than a repenting Death;
Whilſt he that periſh'd by his Sword,
God's Mercy can at once reward,
And give to his departed Ghoſt,
Eternal Life, for that he loſt.
Hence we may learn, that when Succeſs
Attends on Human Wickedneſs,
'Tis but the Flatt'ry of the Devil,
That draws Man on to farther Evil,
'Till Terror and Remorſe, at laſt,
Does all his Sun-ſhine Days o'ercaſt,
And then he views, with ſad Diſpair,
The Fruits his evil Actions bear.
The Nation under ſtrange Deluſion,
Being now reduc'd to ſuch Confuſion,
That Brother againſt Brother fought,
And Sons their Fathers Ruin ſought;

The King *ſtill ſtud'ing all he cou'd,*
To ſave his miſled People's Blood,
The kindeſt, ſofteſt Meaſures try'd,
T' abate their Malice, and their Pride,
Off'ring ſuch Terms and Propoſitions,
And making daily ſuch Conceſſions,
Almoſt beneath a King *to grant*
To Imps too wicked to recant;
Who but the more their Prince abus'd,
For all the gentle Means he us'd,
And with the greater Zeal perſu'd
Their Ends, by Rapine, Spoil, and Blood:
So that of Reaſon quite bereft,
The King, *no other Way they'd left*
To ſave his Life, and be reſtor'd,
But by the down-right Dint of Sword;
That now the Rebels of the Rump,
And Friends that bore the loyal Stamp,
With equal Eagerneſs, were bent
To puſh the War to its Event,

Which

Which no one could, as yet, foreſee,
Except the wiſe Eternity.
The Great, the Gen'rous, and the Good,
For Sov'regn Right, undaunted ſtood,
Reſolv'd the King *and Throne to ſave,*
Or, *in Attempts ſo juſt and brave,*
To make the bloody Field their Grave.
The miſled, brutiſh, ſcoundrel Herd,
That never thought, and nothing fear'd,
Lead by baſe Upſtarts, rais'd aloft
From Dunghils, by their Cant and Craft,
With Zealots, full of Spite and Pride,
Whom crafty Teachers firſt miſguide,
And then like Mules and Aſſes ride:
Theſe made up the rebellious Party,
That to the Rump *appear'd ſo hearty,*
And ſerv'd 'em with as great a Guſt,
As if their Quarrel had been juſt:
For Saints will more for Malice do,
Than Juſtice can induce 'em to.

Thus pious Knaves will ſooner fight,
To gratify their own ill Spite,
Than to defend another's Right.
Yet all the While, thro' Fraud or Folly,
They ſanctify the War as holy,
And in a baſe diſſembling Tone,
Call it G—d's Cauſe, when 'tis their own,
And ſprings from nothing elſe beſide
Their Malice, Avarice, and Pride.
The Saints in Love with Pike and Gun,
Now puſh'd the War with Vigour on,
And both the Parties, full of Heat,
Diſputed ſharply when they met;
Divers keen Battels, to the Coſt
Of many Lives, were won and loſt;
Tho' Fortune, for the firſt three Years,
Smil'd chiefly on the Cavaliers,
So far, that doubtful Rump *confeſt*
The loyal Side had got the beſt,

And that the King's *ſucceſsful Force*
Were ſtrongeſt, both in Men and Horſe;
This fill'd them full of Doubts and Fears,
And made the Godly hang their Ears,
Diſpairing of the promis'd Land,
The Zealots wanted to command,
In caſe thoſe wicked Sons of Thunder,
The Loyaliſts, were brought but under,
Whoſe Wealth the Saints mark'd out for Plunder.
T' accompliſh theſe, their wicked Ends,
The Scots *they courted for their Friends,*
Not doubting but their Mother Kirk
Would help 'em in the righteous Work;
Eſpecially, in Hopes to ſhare
The Bleſſings of ſo juſt a War.
For Saints, tho' in Opinion Brothers,
Like Thieves, will never join with others,
Unleſs they are allow'd to ſnack,
The Booty which they jointly take;

For tho' i' th' Faithful 'tis no Stealth
To rob the Wicked of their Wealth,
And plead they have a Scripture-Patent
To ſeize it whereſoe'er they light on't.
Let Saints to Saints muſt upright be,
Or elſe, where lies their Honeſty?
For ſhould the holy Tribe oppreſs,
And wrong the Sons of Righteouſneſs;
As the good Brethren do for Gain,
Thoſe ſtil'd the Wicked, and Prophane,
The Devil would not truſt 'em then.
Therefore, the Scots, *both wiſe and wary,*
Thought it but juſtly neceſſary,
That they ſhould join, and take a Share,
In ſuch a gainful holy War,
In which they were aſſur'd to be

Well-paid for all their Villany;
Knowing Rebellion never wants
Supplies of Money from the Saints,

When 'tis to pull the Wicked down,
In Hopes of making all their own.
Thus did the Rump, *by seeking Aid,*
Most plainly show they were afraid,
That the King's *Side as yet were able*
To cope with their fanatick Rabble;
Nor could the Rebels e'er have found
A Race of Men 'above the Ground,
So fitting for the Work design'd 'em,
As that contagious Brood that join'd 'em;
Whose corrupt Minds and Bodies, bare,
Of Northern *Plagues, an equal Share;*
The one from Scabs, is never free,
The other's curs'd with Treachery.

FINIS.

Advertisement.

*** Hypocrisy unveil'd; or, the true Character of a Self-edifying Non-Conformist. To which is added, the Saints wholesome Advice to their good Patron and Protector, *Oliver Cromwell*, of ever blessed Memory among the Holy Ones of this Kingdom. Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*. Price Six-pence.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part XI. Vol. II.

FEAR, Malice, Av'rice, Zeal, and Pride,
Kindling the War on e'ery Side,
No Part o' th' Nation now was free
From warm Diſputes for Victory:
Confuſion e'ery where aroſe,
And Brothers were to Brothers Foes;
Fathers againſt their Children fought;
And Sons their Parents Ruin ſought.
The noiſy Gun, and glitt'ring Sword,
The drowthy Soil with Blood manur'd;
The nobler Plants, in Fields and Plains,
Suck'd up what flow'd from loyal Veins,

That the kind ſanguinary Juice
Might live for ever, and produce
Something ſtill worthy of our Uſe:
Whilſt bleeding Rebels, with their Gore,
Did trampl'd Weeds to Life reſtore,
And fill'd thoſe Places, where 'twas ſpilt,
With prickly Emblems of their Guilt.

Battels now fought, 'twixt Hoſt and Hoſt,
Alternately were won and loſt;
So that when one Side gain'd Succeſs,
Some ſhrew'd Miſhap ſoon made it leſs,
To ſhew that what depends on Fortune,
Is ſtill precarious, and uncertain.
Therefore, the giddy Fool that's bent
To judge of Things by the Event,
Miſtakes what's fickle Chance, to be
The Conſequence of Heav'n's Decree,
And thinks that Cauſe or Quarrel, muſt
Not only be more ſafe, but juſt,

That

That with the moſt Succeſs is bleſt,
And does in Battel proſper beſt.
When the good Fortune, that befriends us,
Or the ill Luck, that ſo attends us,
Do oft appear, by Circumſtance,
To be alone the Works of Chance,
And all the boaſted great Event,
To be no more than Accident.
But proud rebellious Saints, to gloſs,
With holy Cheats, their wicked Cauſe,
When Chance the Victory has given,
Aſcribe it to the Hand of Heaven;
By which fanatick Piece of Cunning,
Whilſt headlong to *Old Nick* they're running
Th' inſinuate, that the Lord engages
In all their villanous Outrages,
And that he does, thro' Juſtice, bleſs
Their ſinful Works with good Succeſs.
Therefore, when Whims Enthuſiaſtick,
Make 'em thus wickedly fantaſtick,

Well may they fancy Wrong is Right,
And that their blackeſt Deeds are white;
Rebellion juſt, their Treaſons holy,
Becauſe they proſper in their Folly.
Thus, whenſoe'er they chanc'd to ſmite
Their En'mies Hip and Thigh in Fight,
Aloud their canting Teachers cry'd,
The Lord we ſee is on our Side,
And helps us to confound their Pride.
O, *Iſrael*, to your Tents again,
Your great Succeſs has made it plain,
The Lord of Hoſt, in whom we truſt,
Has bleſs'd our Cauſe, becauſe 'tis juſt:
Therefore with joyful Hearts go on,
And pull the *Dagon* Idol down;
Then ſhall the Saints, with awful Hand,
Poſſeſs and rule the promis'd Land.
So may the Ruffian, that ſucceeds
In bloody, baſe, ignoble Deeds,

Hold up his Hands, and turn his Eyes,
Like proſp'rous Rebels, tow'rds the Skies,
And thank the Lord, that he has bleſt
Thoſe Ills, his Goodneſs does deteſt,
And never long eſcape, we ſee,
The Vengeance of Eternity.

Thus ſacred Villains oft expreſs
Their Thanks to Heav'n, for their Succeſs,
Tho' th' Cauſe of their Proſperity
Is wicked to the laſt Degree:
As if the hypocritick Cant,
And pious Glav'rings of a Saint,
Could ſanctify the Guilt of Blood,
And make his ſinful Actions good;
Or conſecrate their vile Rebellion,
By putting a Religious Veil on.
'Tis true, it ſometimes may diſguiſe
Their Villainy from human Eyes,
And gloſs it over, to delude
The baſe misjudging Multitude:

But Heav'n in Wrath beholds the Cheat,
And, when his Juſtice thinks it meet,
Pours Vengeance down, to let 'em ſee
He hates their vile Hypocriſy;
And that each boaſted proſp'rous Evil,
Is not from God, but from the Devil.

When both Sides had in Heat and Choler
Made equal Trial of their Valour,
And labour'd hard, in Blood and Sweat,
Who ſhould the final Vict'ry get;
Yet neither ſcarce, for Tears, could tell
On whom the moſt Succeſs had fell;
Fortuue to both alike inclin'd,
Would not to either long be kind,
But toſs'd her Flatt'ries to and fro,
As Men their Balls at Tennis throw;
Uſing her Smiles, as Filts are wont
To do 'twixt Huſband and Gallant:
So mutually conferr'd her Favour
On both Sides, but was true to neither.

At last, the faithless scabby Brood,
Who never yet did England *good,*
Join'd with their Brother Rebels here
Against the Royal Sufferer;
That pious Saints, to their Renown,
Might, with reforming Hands, pull down
That Popish Enemy, a Crown.
No Wonder, that their Zeal and Spite
Should make 'em readily unite,
Since puritannick Sons of Grace,
Altho' they different Lands possess;
Yet if Rebellion once be started
By any of the Righteous-hearted,
The distant Brethren always join
To carry on the good Design;
And, by a sympathizing Spirit,
Deem Plots and Treasons, Works of Merit:
Nay, canting Guides must stretch their Jaws,
In straining Heaven's holy Laws,
To propagate the good old Cause.

This is the Time, my loving Friends,
In which the living Lord intends
To ſhew his Mercy unto all,
That never bow'd their Knees to Baal,
And to deliver you his People
From that tall Idol, call'd a Steeple:
Therefore I do not only teach ye,
But humbly pray ye, and beſeech ye,
That your Aſſiſtance be not wanting
To forward what the Lord is granting.

Such pious Frauds, and holy Cants,
Delude at once the liſt'ning Saints,
To think they're bound, by Heaven's Laws,
To venture all to ſerve the Cauſe:
For if their Teachers do but head 'em,
And tell them, that the Lord does need 'em,
No Matter if the Devil drives,
They'll hazard both Eſtates and Lives.
Thus dear Rebellion and Confuſion,
Like the ſad Cry of Perſecution,

Always inſpire each holy Brother
To cloſely ſtick by one another;
By which united Strength and Craft,
They foil the Wicked very oft,
And work moſt wond'rous Revolutions,
Which always end in ſuch Confuſions,
That after-Ages have been bound
To curſe their Aſhes under Ground.

When thus the mangy Loons had join'd
The Engliſh *Rebels to their Mind,*
They were not much unlike the Rabble,
That Heav'n confounded once at Babel:
For tho' this ſanguinary Crew
Had not ſo many Tongues, 'tis true;
Yet may I boldly teſtify,
Without that Saint-like Grace, a Lie,
They'd more Religions in their Hoſt,
Than Babel *Languages could boaſt:*
From whence, to all the World's Surprize,
As great Confuſions did ariſe,

As e'er could hinder and turmoil
The Builders of the lofty Pile.
The Presbyterians led the Van,
And made the wicked Path more plain;
Crying out, Popery and Slavery,
To cast a Mist before their Knavery.
The Independants follow'd next,
Each chewing some mysterious Text,
That might defend, upon Occasion,
Their godly Work of Decolation.
The Baptist Churl, with meagre Jaws,
Came on to help the good old Cause;
Crying aloud, with grizly Beard on,
Lord cleanse us in thy River Jordan,
And make us worthy to become
The Follow'rs of thy Kettle-Drum.
The Fifth-Monarchical Fanaticks,
The maddest of the four Pragmaticks,
March'd next with melancholly Mein,
Almost devour'd 'twixt Zeal and Spleen;

Cry'ng

Cry'ng, down with all thoſe wicked Things,
Thoſe Idols of the Earth, call'd Kings:
Give us thy Holy One to pleaſe us;
For we'll obey no King, but ———

Next came thoſe pale Fanatick Troops
Of ill-look'd pious Ninconpoops,
Muggleton's *Saints, and Seventh-Day Men,*
Who knew no other Prieſts, but Lay-men;
Nay, choſe their greateſt Fools to teach 'em,
Becauſe they ſhould not over-reach 'em:
A rare Receipt to keep their Sides
From being gall'd by canting Guides;
Who, if they find they can beſtride ye,
Will prove by Scripture they may ride ye.

Papiſts, diſguis'd amongſt the reſt
In puritannick Querpo dreſt,
Join'd with the Rebels to pull down
Thoſe Hereticks, the Church and Crown:
Nay, all the Jeſuits in the Nation
Obtain'd a Holy Diſpenſation

From

From Grandsire Greybeard, *that they might,*
Like gifted Brethren, preach or fight,
T' assist the Luciferian *Party*
In carrying on their Olygarchy; ——
Hoping that when they'd brought the Nation,
By still pretending Reformation,
Into a mis'rable Condition
Of Malice, Bloodshed, Irreligion,
That then the Bald-pates might once more,
By Plots and Stratagems, restore
The ancient Babylonian *Whore.*
For Atheism, which Fanatick Scrubs
Advance by yawning in their Tubs,
And which their puritannick Hearers
Call Reformation from Church-Errors,
Has always been approv'd to be
A leading Card to Popery.
For when the People have been long
Misled, and humour'd in the Wrong,

Till

'Till thro' ill Cuſtom they have loſt,
All Senſe of what is right or juſt,
'Tis then moſt eaſy to enſlave 'em,
And make 'em what you'd pleaſe to have 'em.
So he that works in Wax or Metals,
That makes fine Images or Kettles,
When he deſigns ſuch Alteration
Of either, as to change their Faſhion,
He melts down what ſuch Pains had coſt,
By which its ancient Form is loſt;
And when it's thus reduc'd by Fire,
New moulds it to his own Deſire.
When bonny Scots, *by Rump invited,*
Had with theſe mingled Troops united,
And made the vile rebellious Rabble
Againſt the King, more formidable,
They now began to think, that all
Muſt ſoon into their Clutches fall;
And that the pious Work, wherein
The ſtubborn Sons of Grace had been

So buſy with ſuch little Fortune,
Would now go rarely on, for certain.
For when they'd thus increas'd their Force
With mangy Foot and ſcrubbed Horſe,
They doubted not but Heav'n would bleſs
The ſtrongeſt Army with Succeſs;
Tho' long before, they preach'd and cry'd,
The Lord of Hoſt was on their Side;
Yet failing in that righteous Work,
They hop'd to finiſh with a Jerk,
They begg'd the Scots *to make 'em ſtronger,*
Which ſhew'd they'd truſt the Lord no longer;
For had they thought their Quarrel juſt,
In God they ſtill had put their Truſt;
Not in a People ſo p———s,
So b——ly tr——s, tho' religious.
The King, by Hamilton's *Perſuaſion,*
Not fearing any Scotch *Invaſion,*
Was falſly flatter'd all along
To credit what at laſt prov'd wrong;

And

And to believe the Scots *his Friends,*
Whose fawning Kindness always tends
To nothing, but their own by-Ends.
But when th' injur'd King had heard
The only fatal News he fear'd;
And that the freckly Loons, at best,
Were but false Rebels, like the rest,
And once more prov'd themselves to be
True Scotch-men, *by their Treachery.*
The King was now disturb'd, to find
Both Kingdoms of one wicked Mind;
And, that the Presbyterian Kirk
Of Scotland, *so approv'd the Work,*
Of base dissenting Rebels here,
As to assist that Holy War;
Which gave the Godly such Occasion
Of shewing their vile Inclination
To Murder, Treason, and Oppression,
Those three Inducements, that inspire
The warlike Saints with martial Fire,

And in a wrong Cauſe make 'em fight
More deſp'rately, than if 'twas right.
So the keen Sportſman, who ſo brags
Of running Horſes, Guns, and Dogs,
Is apt to take much more Delight
In ſtealing a fat Buck by Night,
Than in a Brace, that he obtains
By any juſt and lawful Means,
Becauſe the Pleaſure, moſt Men do agree,
Lies not i' th' Ven'ſon, but the Roguery.
When thus the Rump, *to ſerve their Ends,*
Had join'd their Northern *ſcabby Friends,*
Who, to promote the pious Work,
March'd their united Force to York,
In order to beſiege that Town,
Which was as yet i' th' Hands o' th' Crown.
The King *ſurprix'd at this Alarm,*
And growing reſolutely warm,
Gave to his Gen'rals ſtrict Command
To march, and fight 'em out of Hand,

And

And ſpeed'ly to relieve the Town,
'Fore which the Rebels were ſat down.
Theſe Royal Orders they purſu'd,
Fearing (as gallant Heroes ſhou'd)
The Loſs of Vict'ry, more than Blood:
But when the loyal Army came
To York, that Town of ancient Fame,
The Rebels were retir'd before,
Some Miles from thence, to Marſton-Moor,
That fatal Field, wherein was fought
The Battel, where the Rebels got
That bloody Day, that turn'd the Tide,
And ſwell'd the democratick Side
With joyful Inſolence and Pride.
O ſtrange! that Stars, (if they could ſteer,
Or Influence Human Actions here)
In ſpite of Juſtice, ſhould determine
The Vict'ry for ſuch wicked Vermin!
Sure, when the firſt rebellious War
Was rais'd in Heav'n by *Lucifer*,

And all his winged Troops were thrown,
By the Almighty's Vengeance, down,
That ſome were hang'd i' th' middle Way,
To warn us how we diſobey.
From thence were model'd, ſince their Fall,
To Stars, which now we Planets call;
So ſtill continue, and diſpenſe
Their old rebellious Influence;
To ſhew, tho' conquer'd, they abhor
(Fanatick like) all ſov'reign Pow'r;
And ſince they once were Heaven's Foes,
Will ſtill remain inclin'd to thoſe
Who love, on Earth, to be at Varience
With the ſame God, and his Vice-gerents:
Or, ſure, if they could Favour ſhow
To diſtant Mortals here below,
They'd ne'er befriend the Rebels Side,
And all their kinder Aſpects hide
From injur'd Princes, when diſtreſs'd,
And by rebellious Brutes oppreſs'd.

But Stars, like thoſe that read their Faces,
And meaſure their unweary'd Paces,
Are ſo ambiguous, and uncertain,
That neither can predict our Fortune,
Or ſhew us what's behind the Curtain.

When thus the Royaliſts had loſt
That Battel, which futurely coſt
The King his Int'reſt in the North,
And all thoſe Towns that were of Worth;
Such preaching, praiſing, and ſuch canting,
Such writing, boaſting, and ſuch vaunting,
Were us'd amongſt the yawning Saints,
To all their liſt'ning Sycophants,
As if their ſtupid Zeal was fir'd
With Hopes of all that they deſir'd.
Thankſgivings in each Barn and Stable,
Were made by Guides, to pleaſe the Rabble;
And in each Tub the joyful Story
Was ſo enlarg'd, to God's great Glory,

As if the old fanatick Spirit
Had told 'em, 'twas a Saint-like Merit
T' improve the Truth into a Lie
Before th' eternal Majesty.
But the same Talent's still in Use
With Guides, who do their Flocks amuse,
Not with Divinity, but News;
As if their Doctrine had been most
Collected from the Flying-Post;
And that Advice from Spain *or* Flanders,
Sent over by our Great Commanders,
Was far more welcome to their Flocks,
Than Apostolick Orthodox.
But notwithstanding that the Brood
Of Rebels such Rejoycings shew'd,
And made such boasting Acclamations
Throughout the two united Nations;
Yet 'twas the King's good Luck, soon after,
T' abate their Joy with such a Slaughter,

Of

Of ſtubborn Rebels, that the Saints
Were fill'd with Murmurs and Complaints,
And now again began to think,
In Spite of Fate, their Cauſe would ſink,
And that the Rump *at laſt muſt ſtink:*
For Waller, *ſwell'd with mighty Hopes,*
March'd with his puritannick Troops
Tow'rds Worc'ſter, *meaning to purſue*
The King *with his rebellious Crew,*
Believing now the ſame Succeſs,
Would ſtill attend their Wickedneſs;
But the King knowing his Intent,
Turn'd back on the fanatick Saint,
And made his Army feel the Weight
Of Royal Vengeance, made more great
By being ſo unfortunate.
This gallant Action of Renown
Was owing to the King *alone;*
His Princely Courage led the Way,
And prudent Conduct won the Day,

Coo'ring.

Cov'ring the Field with Rebels ſlain,
And ſeizing their Artill'ry Train,
Killing and taking, in the Fight,
All but thoſe Traytors, who by Flight
Eſcap'd, befriended by the Night.
No ſooner had this Vict'ry ſpoil'd
That Joy, with which the Saints were fill'd,
And turn'd their Boaſting and their Gladneſs
Into diſpairing Grief and Sadneſs;
But the King, *mov'd by this Succeſs,*
Reſolv'd to give Cornutus *Chaſe,*
So march'd his loyal Troops away
To Cornwall, *where the Rebels lay;*
There, by his Conduct, hemm'd 'em round,
And drove 'em into ſuch a Pound,
That Earl Cornutus, *in a Fright*
Was forc'd to ſteal away by Night,
In a ſmall Bout, to ſave his Beacon,
Or elſe the Rebel had been taken;

A good Shift too, for many find
The Sea ſo merciful and kind
To ſave thoſe Traytors from the Hand
Of Juſtice, that ſhould ſwing by Land.
Their Gen'ral having thus deſerted,
The reſt were all quite broken-hearted.
An Army, when their Leader's fled,
Is like a Man without a Head,
The Limbs of either cannot do
That Office they're appointed to.
Now fearing all to be deſtroy'd,
Their Horſe, the Danger to avoid,
By Night, broke thro' the Royal Quarters,
And ſo eſcap'd their dying Martyrs
For that good Cauſe, which e'ery Guide,
That canted on the Rebels Side,
Had ſo devoutly ſanctify'd:
But the poor Foot, in woeful Plight,
Having no Hopes by Day or Night,

To ſhun the Danger, or eſchew
The ſad Deſtruction in their View,
Had no Way left 'em, but to quit
Their Arms, and humbly to ſubmit,
Knowing his Mercy was ſo tender,
To whom they did their Lives ſurrender,
That he'd forgive their Diſobedience,
Upon their Promiſe of Allegiance;
Which at the Royal Army's Head
They all in ſolemn Manner made,
And ſo were ſuffer'd to depart,
When hanging was their juſt Deſert:
But Mercy from a King *they hate,*
Tho' ne'er ſo generouſly great,
Can no fanatick Saints reclaim,
For Rebels will be ſtill the ſame.
So he that does, thro' Pitty, ſave
A Thief from Gallows, and the Grave,
Preſerves a Rogue will ne'er regard him,
But cut his Weaſon, to reward him.

The Truth of this the gracious Prince
Soon found by ſad Experience,
For in the next ſevere Diſpute
Between the King, *and Earl* Cornute,
Which happen'd near to Newbury *Town,*
Where angry Fortune caſt a Frown
Upon the King, *and gave the Pride*
Of Vict'ry to the Rebels Side,
Becauſe thoſe Traytors, who before
Made ſolemn Vows to never more
Bear Arms againſt the Sov'reign Pow'r,
Had all their ſacred Oaths forgot,
And with more Heat and Fury fought,
Than all their other baſe Adherents,
Not bound by Mercy to Forbearance;
So that it plainly did appear,
Th' unhappy King's *Misfortunes here,*
Were owing to the Rogues he'd ſpar'd,
Who to their Vows had no Regard,
But were by Mercy made more hard.

Therefore,

Therefore, from hence the World may ſee
That Rebels cannot grateful be;
In Nature they're avers'd to Good,
And love to bathe in Loyal Blood;
No Favours will reclaim the Brutes,
Or ſtop their villanous Purſuits;
Severity's the only Way
To make 'em truckle, and obey:
For like rank Nettles, that are found
Aſpiring in neglected Ground,
The more they're cruſh'd, the leſs they wound.

FINIS.

Advertiſement.

*** Hudibras Redivivus, the Firſt Volume, in Twelve Parts, Price 6 *s.* or 6 *d.* each. Likewiſe the other Parts of this Volume, at 6 *d.* each.

The Rambling Fuddle-Caps; or, A Tavern-Struggle for a Kiſs. By the Author of *Hudibras Redivivus.* Price 6*d.*

The Riddle. Or, a Paradoxical Character of a *Hairy Monſter* often found in *Holland.* To which is added, a merry Muſical Entertainment, to be perform'd at *Cuckolds-Point*, before a Grave Aſſembly of Cornuted Citizens, *&c.*

All ſold by Benj. Bragge, *at the* Raven *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part XII. Vol. II.

THE thankleſs Rump, *not yet content*
With their laſt fortunate Event,
Owing to that malicious Brood,
By Nature ſo averſe to Good,
That Royal Mercy could not move
Their Hearts Gratitude or Love;
Now fancy'd, that their late Succeſs
Was made, thro' ſome Miſconduct, leſs;
And that their Gen'ral had neglected
Doing thoſe Wonders they expected;
Nor that he'ad won at Newb'ry *Fight,*
So great a Vict'ry as he might;

That is, he did not kill and ſlay
The Wicked when he'ad won the Day,
Nor ſhew his Temper in cool Blood
So barb'rous, as they thought he ſhou'd.
Thus Doubts and Jealouſies aroſe,
Among the ruling Saints, of thoſe
Who to their Int'reſt were as true,
As Turk *to* Turk, *or* Jew *to* Jew,
And ſcorn'd, as all wiſe Men ſuggeſt,
To be leſs wicked than the reſt.

But he that undertakes to pleaſe
A Tribe of Hypocrites, like theſe,
Rebels ſo ſacred and religious,
Muſt ſomething do that is prodigious,
Not ſneak, but act his cruel Part
With ſo much Wickedneſs and Art,
That might, at one rebellious Heat,
Their bold infernal Work compleat,
And make the Devils bluſh to ſee't:
Such Heroes they alone admire,
Cruel as Wolves, and hot as Fire,

Who

Who can do e'ery Thing that's vile,
Yet talk Religion all the while,
And in the Lord's Name, break his Laws,
To ſpur on their fanatick Cauſe.

Therefore, the Rump *took ſpeedy Courſes*
To mend and regulate their Forces,
That when new model'd, they might be
More fit for e'ery Villany.

Cornutus *ſeeing now moſt plain,*
That all his Labours were in vain;
And, that the mighty Feats he 'ad done,
Were but as Trifles look'd upon,
Becauſe they thought he was too much
A Roy'liſt, to be truly ſuch
A rig'rous Rebel as they needed,
To bring the King to be beheaded,
And to declare his Approbation
Of all their Ills in Agitation.
Yet 'twas by honeſt Men believ'd,
In's Lordſhip's they were much deceiv'd;

For

For that he was, without Conteſt,
As grand a Rebel as the beſt;
And had as true a Roundhead's Will
To conquer, plunder, and to kill,
As any Traytor to the Crown,
Tho' of leſs Honour and Renown.
Thus Mighty Men, who would be thought
To live almoſt without a Fau't,
Who boaſt ſo much of noble Blood,
And of their being Wiſe and Good,
When Faction once turmoils a State,
And Kingdoms grow unfortunate,
We ſee how oft they do miſtake,
And what ignoble Shifts they make,
Abſtracted from the Publick Well-fare,
To ſave themſelves from any Ill-fare;
Nay, ſacrifice the Royal Throne,
And pull down him that ſits thereon,
To pleaſe a Crowd, who, like the Devil,
Delight in nothing, but in Evil;

And all to hear the Rabble cry,
Here comes Salvator Populi.
Therefore, methinks, that's ſneaking Honour,
That will not vindicate its Donor,
And help the Crown, that made 'em Noble,
Whenever 'tis oppreſsd with Trouble:
Beſides, when ſuch oppoſe the State,
Who ſhould be Good, as well as Great,
They teach all Men of Worth and Senſe,
To ſcorn what they ſhould reverence,
And think, that Honour's but a Mark
Only for Service done i' th' Dark:
And therefore Kings alone confer it
On fawning Tools, not Men of Merit,
And that's the Reaſon they're ſo oft
Pull'd down by thoſe they've rais'd aloft:
For no rebellious Feud or Strife,
Could laſt above a Muſhroon's Life,
If Honour were not pleas'd to head 'em,
And thro' their baſe Atchievements lead 'em;

For

For Honour oft ſupplies the Place
Of Juſtice, Honeſty, or Grace,
And gives their Cauſe a better Face.

Cornutus *finding their Suſpicion,*
In Time ſurrender'd his Commiſſion;
Not thro' a Check from wading further
In Treaſon, Rapine, Spoil, and Murder,
But 'cauſe the Rumpers *were about,*
Thro' Jealouſy, to turn him out,
Thinking he might have done much more
Than Fortune gave into his Pow'r:
For ſtubborn Rebels, boundleſs Pride,
Is, like their Conſciences, ſo wide,
'Tis never to be ſatisfy'd.

When this was done, the next Gradation
Made tow'rds this Marſhal Innovation,
By th' ruling Saints behind the Curtain,
Uneaſy at their doubtful Fortune,
Was to procure a Vote, that no
One Member of the Houſe below,

Of

Or of the Lords, ſhould, in the Hoſt,
Bear any Military Poſt,
Or any other Office Civil;
At which ſome grumbl'd like the Devil,
To think they ſhould be us'd ſo oddly
By the Rump *Saints, that ſeem'd ſo Godly,*
After they'd ventur'd Souls and Bodies
To ſerve the democratick Noddies:
For by this oblique Ordinance,
So call'd by Legiſlative Saints,
The jealous Rump *at once got rid of*
Thoſe doubtful Friends they had no need of,
That only ſuch might bear Command,
More zealous for the Work in Hand,
Whoſe cruel Tempers made 'em fit
For all that Rebels could commit.
Therefore, to ſhew what Love they bore
To their dear Idol Oliver,
That barb'rous, tho' a praying Saint,
So fam'd for Courage, and for Cant:

Him, for his Service, they excepted,
Becauſe they knew him well adapted
To e'ery villanous Intention
The wicked Rump *could frame or mention.*
To ſooner had the Senate planted
Such Men in Office as they wanted,
And for thoſe Miſchiefs they deſign'd,
Model'd the Army to their Mind;
But Hero Fairfax *lead his Men*
To the Relief of Taunton-dean,
Whilſt Cromwell, *with an armed Rout*
Of puritannick Horſe and Foot,
Watch'd the King's *Motions; tho' the Rebel,*
To give him Battel, was unable.
The injur'd Prince, well pleas'd to find
An Opportunity ſo kind,
March'd out of Oxon *all his Force,*
Artill'ry, Infantry, and Horſe,
To ſhew, by his Approaches near 'em,
He had too great a Soul to fear 'em.

This

This caus'd the Senate to recal
With ſpeed their Weſtern *General,*
And ord'r 'im to beſiege the Town
Of Oxford, *in the Hands o' th' Crown.*
Their Hero their Commands obey'd,
And to the Walls his Army lead,
In hopes, by his rebellious Fools,
To ſpoil the Colledges and Schools,
The ancient Fountains of thoſe three,
Religion, Learning, Loyalty;
Thoſe Glories of a Chriſtian State,
Which ſordid Rebels only hate,
Who, like the Devil, bend their Wits
To ſubtil Lies and vile Deceits,
And labour chiefly to advance
Confuſion, Pride, and Ignorance.
Cromwell *now wanting Strength, retir'd,*
And gave what Way the King *deſir'd,*
Who march'd his Forces on to Cheſter,
Reliev'd it, and return'd to Leic'ſter,

A Town well ſtor'd with Ammunition,
Artill'ry, Arms, and good Proviſion,
But too rebellious to ſurrender,
Nothing but Force could bring 'em under;
Which the King *us'd, with ſuch Succeſs,*
That made him Maſter of the Place,
Which was of great Importance to him,
And did ſuch timely Service do him,
That when this Town he had poſſeſt,
The very Rump *themſelves confeſt*
The Loyal Party had the beſt.
The Rump *now being advertis'd*
Of their ill Fortune, ſeem'd ſurpriz'd,
And ſo confounded in their Wits,
That ſome were free to quit their Seats,
And fly the Land, in hopes to ſhun
That Fate they fear'd was drawing on.
But, upon due Deliberation,
They thought it beſt to keep their Station,
And ſo reſolv'd at once to try
For a deciſive Victory,

Relying,

Relying, as their laſt beſt Way,
Upon the Fortune of one Day.
To put this ſuddain Reſolution
Into a ſpeedy Execution,
Their Gen'ral Fairfax *they oblig'd*
To quit the Town he had beſieg'd,
Commanding him to join his Force
To Cromwell's, *which were chiefly Horſe,*
And with united Strength, endeavour
To gain a Vict'ry, now or never;
For that the Cauſe muſt be undone,
Without a ſpeedy Battel won,
To raiſe the Spirits of the Saints,
Inclin'd to Murmurs and Complaints.
Fairfax, *encourag'd by his Zeal*
To th' Rump, *as well as Common-weal,*
Join'd Cromwell, *and the* King *purſu'd*
With all the Force and Speed he cou'd.
In Naſeby-Fields *both Armies met,*
Their Envy, like their Numbers, great;

And

And in that ſpacious fatal Place,
Contended boldly for Succeſs,
'Till the rank Soil was overflow'd
With Show'rs of Sweat, and Streams of Blood;
And dying Pray'rs, and diſmal Groans,
Were loud as Thunder from their Guns;
For Hours they kept the wreaking Field,
No Side inclinable to yield;
Foes, eagerly engag'd with Foes,
Exchang'd ſuch undeciding Blows,
That neither, for a while, could ſee,
Which ſhould be crown'd with Victory,
'Till Fortune (who, becauſe ſhe's blind,
Proves often to the Wicked, kind)
Diſcover'd in the fatal End,
Her ſelf to be the Rebels Friend;
And gave at once the utmoſt Fruits
Of Vict'ry to the ſpiteful Brutes;
Who, tho' ſo vile, did yet obtain
All that a conqu'ring Hoſt could gain.

Thus

Thus was the beſt of Kings *undone,*
That ever was in Field o'erthrown,
And the ſmall Remnants of his Troops,
Left deſtitute of future Hopes;
So that the King, *who juſt before*
Was thought by all ſuperior,
By th' ill Fortune of one Fight,
Loſt all he had, except his Right,
And thoſe inherent Vertues, which
Preſerv'd his Mind ſtill Great and Rich,
Whoſe Graces multiply'd their Store,
By each Misfortune that he bore:
As *Camomil*, when moſt 'tis preſt,
Grows up, and flouriſhes the beſt.
When Fortune, that inconſtant Jilt,
Had favour'd their rebellious Guilt,
And crown'd the Scum of human Race,
At their laſt Stake, with ſuch Succeſs,
Fluſh'd with the Vict'ry they had won,
Which had at once their Bus'neſs done;

They daily now enlarg'd their Ground,
And rang'd the bleeding Nation round;
Thoſe Loyal Towns and Holds ſubdu'd,
Which bravely had ſo long withſtood
Thoſe Hunters after Royal Blood.
The King, *with ſome few broken Troo*
Too weak to comfort him with Hopes,
Wander'd about from Place to Place,
His Loyal Remnants to encreaſe,
Giving the Round-heads, here and there,
A few Side-Boxes of the Ear;
But ſtill his Loſs, at Naſeby *Fight,*
Had ſtruck his Friends with ſuch a Fri
That he no farther Strength could add
To thoſe few Forces that he had,
Who, when they found that no Supplies
Would join 'em 'gainſt their Enemies,
Deſerted by Degrees, and left
Their moſt unhappy King *to ſhift:*
For ſuddain Fear, that will aſſwage
The moſt malicious human Rage,

Had

Had ſtartl'd now the Juſt and Good,
And chill'd the Warmth of Loyal Blood.
So that the flatt'ring Scene of War,
That ſeem'd ſo proſp'rous juſt before,
Was now ſo chang'd, that it appear'd
With Streams of Loyal Gore beſmear'd,
And look'd ſo dreadful to the Sight,
When view'd by that rebellious Light,
Which of a Suddain, only ſhone
Like the Eclipſed Moon or Sun,
And falſely glimmer'd here and there,
Thro' Clouds of Horror and Diſpair.
For ſo the dreadful Storm appear'd
To thoſe, that to the King *adher'd*
Who, now, good Prince, of all bereft,
And by his routed Army left,
Could no kind Star behold, that ſhew'd
It ſelf inclining to his Good:
Yet, with a Soul, divinely great,
Unmov'd at all the Frowns of Fate,

With Christian Patience still inspir'd,
To Oxon *he again retir'd;*
Whose ancient venerable Walls,
Fam'd Colledges, and sacred Schools,
Were greatly reverenc'd long since
By that forgiving injur'd Prince,
Whose Suff'rings made his Virtues shine,
As if not Human, but Divine;
For nothing could his Soul oppress,
Or make his Royal Greatness less.
So the old Christian Proto-Martyrs,
Amidst their cruel Pains and Tortures,
Despis'd their Wracks and flaming Piles,
And crown'd their Torments, with their Smiles;
That barb'rous Heathens, swell'd with Spite,
Who glory'd in the dismal Sight;
Might, to their own Conversion, see
Their Patience, and Stability;
And wonder, as they gazing stood,
To find in sinful Flesh and Blood,
Minds so immovable, and so good.

The King, *when under this Diſtreſs,*
Conſid'ring his unhappy Caſe,
And viewing with a careful Eye,
Thoſe Dangers that appear'd too nigh;
Thought himſelf very ill provided
At Oxford, *where he now reſided,*
Againſt thoſe Rebels, who purſu'd
With reaking Sword, his Royal Blood;
And would not be content alone,
To rob their Sov'reign of his Throne;
But ſpurr'd by Malice, hurry'd further
To crown their Rapine, with his Murder.
Juſt ſo, the ſanguinary Thief
That robs, to give his Wants Relief,
In Hopes his Rogu'ry may be ſtifl'd,
Deſtroys the Perſon he has rifl'd.
Therefore, the King, *who ſaw too late,*
Some Omens of his evil Fate,
And knowing that the Rump *Defenders,*
Thoſe cruel, ſanctify'd Pretenders,

Now rais'd by Fortune, Cock-a-hoop,
Would soon in Oxford *block him up,*
Resolv'd, upon Advice, to try
The treach'rous Scots *Fidelity,*
Who'd sent beforehand to assure him,
Of the great Duty they had for him;
Making large Vows and Protestations,
(But with damn'd mental Reservations)
He should not only be protected,
But daily honour'd and respected:
Tho' all their fawning Invitations,
Back'd with such base Asseverations,
Prov'd but the old fanatick Way,
Of flatt'ring those they should obey,
In order to at last betray.
However, as the Scene appear'd
So full of Dangers to be fear'd,
The King *was forc'd to now rely*
Upon the Scots *Integrity:*
Accordingly he made his Way
Disguis'd, and on the first of May;

At Newark *found the ſcabby Hoſt,*
Unhapyy Monarch, to his Coſt!
Great Shews of Friendſhip did they give him,
That they the better might deceive him.
For *Scots*, like Sicophants at Court,
Fawn upon thoſe they mean to hurt;
And like our Saints, bow loweſt to
That Sov'reign Pow'r they would undo.
So when a Trayt'rous Plot is grown
Full ripe againſt a flatter'd Throne,
Th' audacious Villain cringes low,
In his Approach, that gives the Blow.
Thus Royal Goodneſs, by a Turn
Of Fate, was made the Rebels Scorn;
And by one unexpected Blow,
Reduc'd from Strength, ſuperior low;
Which ſhews, that Victory in Fight,
Befriends the Wrong, as well as Right,
And is no ſtanding Rule to try
The Juſtice of a Cauſe thereby;

For

For tho' no Mortal could disown
His lawful Title to the Throne;
Yet Fortune, who does often please
The Wicked with her Flatteries,
Brought (after many warm Disputes,
With restless and rebellious Brutes)
The best of Monarchs to rely
O'th' Mercy of an Enemy;
And forc'd him, in Distress, to trust
An Army that could ne'er be just:
Whilst their base Av'rice, could foresee
An Int'rest in their Perfidy;
For Mammon *is the only Idol,*
In which Fanaticks do confide all;
That makes the Presbyterian *Race,*
So cruel, treach'rous, and base;
And is alone the very Wheel,
That turns their Conscience, and their Zeal,
And makes them of a Suddain vary
From one Thing to the quite contrary.

For Government, or other Matter,
Is damn'd with Libel, Lies, and Satyr,
When any Thing ſtarts up a new,
That ſeems to promiſe at firſt View,
The greater Int'reſt of the two.
So, if as Whim Poetick teaches,
The God of Hell's, the God of Riches.
Let him but bait his Hook with Gold,
That tempting Devil's Droſs of old,
And he may catch ſuch Saints as faſt,
As Boys do Roach with colour'd Paiſt.
No ſooner had the King *made Way*
To th' Scotch *at* Newark, *where they lay;*
But they were gently moving Home,
To th' Canaan *of all* Chriſtendom,
That only Northern *Paradiſe,*
Which overflows with Scabs and Lice,
And not with luſhious Milk and Honey,
For Food is there, as ſcarce as Money;
Yet, O how bleſt is Caledonia!

Where

Where Vertue does all Vice repel,
And none but Saints and Sinners dwell,
Whose pious Deeds I'll not rehearse
In such memorializing Verse.
'Cause it's a sacred Task, we know,
Becoming none but D——l F——e;
He's only worthy of a Theme,
That needs so much Poetick Cream,
Mix'd up with Brimstone, and with Sage,
That every Distich may asswage
The Northern *Scab, that is so catching,*
And please the Scots, *instead of Scratching.*
Next to Newcastle, *did they bring*
The credulous unhappy King,
Where new dethroning Propositions,
Stuff'd full of treas'nable Conditions,
Were by some stiff-neck'd Rebels sent
To th' King, *from the* Rump *Parliament,*
If possible requiring more,
Than what they 'nsisted on before,

Because

Becauſe the Battel they had won,
Confirm'd them all was now their own,
And that the King, *who'd lately loſt*
His choſen Friends, and Loyal Hoſt,
And was but Priſ'ner, in a Manner,
Beneath the Preſbyterian *Banner;*
Would grant 'em all the Sov'reign Pow'r,
To have his Life the more ſecure;
But he, moſt gen'rous Prince, too great
To ſtoop to Ill, thro' Fear of Fate,
Regarding more the Nation's Good,
And his own Honour, than his Blood;
Refus'd to gratify their Pride,
And boldly their Demands deny'd,
With ſuch Contempt, that did evince
The juſt Reſentments of a Prince;
And, at the ſame Time, let them ſee
Their Inſolence, and Infamy:
The very Scots *themſelves declar'd,*
The Rump's *Propoſals were too hard,*

Not thro' their Duty or Reſpect
To th' King *they'd promis'd to protect;*
But that their Brethren might diſcern
Their Aim, and by their Cavils learn,
That they deſign'd not to betray
The King, *except for preſent Pay;*
And therefore if they meant to try him,
That firſt they muſt agree to buy him.
The Rump *ſoon took their Helliſh Hint,*
And found the Driſt the Scots *had in't;*
So gave two Hundred Thouſand Pound,
A Sum ſo tempting, and ſo round,
The Price of Royal Blood, much more
Than Scotland *ever ſaw before;*
Altho', at Home, they'd often Times
Been guilty of as wicked Crimes;
But never met with like Reward,
For all their Rog'ries on Record.
When thus the Scots *had prov'd ſo crafty,*
The King, *to whom they'd vow'd ſuch Safety,*

Was

Was to those Ruffains now resign'd,
Of base Descent, and bloody Mind:
Those Villains to receive him, sent
By th' Malice of the Parliament;
Pick'd out on Purpose to abuse him,
And by severe Restraint misuse him.
O *cursed* Scots! *who for the Sake*
Of Dross, could make your selves so black,
And stain your Country with an Action,
That bears so Hellish a Complexion:
A matchless Villany, compounded
Of all the wicked, damn'd, confounded
Evils, e'er done by Rump, *or* Round-head:
A solemn Treach'ry, that does make
Th' Infernals blush, for Scotland's *Sake,*
To think that a perfidious Race,
So false, so barbarously base,
Should all the sinful World exceed,
In such an execrable Deed;
So complicated of all Evils,
That it outdid the very Devils:
For in their Treach'ry might be seen
All that was infamous in Men;
Feign'd Religion, holy Fraud,
Rebellion, Treason, Guilt of Blood,
Perjury, Flatt'ry, Avarice,
Perfidiousness, and Cowardice,
Injustice, Cruelty, and Fear,
And all the Ills that could appear

In a Scotch *Brood of* Presbyterians,
Or pious English Oliverians.

The King, *who tho' he could foresee*
His Fate, from their Severity,
Bore still, with a Majestick Grace,
A patient Mind, and cheerful Face;
His Cares and Troubles, tho' their Weight
Were now become profusely great,
And only fit to be endur'd
By a good Prince to Wrongs inur'd,
Whose Soul was by his Vertues rear'd
Above the worst that could be fear'd;
No Suff'rings could his Passions move,
His steddy Mind still soar'd above,
And bore his Royal Fame too high
For all their cursed Calumny.

FINIS.

Advertisement.

*** His Majesty's hard Usage from the Presbyterian Commissioners, during his Restraint at *Holmeby-House*. His Removal into the Hands of the Army, by the Subtility of the Adjutators. *Cromwell's* cunning Advancement to the Sovereign Power. The *King's* Escape from *Hampton-Court*; and the Treachery of that sanctify'd Rebel, Colonel *Hammond*, Brother to his Majesty's most beloved Chaplain. Together with the *King's* Tryal before the High-Court of fanatick Butchers. And lastly, his barbarous Catastrophe at his own Palace-Gate, by the Hands and Contrivance of those pious Regicides, whose Treasons and Cruelties will, according to the Decalogue, be visited upon their Children, unto the third and fourth Generation; will in a little Time be publish'd, in a third Volume entire. By the same Author.

THE

Rambling Fuddle-Caps:

OR,

A Tavern Struggle for a Kiss.

THo' Fuddl'd o'er Night, the next Morning we found,
That Sleep had recover'd what Clarret had drown'd;
And all our numb'd Members, ſo feeble and weak,
That we ſcarcely were able to Walk, or to Speak,
Were now by kind *Morpheus* with Strength reimpowr'd,
And all to their primitive Vigour reſtor'd.
Our Thoughts were ſo ſprightly, our Humours ſo gay,
That we both were as briſk as a Milk-maid in *May*.
And as for the Rudders that ſteer our Affections,
As Fancy, that Pilot, ſhall give 'em Directions;

Which were made over Night ſo incapably tender,
Were now grown as ſtiff as a Bullock's Defender:
That wanting Diſcretion I'd like to've miſcarry'd,
And thoughtleſs of Cuckoldom wiſh'd my ſelf marry'd:
Well knowing deſire of unchaſte Copulation,
Had been an affront to our new Reformation;
And therefore reſolv'd to forbear the ſweet Evil.
Tho' hugely inclin'd to the Fleſh and the Devil.
But yet notwithſtanding our over-nights Fuddle,
That made us ſo brisk in the Tail and the Noddle,
We both were as dry, I may juſtly maintain,
As a Rat that is poyſon'd by eating his Bane.
In order to quench our immod'rate Droughts,
That burnt in our Stomachs, and ſcorch'd up our Mouths,
We leap'd out of Bed with a ſtrong *Appetitus*,
To ſwallow a Hair of the Dog that had bit us.
We ſhifted our Linen, and whip'd on our Cloaths,
And powder'd our Wigs like a couple of *Beaus*,
Then quitted our Lodging till Night, with deſign,
To quench with that Engine, a Flask full of Wine,

The Fire which God *Bacchus*, as well as Fair *Venus*,
By th' help of brisk Clarret, had kindl'd within us.
So frensical Wretches their Senses restore,
By clawing the Hag who bewitch'd 'em before.
And skilful Physicians their Patients recover,
Of one Dose of Poyson, by th' pow'r of another.
With this Resolution we cross'd to *S*——*-Lane*,
'Twixt which and *B*——*Y*—— hangs a Bush and a Sign,
Which some call the *Tuns*, by whose size one wou'd guess,
They were three Brandy Runlets of Gallons a piece,
Well, well, says my Friend, you may descant upon 'em,
And for their diminutive sizes untun 'em,
But when within Doors you may think 'em much wider,
And judge by the Wine they are Hogsheads of Cider.
However, said I, let us once venture in,
If it be for no cause, but to see and be seen:
For tho' it proves Cider 'twill quench us and clean us,
And wash down those sooty remains that are in us,
Condens'd from the Poyson of *Nicotianus*.

With that we went into a pretty long Entry,
At th'end of which Paſſage a Female ſtood Centry,
As ſtiff in her Box, and as ſtarch'd in her Dreſs,
As an old Abby-Figure of Wax in a Preſs,
Where any for Three-pence a piece may behold,
What ſtiff-body'd Queens liv'd in Ages of old.
To ſay that ſhe Paints it might juſtly provoke her,
I'm ſure that ſhe does not, except 'tis with Oker:
Nor did ſhe look warm'd with Canary or Brandy,
But juſt of the colour of brown Sugar-candy.
From whence we may ſay, without any Reflection,
She's bleſt with a ſweet and a melting Complexion.
Her Bubbies, which juſt peep'd above to invite ye,
By th' help of her Stays look'd ſo round and ſo pritty,
That had but her Skin been a little more fair,
Like a Stone-Horſe enrag'd I'd leap'd over the Bar;
But the Gingerbread Colour ſhe wore in her Cheeks,
Was to me as offenſive as Garlick or Leeks:
For Yellow I hate, and I'll tell you for what,
'Tis the Mutton Complexion that dies of the Rot.

And who'd be ſo fond of a Kiſs or a Touch,
With a Lady that looks not as ſound as a Roach.
Her Hips, I confeſs, were ſo charmingly plump,
And between them a Hillock, adorning her Rump,
That when ſhe turn'd round, by a glimpſe I could find
All the beſt of her Beauty was ſeated behind.
Tho' perhaps upon ſearch it wou'd have prov'd but a Cuſhion,
That rais'd up her A—ſe to the height of the Faſhion.
After Ogling, and Talking, and taking a view,
As ſhe ſtood in the Bar, like a Jilt in a Pew.
The Drawer, according to our deſire,
Shew us into the Kitchin, for ſake of the Fire:
For cold was the Wind, and impleaſant the Weather,
Which made us both willing to follow him thither.

No ſooner we'd enter'd the Cook's Territories,
(Where commonly either a Slut or a Whore is)
But a ſwinging *Bellona* we ſaw at the Dreſſer,
And a drunken young Rake-hell juſt going to Kiſs her.

The maſculine Jade had the Fork in her Hand,
And bid him ſtand off at the Word of Command:
And being a Laſs both of Virtue and Value,
She cry'd, *Keep your Ground, or, by Heavens, I'll maul ye.*
The Spark in his Cups, full of Courage and Vigour,
In ſpight of her Threats, rally'd on like a Tyger,
With his Arm, like a Fencer, he parry'd the Poker,
And running within her did further provoke her,
By falling moſt roughly and rudely upon her,
And bobbing his Hand at the Seat of her Honour;
But ſtill with ſuch Art ſhe defended her Lips,
And now and then gave him ſuch Pinches and Nips,
That I would not have born, to have purchas'd a Kiſs,
From the Lips of Queen *Dido*, or *Helen* of *Greece*.
He ſwore that he would, but ſhe vow'd that he ſhould not:
He ſtrove, but ſhe tuſtled ſo hard that he could not.
But as they contended thus, who ſhould be Maſter,
I'th' Scuffle there happen'd a ſcurvy Diſaſter;
A Pudding, with Plumbs, ſtanding by on a Stool,
Ready mix'd for the Bag, temper'd up in a Bowl,

Un-

Unhadpily met with a Fall in the Joſtle,
And between 'em was thrown on the Ground in the buſtle;
The Cook at this ſorrowful ſight grew inflam'd,
And wiſh'd her Antagoniſt rotted and damn'd.
The Spark in return to the Quane of the Kitchin,
In wonderful Rage fell to Curſing and Bitching;
But ſtill in a Paſſion purſuing his Matter,
They ſcuffled about Ankle deep in the Batter:
As Soldiers hard ſet in a Battle do uſe,
To fight 'till the Blood waſhes over their Shoes.
The ſturdy Defendant her Pudding beholding,
Fell now in good earneſt to Scratching and Scolding.
And fought like a Cat when her Paſſion was ſtir'd,
To ſee the good Food trod about like a T---d.
Her Greaſineſs now was all Venome and Gall,
Who ſwore ſhe'd admit of no *Kiſſing at all*;
And with that ſhe exerted her Maſculine Force,
Who was almoſt as ſtrong as a Mare or a Horſe,
And puſh'd down the Spark, who moſt decently lay,
In the midſt of the Pudding that fell in the Fray.

With that he aroſe full of Malice and Spight,
To ſee his black Cloaths painted over with white:
And look'd in this pickle, without any Lying,
Like a piece of fat Tripe dip'd in Batter for Frying.
The Curls of his Wig were ſo paſted and matted,
All over ſo dawb'd, ſo beplumb'd and befatted;
So Eggy withal, that a Man would have ſworn,
He had juſt in the Pill'ry been taking a Turn:
And being *Lent*-time, that ſome ill-natur'd Creatures,
Had pelted the Rogue with their Pancakes and Frittters.

Pray Sir, ſays my Friend, to th' unfortunate Lover,
Did ever you read the fam'd Hiſtory over,
Of a dapper, diminutive, comical Fellow,
Much leſs than a *Barthol'mew-Fair* Punchanello.
Methinks (tho' I ſpeak not by way of Deriſion)
As now you appear in that dripping Condition,
You look like that little *Tom Thumb*, by my Soul,
Juſt waded from out of the great Pudding-Bowl;

And have brought away Batter enough on your Back,
Which if ſavingly ſcrap'd from your Cloaths that are black,
And improv'd into Dumplins, would make ſuch a Feaſt,
That would tempt you with Patience to ſwallow the Jeſt.

Pray Sir, cries the Spark, in his Puddingy Robes,
Keep your Flirts to your ſelf, and your merry dry Bobs,
For I value not you or your Jeſts of a Clout,
I am good Fleſh within, tho' I'm Pudding without;
And if you, like the Bitchington, think you can beat me,
As drunk as I am, when you've done you ſhall eat me.
But if you won't Fight, let my Follies alone,
Or I'll Pudding your Jacket as bad as my own.

Dear Sir, ſays my Friend, in a bantering manner,
I hope, like the Cook, you'll not turn Painter-ſtainer;
If you do, notwithſtanding your huffing and prating,
The proof of the Pudding ſhall be in the eating.

But, Sir, ſays our Pye-colour'd Sot of a Beau,
Why ſo much upon Pudding, I deſire to know.

What tho' I'm bitterly dawb'd with the Batter,
Muſt every Fool take a lick at the Matter.
Can't a Man tumble down in a Pudding, Adsfiſh,
But another muſt fling it ſo oft in his Diſh.

The Cook in a Corner ſtood fleering and laughing,
The Spark ſhe had tam'd ſtagger'd fretting and chaffing,
So near to the Fire, in a mighty diſguſt,
Till the Pudding was bak'd on his Back to a Cruſt.
Beholding the Rattle-brains, marry thought I,
I have heard of a Puppy put into a Pye,
But never yet met with a Story alluding,
To ſuch a great Whelp that was bak'd in a Pudding.

By this time the Miſtreſs, that ſate in the Bar,
Being told the Misfortune by *Fennick* the Draw'r,
Step'd in to enquire out the truth of the Matter,
And view, with ſad Eyes, the poor downfallen Batter.
Says Madam to *Nell*, in a wonderful Paſſion,
You impudent Baggage, pray what's the occaſion,

The Pudding design'd for your Master's own Table,
Is thus trod about like a T---d in a Stable?
O Heavens! pray what that has this Termagant Blowze,
Been a doing to th' Gentleman's Wig and his Cloaths.
Zounds Madam, cries *Nell, I have done him no hurt,*
It was all his own Fault, he may thank himself for't.
For tho' I'm a poor Kitching-Wench, let me tell ye,
I will not be tumbled and towz'd by the Belly;
Nor Slabber'd or Kiss'd, as a Slut that was ready
To pleasure each Sot, like a Night-walking Lady.
I'd have you to know, I am Honest, tho' Poor,
And disdain to be us'd like a Water-Lane *Whore.*

With that Madam *Coming-Sir* cocking her Head,
Cry'd, *Marry-come-up, you're a Beautiful Jade,*
You had need brag so much of your Hypocrites Vertue,
A Gentleman's Kiss would have mightily hurt you.
You shall be so proud you're so handsome a Piece,
So perfum'd with your Sweat, and adorn'd with your Grease

That a Gentleman ſure for your Charms muſt approve you,
And if he once ſmells you, muſt certainly love you.
Go, go, you're a Slut, I would have you to know;
Nay, a Strumpet, to ſerve any Gentleman ſo:
As for one ſilly Kiſs to beget ſo much Strife,
And to ſpoil the beſt Pudding you've mix'd in your Life.

Says *Nell* to her Miſtreſs, *I ſcorn to be tumbl'd,*
Let thoſe play the Fool that delight to be Fumbl'd:
But you that are marry'd may do as you liſt,
For a cut of a cut Loaf can never be miſt.
Tho' you ſay I'm a Strumpet, remember, good Madam,
As bad as I am, I was never at Had 'em:
Nor ever did I *from my Modeſty vary,*
So far as to jumble a Pipe of Canary:
Or ever commit ſo notorious a fault,
As be catch'd with a Drawer below in the Vault,
In marking that Pipe which was beſt for your turns,
On the Head, with the ſcandalous ſign of Horns.

Horns,

Horns, Huſſy, ſays Madam, *you impudent Quane,*
Who is't you reflect on, what is it you mean?
Did ever you hear, thro' the courſe of your Life,
That I ever prov'd worſe than a very good Wife?
'Tis amazing to me, I'm aſtoniſh'd to think,
What your Impudence aims at, why ſure you're in Drink,
Or elſe to your Miſtreſs you never would prate,
At ſo baſe a provoking and ſaucy a rate.

Zines, Madam, ſays *Nell, in a damnable Fury,*
I won't be thus ſnub'd and abus'd I aſſure ye.
Altho' I'm a Scrub that is doom'd to the Kitchin,
I never was yet catch'd a Whoring or Bitching;
Nor am I got drunk, as your Ladyſhip ſays,
Tho' I know ſhe that was, to her ugly diſgrace;
And was found with a Spark hovering over her Chair,
With a Hand on her Breaſts, and the other elſewhere.

With that, ſays the Miſtreſs, *you ill-natur'd Devil,*
For ſhame hold your Tongue, that implacable Evil.

Come

Come, Mop up the Batter you've trampl'd and ſtood in,
And let me, I ſay, have no more of the Pudding.

Whoſe Fault is't, cries *Nell, get you into the Bar,*
Pray what bus'neſs had you to come prying in here;
For the longer you ſtay, or the more that you talk,
You ſhall fare but the worſe, ſo it's better to walk.

Well Huſſy, ſays Madam, *for once you ſhall win me,*
To uſe the good-nature and patience that's in me.
Now I ſee you're enrag'd, I will ſhow a conceſſion,
But rattle you off when you're out of your Paſſion.

Thus Madam return'd to her Station the Bar,
With a Nettle't her Britch, and a Flea in her Ear;
Being glad to withdraw from the Rubs and the Railings
Of *Nell,* that was privy to ſome of her Failings.

Said I, *Honeſt* Nell, *you've an excellent Tongue,*
That, according to Phraſe, is moſt notably hung,
For it ſounds like a Bell, and goes off with a twang.

But

But I hope you'll excuſe me, invincible *Nelly*,
If I, like a Friend, take the freedom to tell ye,
You banter too hard on the Brows of your Maſter,
And open thoſe Sores that have need of a Plaſter.

With that the huge termagent Devil turn'd back,
I believe, ſays the Jade, you come in for a ſnack:
They are Sparks like your ſelf, and not I, cries the Blowze,
That with Antlers and Buds injure honeſt Mens Brows;
And when they are abſent, by kiſſing their Spouſes,
Make Bridges of many poor Cuckoldy Noſes.

Thought I its more prudence my Tongue to withhold,
Or much better to talk to a Poſt than a Scold,
'Cauſe they both to all Reaſon, are deaf as a Drum,
Which the Scold will out rattle, when th' Poſt will be dumb.

Mr. Prim, who with ſhame to all Elegant Beaus,
Had, for ſake of a Kiſs ſo beſpatter'd his Cloaths,

And made all the Houſe ſo confounded uneaſie,
By ſlabb'ring a Slut, both ſo ugly and greaſy;
O'erpower'd with Wine, and nocturnal up-ſitting,
Fell a ſleep in a Nook for a Sot very fitting,
With Coat ſo beſmear'd in his amorous Fight,
That he look'd like a Magpy, half black and half white;
And might juſtly be ſtil'd, for the Badges he wore,
The compleateſt Jack-Pudding we e'er ſaw before.
As thus the young Drunkard was Sleeping and Snoring,
And dreaming, no doubt on't, of Drinking or Whoring.
It chanc'd that his Father, with Carbuncle Face,
Thoſe glorious effects of the Bottle and Glaſs,
Came in with a Friend for a whet of good Red,
Leſt his Rubies and Roſy Pimpgenets ſhould fade:
For Flowers we know ſoon their Colour would loſe,
If they were not refreſh'd with the Rains and the Dews.
So the Noſe of a Sot, which with pleaſure we ſtare at,
Would fade, if not daily repleniſh'd with Clarret.
The hearty Old Dad had no ſooner came in,
And gave Order to *Fennick* to draw him his Wine,

Turn'd

Turn'd his Noſe to the Door, and his Arſe to the Fire,
A Habit true *Engliſhmen* always acquire;
But the ſharp-ſighted Fox round the Kitchen did look,
And ſaw Daddy's n'own Son drunk aſleep in a Nook.
With that he advances up cloſe to the place,
Turns his Wig a one ſide, ſtares his Son in the Face;
Catches hold of his Noſe in a damnable Paſſion,
And pulling on't, breaks into this exclamation:
A Beau to the Life, a fine Spark, by my Soul,
You drunken young Rakehell, come out of your hole:
Let us ſee in the Light what a Figure you make;
A moſt exquiſite Sot, a true orthodox Rake,
A hopeful young Student, a rare Inns of Courtier:
Nouns, what has the Dog been a treading of Mortar;
Adſheart now I look on his Wig and his Back,
He's all cover'd with Plumbs like an *Iſlington* Cake.
I'll be hang'd if the Whelp had not Pudding for Supper,
And eat till he ſpew'd from his Head to his Crupper.

The Son very Drunk, alſo equally Drowſie,
Firſt ſhrug'd up his Shoulders as if he were Lowſie,
Then ſtagg'ring about, betwixt ſleeping and waking,
B'ing ready to Spew, I ſuppoſe, by his kecking;
Not knowing his Father, he damn'd him and ſwore,
He that took him by th' Noſe was a Son of a Whore.
Then Curſing and Raving, like one in Diſtraction,
He vow'd for th' Affront he would have ſatisfaction.

You Dog, ſays his Daddy, at that very word,
D' you offer to lay your vile Hand on your Sword!
You villanous Rebel, you undutiful Sot you,
D' you lift up your Arm againſt him that begot you?
Sure never poor Mortal e'er father'd before,
Such a Rakehelly Rogue of a Son of a Whore.

With that the young Prodigal (hearing the Name
Of a Father) began to be little more tame:
And looking about him, at laſt had the Grace
To know 'twas his Dad by his Carbuncle Face:

Then

Then after a Keck and a Hick-cough or two,
Like a Sot over-charg'd that was going to Spew,
He cries to his Father, (provoking our Smiles)
You're the old Turky-cock, by your fiery Gills:
But what need you Cobble ſo loud at a body,
A Tavern ſometimes is as good as a Study:
I've heard you oft ſay, that Converſing and Drinking
Muſt quicken our Brains more than Reading and Thinking;
And that Lawyer Littleton, Bracton, *and* Cook,
Did agree it was good for a Student to look
In the briſk merry Bottle, as well as the Book.

'Tis true, ſays the Father, *I always allow'd ye,*
To chear up your Heart with a Glaſs after Study;
But not ſtretch your Guts, like a Porter or Carman,
And turn a worſe Sot than thoſe guzzeling Vermin.
Pray Gentlemen ſee but his Coat and his Wig here,
Did ever a Beau make ſo beaſtly a Figure!
He looks, by my Soul, from the Head to the Rump,
Like a Pick-pocket juſt run away from the Pump.

You Rogue had I thought you'd have prov'd such an Idle
Young Dog, I'd have choak'd you with Pap in the Cradle,
And never have been at the chargable keeping
Of such a rude Rascal that daily is heaping
Such Cares and Vexations upon my Gray Hairs,
That in sight of you all makes me burst into Tears.

For shame, says his Friend, *do not show your self such*
An old Tony to cry, you unman your self much:
'Tis time to be shedding of Tears when you find him
Ty'd fast in a Cart with the Horses behind him.

Have I, says the Father, *sate early and late,*
Like a Drudge at my Desk, to acquire an Estate,
And all for the sake of a profligate Sot,
That will spend it much faster than ever 'twas got:
But, Nouns, if the Rakehell continues thus loose,
In Revenge, I'll not leave the young Rebel a Sous:
By my Generous Living I'll give him the Go-by,
And spend what I meant for the Prodigal Booby.

Here

Here Drawer, says Rake, *bring my Father a Quart,*
I'll be hang'd if 'twill do the old Toaſt any hurt.
Be nimble, you Dog, draw it briſk, neat and fine,
For a Glaſs of true Clarret, or any good Wine,
He loves in a Morning, I've oft heard him ſay;
Nay, at Night, or indeed any time of the Day;
My Grandſire, I've heard, always Drank like a Fiſh,
And his Children all lov'd, to about with the Diſh;
So whats Bred in the Bone, ne'er will out of the Fleſh:
Therefore why ſhould not I Love, a Cup of the Creature,
As well as my Father, by inſtinct of Nature.

Pray judge, cries the Dad, *do ye think I'm not bleſt,*
With a hopeful young Bird, but juſt flown from the Neſt,
Who is ready, you ſee, e're he's well knit together,
To pick out the Eyes of his tender old Father.
However, you Drawer, here bring us a Quart,
Since my dutiful Son's ſo importunate for't,
I'm reſolv'd for this once will I humour the Brat,
Cauſe I'll ſee what the Reprobate Rogue would be at.

With

With that the Old Gentleman ſate himſelf down,
And requeſted the like of his Friend and his Son.
The Quart was brought in, and the Glaſs fill'd around,
As the Wine went about Daddy's Paſſion was drown'd,
'Till his Fatherly Love ſo prevail'd above Anger,
It made him unable to vex any longer,
His Rubies now look'd of ſo noble a Red,
Like the Bunches of Grapes round a Bacchus's *Head,*
That by ſqueeſing his Noſe, one would eas'ly have thought
The good Juice muſt have flow'd again into the Pot.

Ah Dick, ſays the Dad to his Prodigal Son,
If it was not for me, what a Race wou'd'ſt thou run;
Yet for all my Reproof, my Advice, and my Care,
You're a wicked young Raſcal, you know that you are:
However, in time thou wilt ſurely recant,
I will once more forgive thee whatever comes on't.
So Dick *here's a Bumper of Pacification,*
Moſt heartily wiſhing thy new Reformation;

For Drinking, thou know'ſt, is a very ſad Evil,
And Whoring and Gaming, the Fleſh and the Devil.
Abandon, my Boy, all ſuch things that have hurt in,
Or elſe for theſe Sins thou'lt be damn'd of a certain.

Says *Dick* to his Father, *How could you ſuppoſe,*
When you got your poor Son with that Clarety Noſe,
But thot he muſt love, by the dint of each Ruby,
The Bottle, when wean'd from its likeneſs the Bubby.
My Father and Mother have always lov'd Claret,
And how do you think that the Son ſhould forbear it,
Whoſe Blood I might venture to ſwear, without ſinning,
Was but Claret refin'd at his very beginning?

Says Daddy, *Did ever Man hear ſuch a Dog,*
Such a witty young Cub, ſuch a bantering Rogue,
Such a pleaſant and merry Companion, who rather
Than ſtifle a Jeſt, will make one of his Father?
Ah, Dick, *if thy Wit was but balanc'd with Grace,*
Thou for certain wou'dſt ne'er let it fly in my Face.

But howe'er, ſince the Bottle has got the aſcendant,
For once I'll forgive thee, and ſo there's an end on't,
In hopes, when you're ſober, your Manners will mend on't.

O *Father*, ſays Dick, *could you taſte the delights*
That my ſelf and Companions enjoy a Nights,
Were you once but to hear the Cunnundrums and Quibbles,
The Retorts and the Puns, the Lampoons and the Libels,
The Rhimes, Repetitions, the Songs and the Catches;
The Whims and the Flirts, and the ſmart witty Touches,
That over the Flaſk we moſt lovingly vent,
You wou'd think a whole Night was moſt glorioufly ſpent;
And would gueſs by our Wit, and the courſe that we follow,
We could all be no leſs than the Sons of Apollo.

Ah, Dick, ſays the Father, *take care, I entreat ye,*
Thou'dſt better be hang'd, of the two, than be witty;
For if thou'rt once thought, by thy Studies and Labours,
To've acquir'd more Wit than the reſt of thy Neighbours,

Thou'lt

Thou'lt be piſs'd on by Fools, and be fear'd by thy Betters,
And hunted about by Whores, Bailiffs and Setters.
Thy Lodging muſt be in ſome Ninepenny Garret,
Thy drink Porters guzzle much oftner than Claret:
Thy Coat muſt thro' all the four Seaſons be worn,
Till it's rob'd of its Nap like a Sheep newly ſhorn:
You muſt always ſeem pleaſant, that is, if you can,
Keep your Wits ready prim'd for a flaſh in the Pan:
When your Pockets are empty, your Brains muſt project
Puns, Quibbles, and Tales to ſupply the defect;
That when ever you meet with a generous Chub,
You may ſneak out a Jeſt in the room of your Club:
For a Wit is no more than a merry Tom Fool,
A ſatyrical Scourger or flattering Tool;
The Son of nine Whores, that's compell'd by his Mothers,
To ſtarve, or to pleaſe (like the reſt of his Brothers)
The Pride of ſome Men, or the Malice of others.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 63
AUG